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By Joe Mitchell Chapple

Seven Short Stories

The Third Round—*Another Bulldog Drummond Novel*

Thanksgiving.

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Volume 55 Number 9

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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Contents *for* November, 1923

THE GOOSEFEATHER BED ..... *Ruth Comfort Mitchell* 8
A Poignant Street Ballad Sung in an Italian Garden Begins a Strange Romance

HARDING'S LAST DAYS IN ALASKA ..... *Joe Mitchell Chapple* 20
The Inside Story of a Dramatic Journey Told by the Late President's Biographer

A MISLAID REVOLUTION ..... *George S. Brooks* 27
The Long Arm of Coincidence Reaches from Rome to Rochester, N. Y.

THE MOOSEHEART IDEA ..... *Orville M. Kile* 31
A Cabinet Member's Remarkable Adventure in Philanthropy

A PIRATE OF MEN ..... *Owen Oliver* 35
The Story of a Woman Who Paid the Penalty for Her Charms

OUR AERIAL LEVIATHANS ..... *Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam* 41
The Future of Dirigible Transportation in America

BOLSHEVIK SENTIMENT ..... *Nellie E. Gardner* 47
How the Reds Have Restored the Czar's Palace to its Former Grandeur

OBIE BREAKS THE DROUGHT ..... *John Randolph Hornady* 51
And Lady Luck Smiles on His Deal in Mineral Waters

LADY HOUNSLOW'S CHARITY ..... *H. C. McNeile* 61
Jim Maitland Plays the "Great Game" With Human Hearts at Stake

THE INTERCEPTED MESSAGE ..... *Will Angus* 68
A True Detective Story of the Government Narcotic Squad

THE THIRTEENTH OFFICER ..... *W. Townend* 76
How a Yankee Sergeant Led the Royal South Irish to Victory

PIGSKIN AND THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ..... *Eugene W. Nixon* 87
The Woman Question Proves Too Deep for Hilow's Trainer

THE THIRD ROUND ..... *H. C. McNeile* 95
Bulldog Drummond Meets an Old-time Enemy

INVESTMENT YIELDS AND HIGHER PRICES ..... *Franklin K. Sprague* 120
Financial Article

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And This is What They Did!

WEARIED with the ever lasting procession of "popular sellers," as the lamp salesmen call them —lamps designed in the drafting departments of large factories with no other idea than to make enough different styles to "fill out a line"—nearly always poorly proportioned, and often with colors so predominating that all the other furnishings of a room are thrown out of harmony by them—out of patience with all this, the Decorative Arts League persuaded a group of three talented artists to lay aside their other work for a time and try what could be done in designing a lamp that would be useful and at the same time a work of real art.

One was a famous architect, John Muller, versed in the practical requirements and limitations of interior decorating; one a painter and genius in color effects, Andrew Popoff; and one, Olga Popoff-Muller, a brilliant sculptress of international reputation.

They started out one Saturday to make a day's light work of it, but ended by spending more than two full weeks before they had what they wanted. For the task proved not so easy, and the more perplexing it became the more these three put their hearts into it.

It was no trick at all to make a design that was beautiful—but the first beautiful designs did not work out as practicable, useful lamps. When a design both beautiful and practical was created it was found to fit in harmoniously with only a certain style of room furnishings—and one of the League's aims was to have a lamp that would harmonize with all styles.

So drawing after drawing and model after model of each different part was made, studied, criticized and done over again. One style of ornamentation after another was tried, modified, and abandoned. Complete lamps, equipped even to cord and electric bulb, were made after the different variations in designs, and set lighted in typical home surroundings, to be studied.

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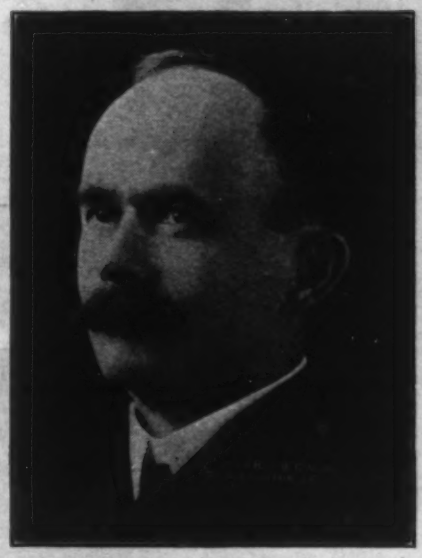

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To illustrate "The Goosefeather Bed"

"You gave me a ring that came in a ten-cent box of lemon drops," said Joan. Mr. Bradish was clearly delighted

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*
KENNETH W. PAYNE, *Managing Editor*

NOVEMBER
1923

Opportunity Knocks But Once—And So Sometimes Does Love!

The Goosefeather Bed

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Illustrations by Harold Anderson

What care I for my goosefeather bed,
And what care I for my money, oh?
What care I for my newly-wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle-taggle gipsies, oh!

JOAN MALLORY was going to be thirty in June. It was an ironic and inappropriate time for being thirty, but there was nothing she could do about it. Even her relatives, always extremely critical of her conduct and ideas, had to admit that.

They did hold, however, that she could greatly soften and indeed almost remove the curse by marrying Porter Bradish before the sinister date came round.

Miss Lurilla Mayfair, the maiden aunt who lived with her in her New York house and acted—so far as she was allowed—as her duenna, went into the matter with her as frankly and as thoroughly as delicacy would permit. It was, she pointed out, the sort of opportunity which made rather a specialty of knocking but once at the door of a girl, that is, a young woman, who—between themselves and the copper lustre tea set—was not as young as she used to be, and not growing any younger.

"You mean, Aunt Lurilla," Joan said mildly, during one of these monologues, crashing through the maiden lady's decent little hedges like a colt through a prim garden plot, "that it's now or never with me?"

This was exactly what the old lady had meant and it annoyed her extremely to be told so. She gave a little cluck of shocked protest.

"At least, now or never again to such handsome advantage!" Joan amended.

Miss Mayfair frowned. She was sixty-seven and as sentimental as a candy motto and she had gone through life calling a spade a thing gardeners used for digging in the soil.

Joan was a thorn in the family side and her mother had been one before her. Sadie Mayfair had eloped with a penniless musician at nineteen, demanded her share of the inheritance and departed to live in pagan New York. Fortunately for her daughter, she had bought a good house in Lexington Avenue and furnished it well, and retained it through thick and thin, with considerably more of the thin.

Sadie Mayfair and her husband, Brian Mallory, had died within a few months of each other—he of pneumonia, and she of unhappy boredom in endeavoring to live without him—and left Joan an orphan at thirteen with her comfortable and unfashionable house and a lean income.

At least, her mother left her those substantial things; her father left her nothing but his reliable sense of humor and his bachelor brother, Ellery Mallory, a sardonic and caustic-tongued music critic.

When she was a tiny child Joan liked him because she thought his name was engagingly like the beginning of a nursery rhyme, although anything less nursery-like than the dry and dehumanized Ellery Mallory would be difficult to imagine; and when she grew older she liked him because he was such a thorough antidote to the Mayfair connection. He thought far more of manners than he did of morals and in his calendar the only unforgivable sin was stupidity.

Joan always felt the tonic effect of him when she came back to town after the summer vacations with the aunts and cousins. There were singularly few uncles and he-cousins on the Mayfair side—it was rather as if they had managed it that way; one or two to a generation—just enough to keep the clan from dying out and the name from extinction.

"I wonder why you are such a comfort to me," she had said, the year she was twenty. "I'm sure you never try to be, Uncle Ellery, while the aunts do—and aren't—and you *are!*"

"Exactly," said Ellery Mallory. "It is my latitudes you like, my child. They restore the weeks that the Mayfair attitudes and platitudes have eaten. Plat-attitudes," he said neatly. "That is the word for the conversational pap they feed you—plat-attitudes."

HE was at some pains to prevent the girl from knowing how fond he was of her because he had ruled emotions and entangling human alliances out of his life when he was very young, but he continued to live at her house when he would have been much better served and diverted at The Players, and his presence gave a great deal of satisfaction to his niece and none at all to her chaperoning relatives. They considered his influence a demoralizing one for a young girl in the plastic stage, and they held, moreover, that Joan should have let them sell her house for her and invest the result in canny securities, and then returned with them to Porterdale, which was their—and her—proper setting.

Since she would never consent to this, they had

steadfastly done their duty by her, but they had never pretended that it was a pleasure. One of the Mayfair ladies had always lived with her, genteel, gentle, disapproving. Joan had decided years earlier that they were like sleek, soft-stepping Maltese and her Uncle Ellery a bristling and belligerent Airedale.

"You'd think, wouldn't you," he said once, with his crooked grin, "that they'd find it a discouraging business, considering that four purposeful and duty-doing Mayfairs have been laid to rest in your service?"

JOAN shivered. Perhaps they had given her the frailest and least substantial of them; perhaps it was the alien air of New York; at any rate, companioning their halting journeys to the grave had not been cheerful entertainment for a girl in her teens and twenties.

"Poor dears," she sighed. "I shall always feel responsible for their dying in exile, little as I wanted them to come. It was dreadful——"

"Not half so dreadful, my child, as if they *hadn't!*" said her uncle shamelessly. "Let's see, how many more of them are there available up there, lurking in the underbrush, waiting to spring upon you? About five? Combined ages about four hundred years? It wouldn't be sporting for them to send us a young one, and if they are true to form and we have any sort of luck we ought to be able to run through them in another ten years, and then think how gay we'll be!"

As a matter of fact, they were surprisingly gay even with Miss Lurilla Mayfair on the premises. Joan went with him to all the operas and concerts and made clever little dinners occasionally for his crusty old critic friends, and tramped with him up the Hudson, and managed the housekeeping—which she had taken over before the installation of her Aunt Lurilla—with the top layer of her brain and kept its depths for the things that really counted with her.

From her father she had inherited an almost fanatical love of music, and from her mother the inability to make it in any form or medium: she had studied thirstily for years and gained nothing but increased and sharpened appreciation. Her Uncle Ellery, himself as ruthless as a Congo head hunter, considered that she might one day, if she conquered a fatal soft-heartedness, make a critic.

Meanwhile, the time had arrived when she must make something—a career, or at least a living, or a marriage. Her income, always lean, was growing leaner, and living, in spite of the bright optimism of the financial journals, remained at a painful altitude and she found herself very tired of endless managing.

"If you mean to marry, my dear Joan," said her Aunt Lurilla—it was one of the pleasing Mayfair fictions that a gentlewoman meant or did not mean to marry; it always rested with her—"I really think the time has come to make up your mind. Had I chosen to marry, I should have done so before reaching your age. There is danger, according to the old saying, of going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick at last. But, fortunately"—she smiled her delicate and faded smile—"you find yourself now with the most gratifying opportunity that has ever come to you. *As* gratifying an opportunity as *any* young lady could ask!"

Joan thought the little old woman's eagerness was lined with pathos. Was she wistfully hoping that she might keep the faith and finish the course and see her niece suitably settled, and then creep thankfully back to doze her last days away in Porterdale?

Porter Bradish had been a Porterdale boy—indeed, the village had its name from his mother's family—who had come to New York to seek his fortune in approved juvenile-literature fashion, and had found it. He was now a very solid person of forty who lived at an excellent club and kept two opulent cars and a chauffeur and a valet, and for the past year he had been lifting up the light of his wholesome countenance upon Joan Mallory with heartening regularity.

He was the last of his immediate family and had spent very little time in Porterdale for the last ten years, but an Old Home Week the summer before had lured him back, and he had met Joan at a Mayfair garden party. Joan was looking her best in dull-blue linen, which suited the cool tones of her faintly pink cheeks and her good gray eyes and her dark hair, and Mr. Bradish recalled almost at once that he remembered her very well indeed.

"Look here," he said in his loud and hearty voice, "didn't we play around a lot together one vacation? Last vacation I had for about ten years. Didn't we play around?"

"Rather," said Joan promptly. "We were engaged for nearly a week!" The Mayfair connection winced a little at this. They thought it in doubtful taste and perhaps a little dangerous.

Porter Bradish was highly entertained.

"The deuce we were! Nearly a week! What was——"

"You gave me a ring that came in a ten-cent box of lemon drops," Joan went on. "It made a black mark on my finger, but I wore it faithfully."

Every one in the immediate vicinity was listening now. Joan was wearing an air which was a clever admixture of wistful reminiscence and cynical amusement, and Mr. Bradish was clearly delighted.

"A brass ring out of a ten-cent box of lemon drops," he repeated, with loud and hearty laughter. "I was a thrifty young cub when I was getting my start. Don't wonder you wouldn't stand for it!"

Joan shook her head. "It wasn't that. The brass ring was only a symbol to my pure young heart! No, I broke the engagement when you killed a bird with a sling shot." She sighed lightly. "It has rather set me apart, I think—the woman who jilted Porter Bradish!"

It made the aunts very nervous, but it was clear that Mr. Bradish liked it immensely. Before the summer was over they were sure he liked Joan herself as well as he did her nimble nonsense, but there was nothing precipitate or headlong about him. He gave himself almost a year to make up his mind. When she was reasonably sure that he had done so Joan found that she had made up her own as well.

HER Uncle Ellery regarded her shrewdly and dispassionately.

"I gather," he said, "that you are about to fulfill the fond hopes of your Aunt Vanilla."

She gave him a cool smile.

"I rather think I am, Uncle Ellery. Of course, to date, I haven't been sufficiently urged, but my maidenly intuition—perhaps my even keener *old*-maidenly intuition tells me that the hour is at hand."

"My deduction is"—the old fellow lighted a pungent pipe—"that it is chiefly an economic measure!"

She nodded. "I'm tired of managing and contriving, Uncle Ellery. At this rate, in another year or two my income will be hardly visible to the naked eye, and I don't know any pleasant and painless way of earning my living. I can, of course, sell the house and all my wise old furniture, but I should hate that. And I might open a '*Ye*' shop."

"A what?"

"You know, a '*Ye Shoppe*'—serve thimbles full of tea and sections of cinnamon toast the size of a special-delivery stamp. That's an awfully gentlewomanly thing

to do, but I should loathe it even more than selling the house. No; Porter is the wisest thing I could possibly do."

"Undoubtedly." He cleared his throat. "You think you will not—mind, particularly?"

"Uncle Ellery, dear, I believe I can live with him almost as happily as I can live without him—and far more luxuriously. You know, I'm much keener about *filet mignon* than round steak. And no *one* husband could ever make me miserable—not while there are symphonies and rivers and woods and winds left in the world, and good food and good clothes," she amended, honestly.

FOR almost the first time since her parents had died and left her to their anxious care, the Mayfair connection was prepared to be immensely pleased with Joan. Miss Lurilla reported that Mr. Bradish had been called to Chicago for a few days or a week, and that every indication pointed to the happy settlement of the matter immediately on his return. Their dear girl seemed very serene.

Joan had spent a characteristic day on Friday. She had risen at eight and breakfasted with her Aunt Lurilla and then gone for the brisk constitutional which she never failed to take, and she had done her marketing on the way home. At eleven she gave her Uncle Ellery his coffee and then corrected manuscript for him until one-o'clock luncheon. She went to a symphony concert in the afternoon and walked home from Carnegie Hall and was very hungry for her tea, and two cronies of Ellery Mallory came to dine. It was a skillfully-contrived little meal and tasted much better than it was, and old Bertha served unobtrusively, but Joan reflected comfortably that next year at that time she would be presiding at very different sorts of dinners indeed.

Miss Mayfair disliked and distrusted all Uncle Ellery's friends on principle and was maintaining a well-bred silence, and Joan herself had hardly spoken. It was a mild night with a hint of spring in the air, and when they went into the drawing-room and the men began to smoke and Miss Mayfair to wear the expression she always wore in the presence of tobacco, Joan opened one of the front windows and sat down before it. A hurdy-gurdy was coming down the street and it halted just far enough away to be endurable and began to play that commonest and most commonplace of Italian street ballads, *"O Sole Mio."*

The old men were discussing and dissecting a new young composer, and they had to raise their voices. Ellery Mallory asked his niece twice, before she heard him, to close the window and shut out the disturbance. Then she did so and came away, smiling oddly.

"It was frightful, of course," she said, "but it's given me an idea. I'm going to run over to Italy for a few weeks."

She moved so swiftly and so strongly that Miss Mayfair had no time to summon reinforcements. In incredibly few days she had managed tickets and passports and *visés* and they were actually at sea in a small and unimportant boat with wretched service and an impediment in its speed. Ellery Mallory had come with them, quite without comment, and kept his berth the entire voyage. Aunt Lurilla thought privately that the startled-faun effects were better dispensed with at twenty-nine, but she was too seriously anxious to expostulate.

"You must decide," said Joan's aunt

She was really no more surprised and annoyed at her niece than her niece was at herself. The trip, even doing it in as niggardly a fashion as possible, was a staggering expense to her. She couldn't understand what had impelled her to do it: she rarely had impulses. She earnestly hoped that Porter Bradish wouldn't think her painstakingly coy.

What he thought might remain a mystery, but what he immediately did was illuminating. He caught the first possible steamer after his return to New York and followed her, and as his was a fast boat they had been less than a week in their damp plaster hotel above the pink cliffs of Sorrento when he arrived. That was the sort of brain Porter Bradish had. One-thing-at-a-time-and-that-done-well. That, he would have admitted freely, was why he was where he was today. The thing, at this time, was the matter of his marriage to Joan Mallory.

Miss Mayfair was in a flutter of delighted excitement. She considered it extremely romantic. Even Joan, dressing for dinner on the evening following the noon of his arrival, told herself that this fervor of Porter's—if fervor was what it was—rather trimmed up the affair a bit. She always dressed swiftly and rather indifferently, but tonight she was at some pains to do a good job. She put on a gown of Dutch-blue velvet, cut low, which he had shown symptoms of admiring on another occasion: it brought out her fair skin and was not unduly sophisticated. All in all, giving herself a last look before she went down, she felt exceedingly pleased with herself and her prospects. It was well to know, without any silly qualms, what you wanted to do—and to do it.

THE dinner dragged. Miss Mayfair, tremblingly eager to do her part, engaged Ellery Mallory in sprightly conversation, and he met these advances in his best Airedale manner. Joan was obliged to take charge of the talk and make it general, but nothing could really annoy her that evening; she was too well pleased with herself and the world.

It was warm enough for coffee on the terrace. The dark Italian garden was below them, and only dim and unobtrusive lights followed them out from the lounge where Miss Lurilla was manfully herding Ellery Mallory

to look at a very bad painting. Joan considered the setting entirely adequate and waited comfortably for the inevitable to happen. It was odd, she thought lazily. Now she was Joan Mallory, managing and contriving on an income which grew yearly more frail and pale; five minutes from now, after what would be probably the briefest and briskest of proposals, she would be the betrothed wife of Porter Bradish, and the wolf who, if not at the door, had at least been hanging ominously about the garden gate, would take to his heels forever.

PORTER BRADISH drained his cup and set it down on the stone railing.

"Rotten coffee these people make," he said, without venom. "Well, Joan, will you marry me?"

"It's because they warm up what they have left over from breakfast," said Joan. "They swear they don't, but they do." She gave him her empty cup. "Well, Porter, I rather think I will."

He nodded with satisfaction. "Good work. I guess we'll hit it off as well as the next ones. And I guess, too, the last twenty or thirty years are pretty lonesome, when you're all by yourself." He chuckled. "And we can't start younger, you and I!"

"We cannot, certainly," said Joan, gaily and cordially. She was wondering, with a sense of detached amusement, when he would kiss her—*if* he would kiss her. It was a curious thing, but Joan Mallory had never been kissed in all her twenty-nine years. This was not a reflection, but a tribute to her vigilance. There had been times enough—undergraduates in the girl vacation days, critics younger and less crusty than her Uncle Ellery, impulsive musicians and composers—but she had cherished the quaint ideal of keeping that for the man she loved. Now, it appeared, she had kept it for the man she was to marry.

Her suitor cleared his throat and leaned toward her with one of his slow, deliberate movements, but Ellery Mallory chose that moment for stamping out of the lounge, Miss Mayfair fluttering at his heels.

"But—but it is *interesting*, in a way, don't you think?" she was pleading.

"I never saw a more revolting daub," he returned flatly. He crossed over to his niece and peered sharply at her through the soft dusk. Miss Mayfair looked anxiously from Joan to Porter Bradish, and there was a moment of rather awkward and foolish silence.

Then, without warning, for there had been no preliminary footsteps, a song was flung up to them from the shadowy depths below, a man's voice in the commonest and most commonplace of Neapolitan street ballads.

"Oh, great Scott!" said Porter Bradish. "I thought we'd left that sort of thing in New York!"

"It is annoying, always," Ellery Mallory agreed with him smoothly, "to find Italy so full of Italians, especially of the lower classes. This voice, however——"

"Oh, *hush!* Please listen!" said Joan in an imperative whisper.

THE singer, who had a baritone of velvet deeps and sunny shallows, went on with the song. *"O Sole Mio——"* He arrived at the refrain. *"O Sole Mio!"* It was like a fountain mounting up to them through the dusk—warm, golden. The notes seemed to play over them, to make them, by some mystery of alchemy, warm and golden likewise.

"Good gad!" said Ellery Mallory. "That's some one from the opera, on a lark!"

Joan called quickly to a passing waiter: "Please tell that singer we should like to see him, up here."

"Si, signorina!" The man crossed to the edge of the terrace and called down. There was a laugh, an instant's pause, and a brief reply.

"Well?" Joan was impatient. "What did he say?"

The man hesitated. "Pardon, *signorina*—these people are sometimes very rude. This one says he sings for your pennies, not your praise."

"I like his cheek," growled Porter Bradish.

Joan laughed aloud. "So do I, Porter!" She turned to the waiter. "Tell him he shall have a hatful of pennies if he comes," she said. "I want to see him."

Again the man spoke down into the shadows and again came the mocking laughter, the short sentence, impudently upflung.

"He says—your pardon again, *signorina*—that *he* does not want to see *you!* These people of the street, *signorina*——"

Joan leaned swiftly toward her Uncle Ellery.

"Come!" she said in a crisp whisper. "Let's creep down the stairs and catch him! He's delicious!" She sprang to her feet, tiptoe, shaking with silent laughter.

"Let him go, Joan," said Porter Bradish. "He's entirely too fresh, that Wop." He struck a match and lighted a thick cigar.

"No, dear, I shouldn't encourage impertinence," Miss Mayfair seconded firmly.

But Joan was across the terrace and slipping stealthily down the stone steps, her uncle at her heels.

"Uncle Ellery, that's the most amazing voice! How do you suppose——"

"Your suitor is not pleased with you, my child," he warned her, chuckling. "Music, especially ragged music, leaves him cold. He——"

"Don't be silly," said Joan. "Hurry! Down this path! We can head him off!"

The old critic began suddenly to hum an old song. It was one which he used to sing to her in her nursery days, and neither of them had remembered it for years.

What care I for my goosefeather bed?

The words came jerkily and unevenly as she pulled him along in the dusk.

What care I for my money, oh?
What care I for my newly-wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle-taggle gipsies, oh!

"THERE he is!" Joan left her uncle and darted ahead, across the dark lawn, after a dim figure. "Wait!" she cried, laughing again. "Please wait!" She came up with the singer and laid a frank and fearless hand on his arm. "Do you speak English?"

"As well, and doubtless more carefully than you do, if you are a New Yorker," he replied levelly. He had an accent so slight as hardly to merit the name; it was more a color—a flavor.

Ellery Mallory had caught up with them.

"Look here," he said, out of breath and temper, "can't you keep a civil tongue in your head? We are honestly interested in your voice. We are musicians ourselves."

"Then," said the Italian, with a slight and rather operatic bow, "you have my thanks, and my sympathy, and my warm wishes for a pleasant evening!" He turned swiftly to go.

Joan stepped in front of him on the path.

"I want you to come back to the hotel with us," she said. "I want to hear you sing again." And—quite as if it had been waiting for a cue—the moon struck through the cypress trees and dropped a mantle of silver over her, her velvet gown, her good gray eyes and her fair skin, her dark hair.

The singer gave a slight, impatient shrug, and something of the mockery went out of his tone.

"If you will," he said. "It doesn't matter in the least."

Porter Bradish scowled at him when he followed Joan and her uncle up to the terrace. It was the perfectly natural scowl of the solid citizen for the proletariat and it did not seem to register with the Italian at all. The waiter, without being asked, had pressed an electric button somewhere; there was a useless quantity of very bright light. The stranger was observed to be a young man in the ragged costume of a beggar-musician, and his skin was very dark. His black eyes were almost unpleasantly keen and he carried himself with a sort of eagle wildness. Although her whole preoccupation was with his voice, Joan was amusedly aware that his unwilling presence had the effect of making her betrothed, who was, after all, only forty, look portly and middle-aged. As for Lurilla Mayfair and Ellery Mallory, they had become mummies, imperfectly exhumed.

Porter Bradish seemed to feel that, in the English phrase, they were being had.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, with authority, "what are you?"

The minstrel lifted his hands, palms outward, and let them fall again, with much humility.

"*Signor*, a poor singer."

"I know you're a poor singer," said Mr. Bradish, irately, "darn poor, *I* say, but what might your name be?" Getting peoples' names always seemed to put them in their place.

The newcomer considered gravely.

"*Signor*, it might be—Victor Emanuel. Or Garibaldi—a name not without favor in my country. Or, coming rapidly down the files of time, D'Annunzio. Mascagni. Capponi. It might be almost any of these, *signor*, but as a matter of melancholy fact, it is not!" He turned to Joan. "I am to sing for you again, *signorina?*"

Joan nodded. "You know '*Bohême*'?"

Without answering, he leaned against the stone railing and sang. He chose the most poignant and aching bit from that poignant and aching whole and if he had been arresting in a hackneyed street song he was amazing now. And it was curious, the way in which the voice, so lately the vehicle for mockery and scorn, could melt with feeling.

Aunt Lurilla saw Guido bend over Joan's untidy desk and pull open the money drawer

"You have—an astonishing voice," said Joan, a little breathlessly.

He inclined his dark head. "So I believe myself, *signorina*."

"But you have been very badly trained," said Ellery Mallory. "Abominably trained!" He sounded very angry and indignant about it.

"That, also, I believe," said the young man, bitterly. He turned as if to go.

"Wait," said Joan, "surely we can help you, or at least advise you. You are wasting your time wickedly. My uncle is a very fine judge of voices and a well-known critic in America." She looked toward Ellery Mallory. "I am sure, with his influence——"

The old man nodded. "I can help you," he said gruffly, but with unmistakable eagerness. "First of all, your faults—hundreds of them—must be corrected. Then we will——"

But the beggar minstrel shook his head.

"You are too kind to interest yourselves," he said. "I claim the privilege of terminating my musical career after my own fashion. And now''—he turned to face them all and there was something impish and elfin and faun-like in his expression, his posture—"one is permitted to go—as obscurely as one came? First"—he swept the ragged velvet cap from his dark hair and bowed sweepingly before Joan and Bradish in turn—"offering humblest felicitations to the newly betrothed!"

Then, hugely gratified at the start which not one of the four was able to repress, he went on:

"Ah, yes. It was my good fortune, below in the shadows, to overhear—the impassioned plea of the *signor* for the hand and the heart of the *signorina!* The first time in all my life — which has not been without its thrills, its experiences—I have been allowed to listen to an American proposal of marriage! It was, I make sure, a model of—shall we say, conservation? My song, flung up to you, was for the accompaniment — the incidental music. One wonders, a little, what it might not have accomplished, that song, but for the inadvertent entrance of the old *signor* here, with the *signora*, his wife!" His hand, very brown and very slim, darted from his side; he caught Joan's hand and carried it to his lips. "I hope you may be a great deal happier than I think you will be, *signorina*,"

he said, impudently, and a strange silence ensued.

It was Porter Bradish, oddly enough, who found his tongue first. He stepped forward, pulling a handful of silver from his pocket.

"Mustn't forget your pennies," he drawled, excellently composed for all the dark flush on his heavy face. "Here's the pay for your performance!"

The beggar minstrel leaned suddenly toward him and away again so quickly that Mr. Bradish almost lost his balance and his money jingled in his hand.

"Ah, no," said the Italian, coolly. "I think you must remain in my debt. We have our little pride, you know, we gipsy mendicants! A coin flung down through the darkness, yes! From those above us, we may accept! Not"— he sprang lightly upon the wall which edged the terrace, poised, mocking, faun-like against the dark, looking down at Porter Bradish—"*not* from those beneath!" He leaped lightly down into the shadows of the garden. They heard him laugh as he sped away, and it seemed to Joan that there was the faintest possible echo of "*O Sole Mio*," but she could not be sure.

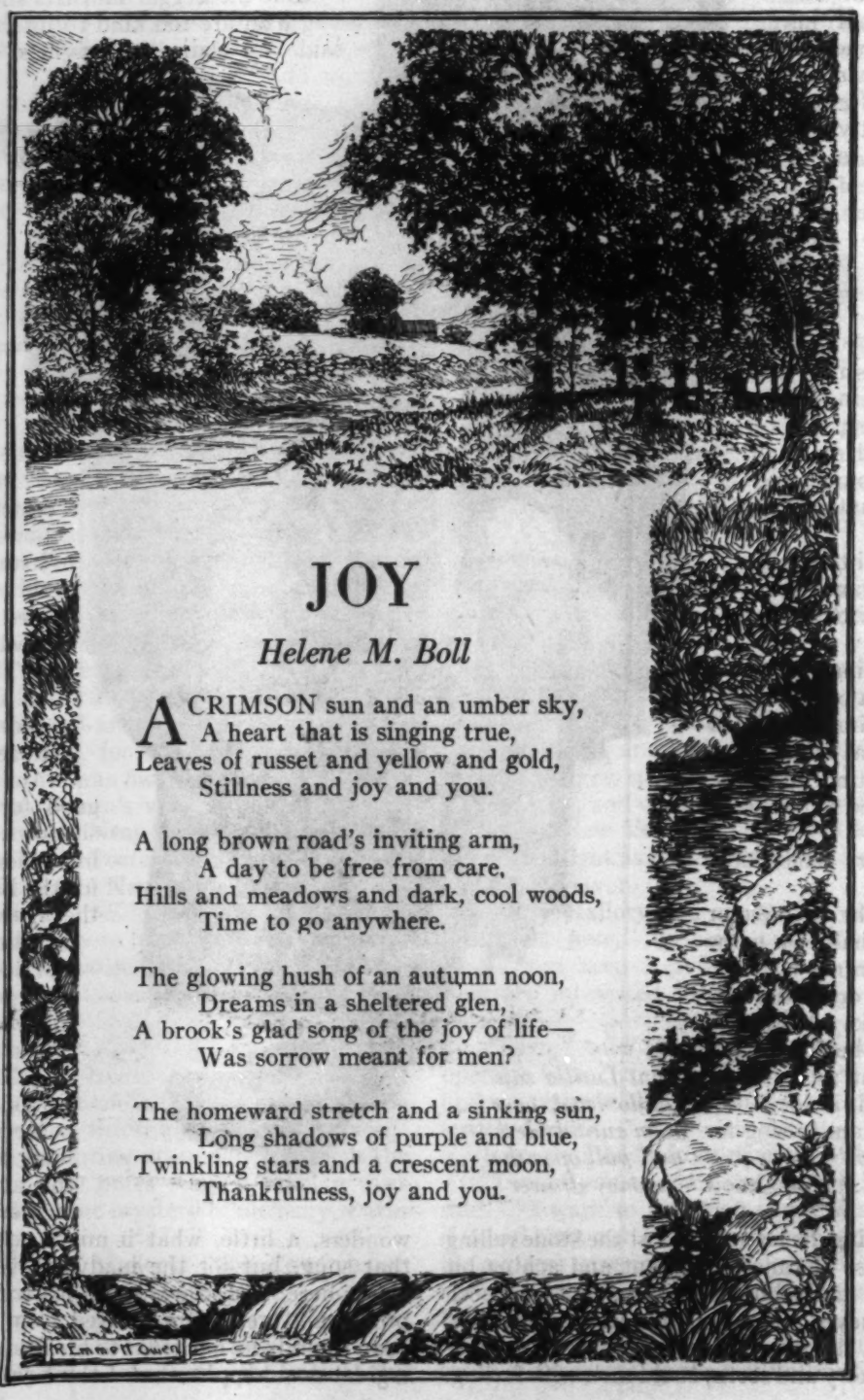
PORTER BRADISH was called home by cable next day. He was not at all surprised, because he had left many important matters, and not very much displeased, because, after all, he had successfully attended to the thing which had brought him over, and he found the damp plaster hotel on the pink cliffs far from comfortable. And the coffee was unspeakably bad.

He thought it would be very nice for Joan to stay on a few weeks if that was the sort of thing she liked, and he rented a motor and a driver and put them at her disposal. It was agreed that the matter of the ring should wait until her return to America, and he said, humorously, that he would allow her to select the box of lemon drops! They laughed good-humoredly together about the beggar minstrel and parted on most excellent terms. Joan thought he was about to say or do something rather ardent, but her Uncle Ellery, who seemed to have a talent for untimely appearances, walked in just as they were saying good-by and Porter had to run to catch the boat for Naples.

Ellery Mallory said he would have no difficulty in tracing their singer, because he knew the director of the opera. He was surprised and annoyed to find himself wrong. The director said that no youth of that description had ever sung in his opera house—manifestly not, with the many faults which the Signor Mallory mentioned!—and as for the thousand-and-one street singers! He shrugged his fat shoulders.

The old critic was disappointed, but he refused to give up the quest and prowled about the streets of Naples for several evenings. Joan was interested in his search, but far more interested in her motor car. She had learned to drive it herself and dismissed the driver, and she propelled it through Sorrento's narrow streets and up and down the twisting mountain roads with a vigor and abandon that reduced Miss Mayfair to terrified tears. It seemed to Joan that the machine was the perfect expression of the new tempo to which her life was set. In a fortnight she was taking all-day trips into the campagna; daring the traffic of Naples.

They had been just a month in Italy when Ellery Mallory discovered his golden-voiced beggar. Joan was guiding her car through a slim, congested street in which her uncle thought to find an old lute maker, for whom he carried salutations from a nephew in the New York Symphony. She was driving more cautiously than was her wont, for it seemed to her that the greater portion of the



JOY

Helene M. Boll

A CRIMSON sun and an umber sky,
A heart that is singing true,
Leaves of russet and yellow and gold,
Stillness and joy and you.

A long brown road's inviting arm,
A day to be free from care,
Hills and meadows and dark, cool woods,
Time to go anywhere.

The glowing hush of an autumn noon,
Dreams in a sheltered glen,
A brook's glad song of the joy of life—
Was sorrow meant for men?

The homeward stretch and a sinking sun,
Long shadows of purple and blue,
Twinkling stars and a crescent moon,
Thankfulness, joy and you.

population, human and animal, desired suicide beneath the wheels of her car. Her aunt, beside her, kept up a constant stream of nervous admonition.

"—And I'm perfectly certain Porter *never* intended you to drive it yourself! He provided a——"

"*There* he is!" shouted the old critic, leaning over between the two women and pointing excitedly. "Look, Joan! *Hurry!* We can catch him!"

JOAN stepped firmly on the accelerator and the car bounded forward through the crowd, the horn shrieking its warning. She saw the ragged minstrel quite clearly, and she saw that he was mirthfully aware of her pursuit. Immediately after that, events were upon her. Aunt Lurilla and a large, matronly goat managed it between them. The goat chose that moment for crossing the street and Miss Mayfair for clutching her niece's right arm in a frenzied grasp.

In a space of seconds Joan had become reconciled to killing the goat; it was the least of many evils from which she had to choose. However, just as she was about to accomplish it, the gipsy singer shot through the press, his arms outthrust before him; the goat, uttering loud and indignant cries, was violently propelled into safety, making an involuntary assault upon a sidewalk fruit stand, and it was the vocalist who was beneath Joan's car when it shuddered to a full stop.

Such remnants of the population as had not been in attendance before now gathered instantly on the scene, shrill, vociferous, highly pleased with the excitement and highly incensed against the assassins. The instant she saw that she had not killed him Joan was more furiously angry than she had ever been before in her life.

"Why did you do it?" she demanded fiercely, stamping her foot as she stood over him.

He smiled whitely up at her.

"That goat, *signorina*—one had only to glance at her to see that she was a person of much worth and service to the community; while I——" He smiled again, less surely, and fainted.

Miss Mayfair was sent back to Sorrento and Joan and Ellery Mallory waited all the rest of the day and most of the night at the hospital. The little surgeon was very severe with them when at last he consented to talk with them.

"But, yes, he will live, *signorina*. That is quite sure. But one greatly doubts whether he will ever again have the full use of his arms. Tomorrow, perhaps, when he is less weak, you may see him for a moment." He bowed coldly and unpleasantly.

IT would have given Joan a great deal of satisfaction to burn the machine or to chop it to small pieces with an ax, but she felt that it was hardly fair to let Porter Bradish in for that, so she contented herself with dismissing it forever.

Her Uncle Ellery went with her to see her victim. He looked almost grotesquely long in the narrow bed. Both arms, heavily swathed, rested at his sides, uncannily inert, and his hands looked darker than ever against the white counterpane. They were slim and well modeled with beautifully-shaped and cared-for finger nails. He stayed her penitence with his mocking smile.

"*Signorina*, a new experience! It is granted, at some time in his life, to the plainest of men to be run *after*, but to be run *over* by the loveliest——" He stopped quickly and the banter died out of his eyes and voice. "I beg that you will give it no more thought than I shall, *signorina*. Figure to yourself—a month—months, perhaps, of food and care and softness for a beggar who need not even sing for his lodging!"

Then Joan and the old critic sat down beside him and talked eagerly and earnestly for an hour. The whole thing was a curious reversal of precedent.

"A strange fish, that one," said the nurse to the stern little surgeon, slipping in and out of the room. "He gives himself the grand air of a duke. They must beg and implore him—who should be bringing suit upon them—to go with them to America for the care of his hurts and the training of his voice!"

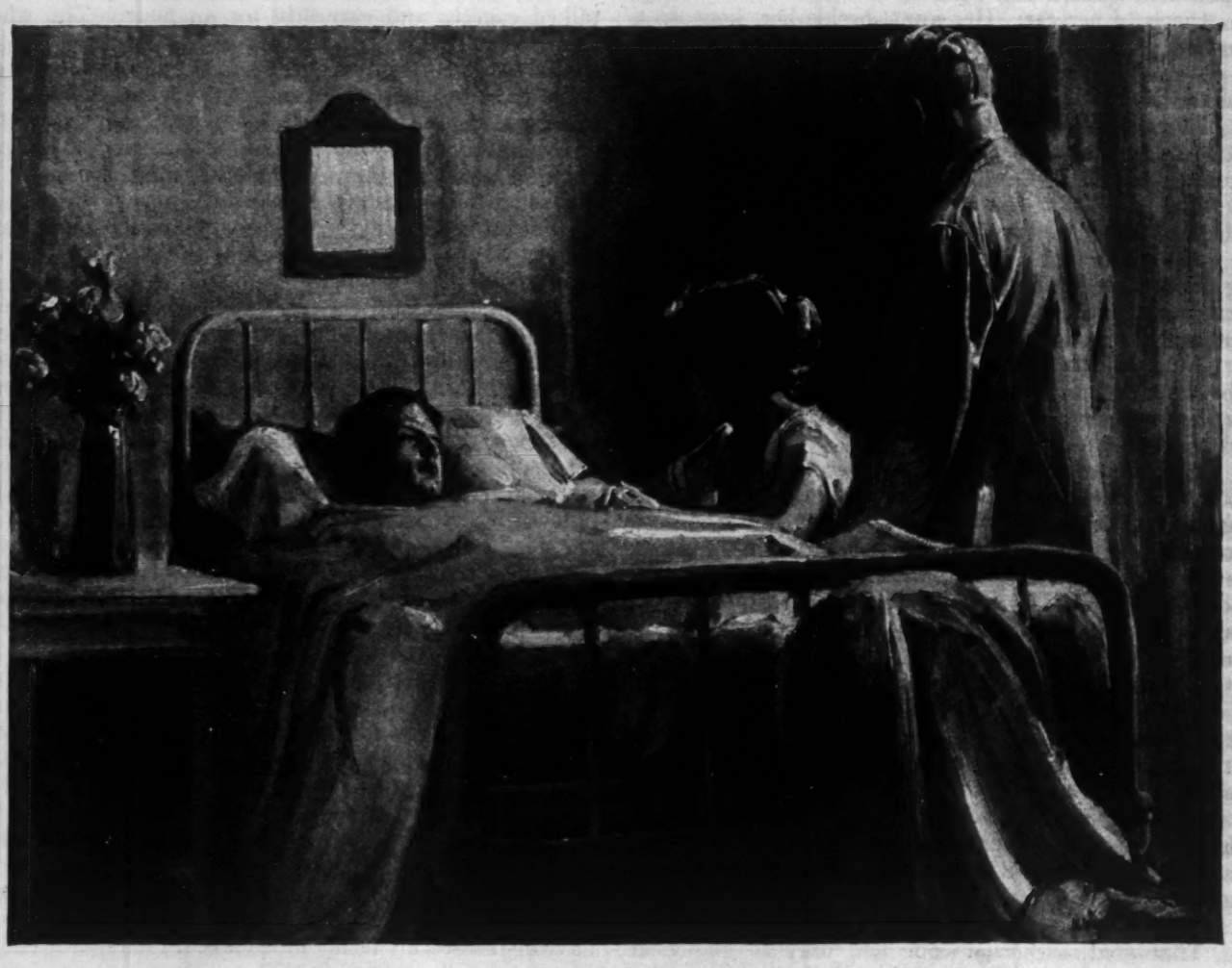
The surgeon tugged at an angry-looking black mustache. "It is the act," he said, "of a man who endeavored to give his life for a goat."

It took Joan and the old critic three visits and more oratory than either of them had ever expended before in all their lives to persuade him. When it was at last clear to his stubborn consciousness that in no other way could the *signorina* be consoled for the small accident, and that the *signor* was on his sacred honor convinced that he had the making of a great and important voice, he consented. Immediately he made an effort to lift himself on his pillows.

"So," he said, "it is then arranged, and I may introduce myself? I am Guido Foscari. Not, alas, the son of an impoverished duke, a banished count"—his black eyes teased her for an instant—"but a wealthy shoe manufacturer of Milan. It is I, *signorina*, who am the banished one. I committed the supreme folly of preferring to make music, rather than shoes. It was, perhaps, my inheritance as well as my poor taste. My father, in his extreme youth, while on a gay holiday, made the grave mistake of marrying the Roumanian gipsy girl who became my mother. I think it was the only mistake he has ever made." His face grew wintry. "People who never make mistakes, *signorina*, are singularly unpleasant to live with. My mother realized that so fully that she died when I was five years old. I should have displeased my father much less, if I had followed her. Instead, I followed music. There was no money for my training—with the results you have noted, *signor*. I need not weary you with the stupid tale of my sometimes good luck—my frequent bad. The state, both of finances and of mind, in which you first saw me——" The nurse came briskly in to say that he had talked more than enough for one day.

MISS MAYFAIR was extremely anxious as to what Porter Bradish would think of the whole affair. There was not time to get a reply from Joan's letters before they sailed, the four of them, considerably sooner than the stern little surgeon thought wise, Guido Foscari very pale, and almost reprehensibly picturesque and helpless. Porter Bradish had been called West to look into oil prospects, and he had left one of his cars—*and* its driver, he had firmly underlined—for Joan, and a standing order with his florist. That was a great relief to Miss Mayfair, and Joan herself felt that it simplified matters, with all the confusion of settling, establishing Signor Foscari in her small guest room and getting his arms and his voice into the proper care.

The snug security of her future made her very comfortable in her mind, and very gay and careless about expenses. She had always been bad enough, her aunts all considered, but now she was really dreadful. Her desk, in the narrow drawing-room, always boiling over with letters and bills and memoranda, was the chief object of Miss Lurilla's lamentations. It was unsightly, to begin with, and unsafe, to end with, as she kept an unknown quantity of money in the small upper drawer, and frivolously refused to keep painstaking accounts. "It's so much simpler, old dear," she said, "simply to subtract what I have from what I had, and mark it 'spent'!"



Joan and her Uncle Ellery went to see her victim. He stayed her penitence with a mocking smile. "Signorina, a new experience! To be run over by the loveliest——"

Her expenses, with the addition of the Italian to her household, were naturally heavier, and she paid for his medical care and Ellery Mallory for his singing lessons, but she could not be persuaded to worry. It was, she felt, not the least of the compensations in a sensible and practical marriage. She had announced her betrothal to her few intimates and this made away with any possible embarrassment from Foscari's presence as her house guest. His manners, as well as his manner, were perfect; even Miss Mayfair, with her traditional dislike of foreigners, was obliged, grudgingly, to admit that. He was a bewildering, but wholly pleasing admixture of pride and humility, childlike frankness and reserve. He liked and enjoyed all the people who came to Joan's house, but most of all he liked "Kitten" Kent.

KITTEN KENT was nineteen and she looked as if she had just stepped off the cover of a magazine. She liked the stranger even more than he liked her, and told him so at once.

"You know," she said, stretching out a surprising length of slim silk leg and lighting a cigarette, "Joan has been my crush for ages—oh, since long before I put on short hair, but I believe I'll switch to you! I'm rather peeved at her, marrying the Porterhouse. Yes, I think I am about to rush you. You'll be a riot with the bunch, for I've never had one like you. And you've never had one like me, have you? But at that," she admitted modestly, "I'm only one of a million—heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time—all that stuff! Only the method—the manner of attack—changes: our grandmothers rolled their eyes—we roll our stockings!"

Porter Bradish returned to New York a week sooner than his last letter had indicated and came unannounced on a soft spring afternoon. Ellery Mallory tapped at his niece's door.

"My child," he said, "your Aunt Vanilla makes me the bearer of glad tidings—my feet might be beautiful upon the mountains, but they are crabbed and gouty upon the second flight of stairs! Your stout cavalier waits below. 'Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountain of spices'!"

"Don't be an idiot, Uncle Ellery," said Joan, coming pinkly out of her room. "I'm awfully pleased. I haven't seen Porter since Sorrento! Just think!"

"I am just thinking," said her uncle, following her stiffly downstairs. "And I am so moved at the thought of the reunion that I feel I really must witness it!"

Guido Foscari and Kitten Kent witnessed it as well, and Miss Lurilla, hovering in the doorway, through which she had vainly tried to lure them. Ellery Mallory went away, chuckling into his collar, and Kitten Kent took the Italian out on an errand almost immediately. It was remarkable, the amount of light and life they appeared to take out of the narrow drawing-room, between them.

Porter Bradish scowled. "Of course, Joan, I can understand your wanting to square things and Mallory's interest in his voice, but I must say I can't see the idea of having him here in the house!"

"Ah, but he isn't here very much, my dear Porter,"

said Miss Lurilla, before Joan could answer. "What with his lessons and going to have his arms massaged, and practically all his leisure time is spent with the little Kent girl."

"I should hardly say all his leisure, Aunt Lurilla," said Joan, rather sharply.

"My *dear*, he is there three, four—sometimes *five* evenings a week," said the old lady. "Of course, it is quite natural—youth calling to youth!" She sighed enjoyingly.

"Good heavens," said her niece, with rare irritation, "he is beyond the Boy Scout age, you know! You speak as if we ought to get him a seesaw or a sand pile. Guido is almost thirty."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Mayfair, placidly, "but you know how it is! We speak of a man of thirty as 'nothing but a boy,' while a woman of thirty is 'no longer young'!"

OLD Bertha entered at this moment and summoned her to the telephone. Porter and Joan were left alone for the first time since his arrival and he looked at her more intently than he had ever done before. He had never seen her color so high, but, beyond that, she gave out a sense of gay and vibrant youngness which startled him; it made him feel, uncomfortably, that she fitted better into Kitten Kent's group than his own.

"Joan, dear," said Miss Lurilla, apologetically, from the doorway, "I'm so sorry, but Mrs. Risdon insists on speaking with you—it's about that dinner." Her niece went swiftly to answer the summons and Miss Mayfair returned to the drawing-room.

She found her nephew-to-be standing in the middle of the hearth rug, gazing with a look of great intensity at the floor.

"Why, Porter, what is it?" she asked, hurrying forward. "Have you lost something?"

"Not yet," said Porter Bradish, grimly.

His methods in business had always been bold and aggressive; when a deal seemed in danger of falling through he moved with such a decisive rush and such supreme confidence that he won.

"Look here," he said to Miss Lurilla, "I've been engaged to Joan for three months, and I'm going to marry her, *now*, without any more foolishness."

A faint, faded blush suffused her small face.

"I can appreciate your eagerness, of course," she fluttered, "but I beg that you will not rush the dear child."

Porter Bradish sat down heavily.

"It looks to me," he said, grimly again, "as if, if I don't rush her, some one else will!"

"Whatever do you mean?" Miss Mayfair's mystification was entirely honest.

"I MEAN that I don't trust that Wop, and I don't like her keeping him right here in the house, and I don't like the way he looks at her, and I don't like the way she fired up about him," said Mr. Bradish, copiously.

Miss Mayfair was distressed, but she was not alarmed.

"I am sure you are unduly anxious, my dear Porter. Joan is interested only in his voice—we must remember that she is her father's daughter, as well as a Mayfair, and much under the influence of Mr. Mallory—and in seeing that he is made whole again, as nearly as possible. She has been, quite naturally, most remorseful about running over him."

"Yes, and he's likely to come down on her for fat damages if his arms aren't O.K.," he said, scowling. "I tell you I don't trust him! He may even try to land on me, because it was my car she was driving. Well, just let him try it on! Just let him try it on! That's all I ask!" He got up out of his chair and began to walk rapidly up and down the narrow room. "And he's just the kind of picturesque, masquerade kind of fellow that women are taken in by. How Joan can stand for him, after his—his insolence that night at Sorrento——" A dark and angry color mounted from his thick neck to his rather thin hair.

"I know," Joan's aunt murmured, blushing in sympathy. "But—*believe* me—dear Porter, Joan is interested in him only in the ways I have mentioned. Why, he is almost a year her junior!"

"And I am almost eleven years her senior," said Porter Bradish. "Well, I'm not worrying, but I'm not wasting any time, either." He bore out this statement by advancing to meet his betrothed, who appeared in the doorway at that instant. "Look here, Joan," he said briskly, "I want to be married without any more delay!"

"Do you, Porter?" Joan was perfectly pleasant about it. "What do you call 'right away'?"

"Well, pretty quick—say, in a week? Two weeks?" He came close to her, his strong chin at an aggressive angle.

Joan sat down at the tea table and waited until old Bertha had brought in the tray and gone out again before she answered.

"I should think that *was* 'without delay,' " she said, smiling. "You take cream, don't you, Porter, and two lumps? Oh, don't you want tea, Aunt Lurilla?" Miss Mayfair was hastening out on the heels of Bertha. "Well, I don't believe I could quite manage it in two weeks, Porter. Isn't that just a little—helter-skelter? This is cinnamon toast, and these are pâté sandwiches. Let me see, this is the second of May, isn't it?"

Mr. Bradish said that it was, and advanced the theory that along about the middle would be an excellent date.

Joan helped herself to her second pâté sandwich, apologetically.

"I always eat like a hungry orphan at tea time, Porter. Do take another! June is well and favorably known as a wedding month, isn't it?"

"Well, the first of June, then," he said, grudgingly.

JOAN looked at him consideringly over the rim of her teacup. They were quite alone, but she doubted if he would kiss her—oddly enough, there had been still no opportunity for him to kiss her!—even if she agreed to the first of June. He seemed more angry than ardent. She wondered a little if, in the long run, that wouldn't be simpler—but she kept on talking in her cool and comfortable voice.

"Of course, if that would be an especially convenient date for you, Porter, I expect I could arrange it." She spoke as if it might be a luncheon or a picnic they were planning and her casual matter-of-factness began to filter soothingly through his choler. "But I'd rather like it a little later in the summer. Should you mind being married in Porterdale? The family have set their collective hearts on giving me a very proud and proper wedding."

It appeared that Mr. Bradish didn't in the least care where he was married; it was *when* he was married that concerned him most. He wanted to know when Joan would go with him to select a ring.

"I could go at any time, of course," she said, cordially. "You must eat one more nice little sandwich before you begin on cake! But I think I'd really rather have you choose it for me, Porter. Will you? You can take this one for the size." She took off the slender old silver circlet which bore the worn crest of the Mayfairs.

It showed a vague and refined-looking animal, and an imposing helmet. She was not at all surprised to have her Uncle Ellery walk in at this point; he seemed to be always in the wings, waiting his cue.

Porter Bradish went away presently because he was due at a Director's Dinner. He was very much mollified and he stopped on the way to his club and sent her a three-storied box of chocolates, which, as it happened, she never ate. Ordinarily she passed these tributes on to Kitten Kent, but this time she bestowed it upon Miss Mayfair, whose entire upper and lower plates were one collective sweet tooth.

She had the sense of irritation against Kitten Kent for some time before she classified it. She was a reasonable and sensible young woman, capable of holding herself up to relentless scrutiny, and she did so now. Ridiculous and humiliating as it might be for her to admit it, she nevertheless was, after a fashion, jealous of Kitten Kent. She had it out with herself during a night which had not, apparently, been designed for sleeping purposes.

She arranged the facts in order, very methodically. To begin with, her interest in Guido was twofold—her defense of herself was very much like her aunt's defense of her—first, because of his glorious voice, growing daily in beauty and power under careful training, and second, because of the fact that she was responsible for his serious and perhaps permanent injury. The right arm had knitted correctly, but was responding slowly with regard to muscles and nerves; the left arm had a doubtful elbow. Very well, then. Her interest in him was a sane and proper one. Why should she resent his enjoyment of, his fondness for, Kitten Kent?

She began at once to tell herself that she was jealous of his career; that she wanted singleness of purpose for him. But love affairs were known to be nourishing to the artistic temperament, and a prosperous marriage might well set him on his way. Kitten Kent had a millionaire father whom she drove as handily as she did her high-powered speedster; he would be ready to buy his daughter's husband an opera company or an opera house, if she said the word.

IT was a quarter past three when she decided that she was just a little hurt at his ingratitude—too strong a word perhaps—his thoughtlessness, then. It was she who played his accompaniments for him, who helped him through endless hours of practicing; when his evening playtime came, he ran away to play with Kitten Kent. That was all it was: a perfectly natural and very much justified feeling of annoyance with him. After all, what did it signify? She was doing her decent duty by him; he would go out of her life, presently, as swiftly as he had come into it, and before the summer was over she would be securely married to Porter Bradish.

At five o'clock she sat up in bed, staring at the gray window.

"I care," she told herself in a horrified whisper. "I *care*—horribly! He's an utter stranger and a foreigner and a beggar minstrel, and he's hardly more than twenty-nine, and I shall be thirty next month. And I care for him." She wound her bare arms about her shoulders and shivered in the bleak dawn light. "He regards me as he regards Uncle Ellery, and I care so that it's a misery and an ache and a torment. But I can stop. I can *stop!*"

She was exceedingly busy, after that, stopping. Bradish telephoned that he had been called to Chicago. Tiffany hadn't a ring which suited him; designs were to be submitted on his return. Joan wasn't sure whether the process of stopping was easier in his absence than it would have been in his presence. At any rate, it required most of her care and attention and her Aunt Lurilla thought she really ought to let her take over the housekeeping—she was growing frightfully careless.

Then, one languid spring morning, Guido halted in the middle of a song and leaned over her at the piano.

"You are too white," he said, abruptly. "Come! Get your hat! We shall play today."

She looked up at him doubtfully. "Do you think you ought? If Uncle Ellery is able to arrange that hearing for you next week, you need every hour of practice."

HE put his hands under her elbows and moved her gently off the stool. "We shall play today."

"Oh, be careful! Your arms!" She slipped out of his grasp and faced him reproachfully. "How can you be so careless?"

He laughed. "Make haste! It is nine o'clock already, and we want a long day!"

She considered swiftly. A long day together was not going to facilitate the business of stopping; but, on the other hand, she was very tired. Perhaps if she *stopped* stopping for a little while it would be easier to go on again.

"Very well," she agreed. "Where are we going?"

"Where we can walk and talk. I go now to beg the good Bertha for sandwiches!" He went rapidly down the hall and she heard his gay voice in the kitchen.

Joan ran upstairs and changed to her plaited plaid skirt and her rough jersey jacket, and wool stockings and snub-nosed Scotch brogues, and a dark-blue velvet tam. Guido nodded approvingly when she came down.

"You look, now, as young as you are, and as you—as you *feel!*" he said. "Much of the time they make you too grave between them—Signor Mallory and the little old *signorina*. But the Signor Bradish"—he leaned down suddenly and spoke with his lips against her ear—"he will never make you sedate and stolid like himself!"

Her heart turned over in a frightened somersault; she felt it distinctly, but she managed to answer him calmly.

"Oh, no, he never will. Porter has really a good sense of humor when you come to know him."

They were on the street now, and he flung back his head and laughed so long and so loud that passers-by turned to look at him. Though, as a matter of fact, people always looked at him, even when he was silent.

"I am rejoiced," he said. "One never knows when he may need it. But we do not mention him again on our holiday!"

He took competent charge of the outing. Some one had told him how to find a walk which led to the woods at the end of one of the subways; he was engagingly without sense of location, but even gruff guards went out of their way to direct him and a small freckled boy who had lost most of his baby teeth took his hand and conducted him cozily for blocks, his little lame dog hopping contentedly behind them. They were in their woods at last, and alone, and they were very young-looking woods, wearing spring like a gay gown.

"It is lovelier even than the old garden of Sorrento," he said, happily. "The old garden where I was born."

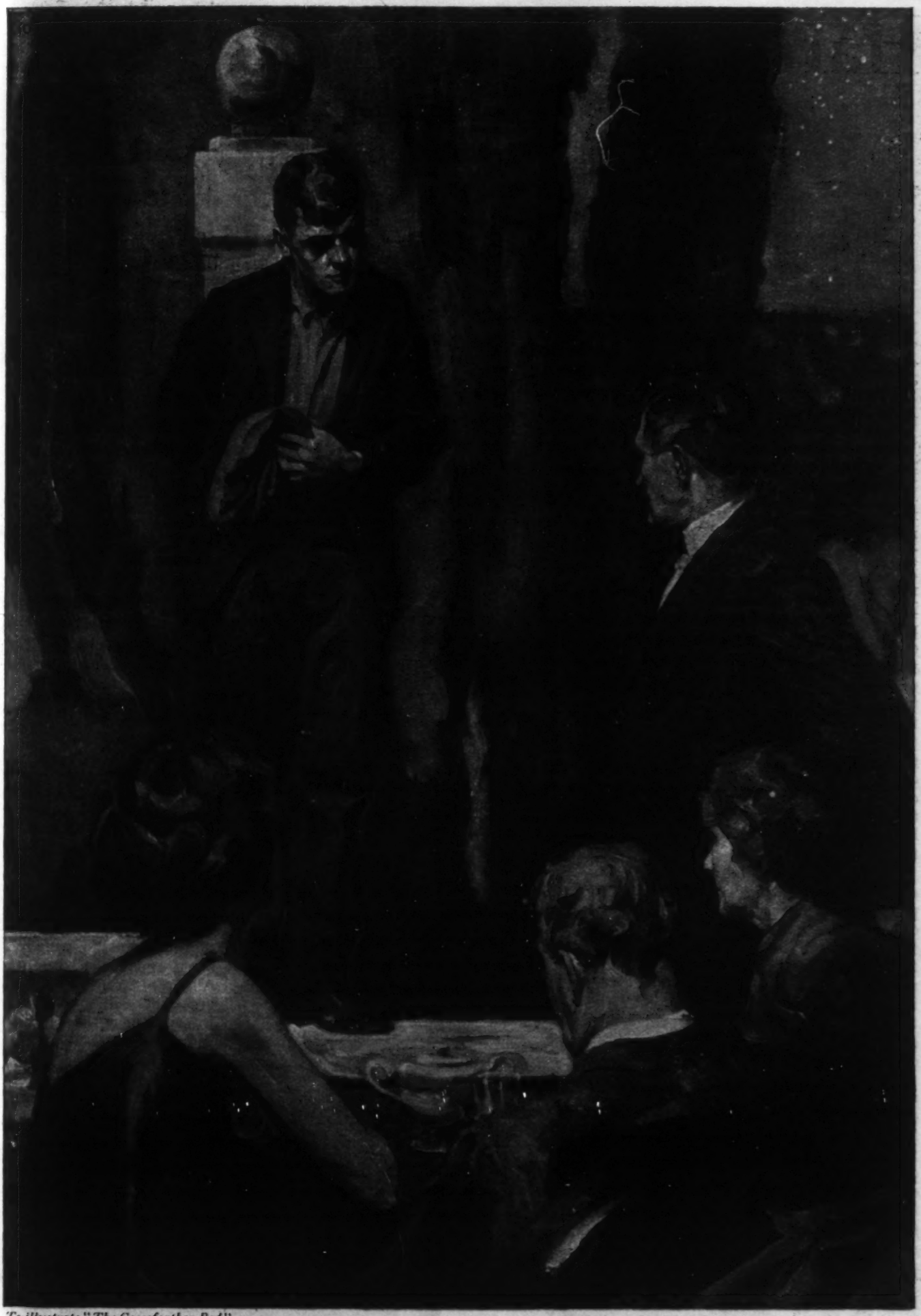
"But I thought you said Milan——" Joan began, wonderingly.

He bent his dark head to look into her eyes.

"Since it was the first night of my life—the first night when I was really *alive*—may I not call it my birthplace?" he wanted to know.

Joan was glad that she had decided to give herself a day off from stopping; it would have been difficult to keep on, just then. She began industriously to look for wild flowers and he helped her with enthusiasm, and while they hunted he sang—old

[*Continued on page 126.*]



To illustrate "The Goosefeather Bed"

The minstrel sprang lightly upon the wall, poised, mocking, faun-like, against the dark, looking down at Porter Bradish. "We have our pride, you know, we gipsy mendicants!"

Harding's Last Days in Alaska

An Intimate Story of the Late President's Historic Journey

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

President Harding's Personally Chosen Biographer

OUR return from the "farthest north" of the Alaskan trip with President Harding marked the beginning of a definite impression on us all. At first the trip had brought a succession of surprises; some disappointing, others revising previous estimates, but gradually crystallizing the dominant conclusion that, altogether, Alaska is the greatest treasure of Uncle Sam, that is, outside the borders of the States.

In the rush and whirl of the trip, there was evident a pessimistic feeling among some of the party concerning the future of Alaska. But through it all I found myself an inveterate optimist, for I saw the gold pouring from the pans, the millions of fish in Alaskan waters, the timber covering thousands of square miles, the fertile and producing fields of grain and vegetables, the trainloads of copper ore, the herds of reindeer, the pigs and cows, the railways and highways, the evidences of oil, the great outcropping seams of coal, the small progressive cities; but best of all I felt the spirit reflecting the hope and determination of the American pioneer.

That one billion and a quarter dollars worth of products have been taken out of Alaska in fifty years, with one lone individual for each twenty square miles, is in itself a startling fact, but the sight of all these things was conclusive evidence to confirm my conviction.

Alaska looms up before me as the alluring land of isolation and measureless opportunity and adventure. With the coming of rigid, dirigible airships of the type of the ZR's, with the extension of airplane service, railroads and radio and, finally, with more government steamships on the Alaska route, I can vision the possibility of thousands of young men and women coming here to better their conditions and to make permanent homes.

I have viewed the Alps in Switzerland, the fjords of Norway, the charm of the Italian lakes, the Highlands of Scotland, the picturesque Rhine, the mysterious beauty of the Black Forest—all those magnificent magnets of European natural beauty that draw thousands of American tourists—but all their splendors are filmy shadows compared with the imperial, solitary and superlative wonders of Alaska.

The tourist tide soon will turn to Alaska for scenic sensations that run the gamut of emotions. There is the sail on the greatest Inland route of the Seven Seas; the land of the totem-pole traditions; the greatest fishing waters of the oceans; the great glaciers that fascinated Muir; the myriad waterfalls amid snow-capped mountains, many yet unnamed; and above all the imperial Mt. McKinley, the transcendent pearl-like peak, a gem supreme among Alaska's landscape jewels. There are vast expanses where the foot of man never trod—where one feels the thrill of discovery. Climates ranging from the Equator's scorching sun to the chill of the North Pole; vegetation from luxuriant jungles to the brilliant flowers garlanding the brows of towering ranges. It is a land of vigorous, self-reliant men and women.

Joe Chapple, widely popular author, who covered the Presidential trip to Alaska for McClure's Magazine

THIS is the land to which the lure of gold will ever call the adventurer; the land which will supply the furs for woman's glory and man's comfort. Alaska's ranges could graze ten million reindeer, to supplement our diminishing meat supply. Her endless forests are a reserve for the future supply of wood-pulp that will give us paper and make us independent of foreign sources.

A flotilla of automobiles convoyed the Presidential train for some miles as we left Fairbanks, making good time along the dusty roads. In all the three hundred million acres of land in Alaska we learned that there are only about four hundred miles of motor roads.

At Healy, where great seams of coal are visible from the railroad in the cliffs along the river, we stopped to take water. We found almost every man in the group at the station posted on the prices of coal.

At the mine, lump coal brings four dollars; nut, three

© Wide World

President Harding attends the thunderous birth of icebergs at Childs Glacier, in the Copper River Country

dollars and fifty cents; run of mine, three dollars; screenings, two dollars and fifty cents. The rate per ton from the mine to Fairbanks is one dollar and fifty cents; Anchorage, two dollars and fifty cents; Seward, three dollars and fifty cents, and coal represents a substantial proportion of the tonnage on the government railroad at this time.

The special train was divided into two sections, in order that Secretary Work might hold meetings in Anchorage, Secretary Hoover in Nenana, while Secretary Wallace was bouncing by motor over the Richardson trail to join the party again at Valdez.

We arrived at Anchorage in early evening. This young city is already the railroad center of Alaska. The shops and executive headquarters located here are as trim and neat as those of long-established railroads.

The United States government has invested fifty-seven millions in the Alaskan railroad, the main line covering a greater distance than from Washington to Boston. It can now be covered by tourists in one day's journey.

With eleven coaches, old "618" was not equal to one mountain grade along the route; she stalled in a tunnel, but the young engineer was equal to the emergency. He backed down and left six cars on the trestle—pulled five cars through to a siding and then went back for the rest of the party.

The train whistled for Seward, sweeping by the great wireless station and Seward dairy farms where the grazing cows were blanketed as a protection from mosquitoes. When we left the Pullman my porter, George Miller, gathering in his tips and lugging off the trophies of the trip, remarked:

"Now I'm off for my eight-months' trapping. Believe me, that's the life—all alone in the mountains, with your traps and no one to listen to but yourself and the dog. It always means a stake of $2,000 in eight or ten months and I'm not going back to the States until I make a *real* stake."

Unconsciously he echoed the spirit of many of the single men in Alaska.

It was like a real homecoming when we returned to the good ship *Henderson*, snuggling under the shadows of the great mountains at the Seward wharf.

The band played "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here!" as the party marched up the gangplank. While we were absent the Navy Band had given daily concerts

THIS is the second of two articles by Joe Mitchell Chapple, commissioned by McClure's to cover intimate glimpses of Alaska as the late President saw it.

The first article described the northward-bound portion of the trip. This month's article is a complete travel story in itself, relating the fascinating experiences of the homeward voyage.

The tragic end of that journey silenced forever the voice that would have brought back to Washington a stirring message from our Arctic Empire. What the late President would have told us himself, had he lived, Mr. Chapple relates.

© Gilliams

A typical Fairbanks home of plastered logs, cozy in the long sunless winter, and surrounded by masses of highly-colored flowers through the hot summer months

which brought to many of the residents memories of "Saturday night" in the old home town. The people opened their homes and entertained all on board ship in hospitable frontier fashion.

These were supposed to be the two rest days of the journey, but the President put the finishing touches on his last speeches. Little did we dream of the tragic fate impending. Early in the morning the President worked steadily at his desk inside his cabin. But about eleven o'clock he appeared on deck and hailed me.

"Let's have a walk about town—I need a little air."

Off we started down Main Street. The passers-by did not at first recognize him as he stood looking into the store windows. He commented casually on what the people were buying in Seward. For a time he became a carefree tourist, forgetting affairs of state and the burden of responsibility that had been insidiously wearing him down. He seemed to take delight in the trifling observations of a saunter through streets where no throngs gathered to stare—where he was just a man like any other and not the nation's most eminent figure set apart in solitary glory. He lingered at nearly every show window with some comment.

As we passed the blacksmith shop he said reminiscently:

"The sound of that hammer and anvil is real music to me—reminds me of Harry Cooper's shop at Caledonia."

Walking far back into the residential section at the foot of the mountain, he surveyed the array of little homelike bungalows, characteristic of Alaskan towns.

"I have fallen in love with these little Alaskan homes. I like those stucco houses with red roofs over yonder. These log bungalows are like the ones we saw in Fairbanks. This is certainly the most beautiful city we have seen in Alaska," he remarked, sweeping the line of the horizon with his walking stick.

He had stopped to talk with many children—asking them their names, but now that they recognized him they ran for their cameras to have "his picture took before our house" and then, chatting and laughing, walked back to the boat with him.

Some of the party came dashing fifty miles an hour on the eighteen-mile boulevard leading out of Seward around the shores of Kenai Lake. Every one stopped at Methuselah Spring en route to drink deep of its magic waters. Over the spring was painted the legend:

"Drink these waters and you will live one thousand years."

In the streams along the road were the salmon in their inland water homes, where they return to native waters to spawn and to die after battling for four to six

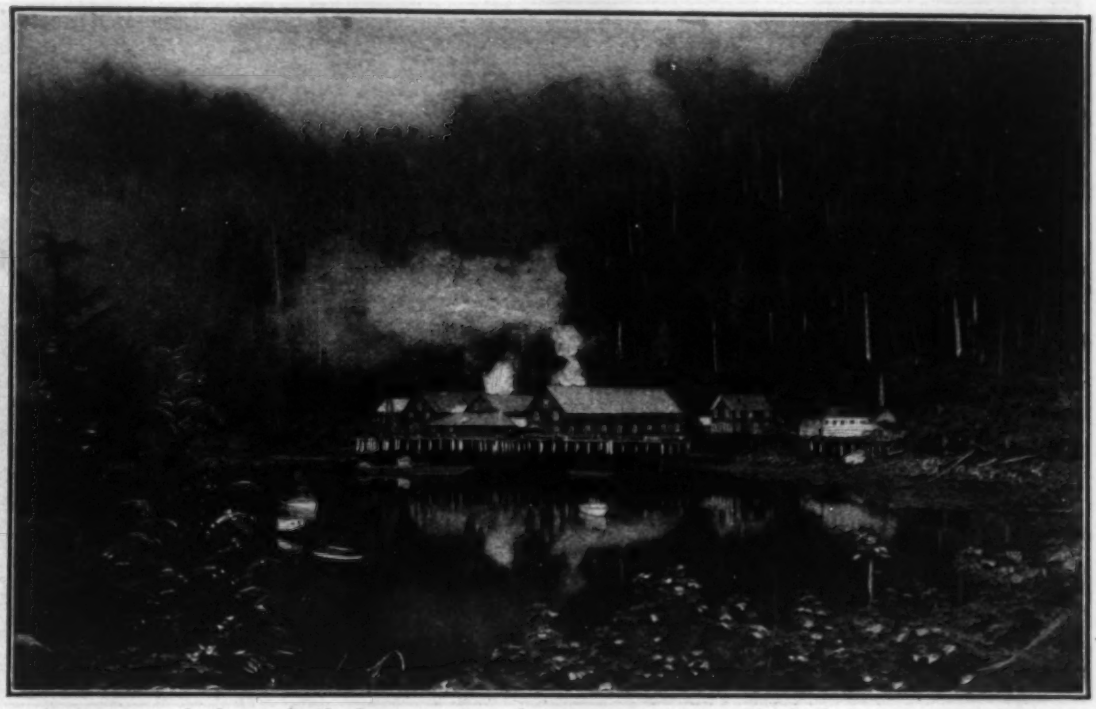
© Kadel & Herbert

Skagway, former port of entry for gold seekers bound to the Yukon via Chilkoot Pass

years in the salt waters of the deep.

Evidence of natural gas and petroleum in Alaska was here furnished in a wayside hut, where picnickers stopped to cook their meals on gas stoves supplied through pipes with natural gas from an oil seepage on the mountainside one hundred feet away.

At nine o'clock that night a Presidential salute of "TNT" was fired ten miles away. The roar echoed and reechoed from mountain to mountain in the land-locked harbor.



A picturesquely located Alaskan canning plant, representative of Alaska's greatest industry, which exports millions of dollars worth of canned fish yearly to the United States

In the dawn the great vessel glided silently through the "Harding Gateway," freighted with happy memories of the days at Seward and Resurrection Bay.

Out into the chill of the Gulf, the floating White House sailed along the glacier-lined shores and among myriads of islands.

Some of these islands, containing ten acres and upward, are leased by the government at twenty-five dollars per year for fox farm reserves, and fox farmers live here all alone, caring for and feeding the animals that are reared in the open. The fox will not swim ashore. They live high on the fish provided for them, adding a goodly sum to the fur revenue of Alaska.

An inland sail of twenty hours in the waters of Prince William Sound brought the *Henderson* to Valdez, the farthest north winter port of Alaska. On one shore were copper mines, on the opposite the gold quartz locations. The tide was running and the big boat could not be landed at the wharf, where many thousands of gold-seekers had landed in Klondike days.

Valdez is built on a moraine—the land made by giant glaciers that have now retired between two great mountains. This little city in its picturesque setting is one terminus of the Richardson Highway, the automobile route to Fairbanks. In early days, Valdez was the favorite port for a railroad terminal. In fact, many railroad projects involving desperate competition were started from here, but not one of the railroads was ever built. The town boasts a courthouse and is the headquarters of the judicial district. Like Skagway, it is a community of five hundred people, living in high hopes and stirring memories.

© *Brown Bros.*

Circle City, on the bank of the Yukon, a typical Alaskan river town of the gold regions

Every one is a prospector in Valdez. The jeweler, clerk, banker, ministers — all spend every spare moment with a prospector's outfit somewhere among the mountains.

The President drove out to the famous Keystone Canyon on the Richardson trail, which at the very beginning crosses twenty-seven bridges spanning the rushing gray water of the glacier streams —streams pouring out of the great mass of ice that forms a colorful

© Logeman

Miners at the mouth of a coal mine at Jonesville. A dozen promising coal fields have now been mapped in widely scattered parts of Alaska

background to the picture of Valdez which lay before us.

Pulses quickened as the motors climbed up and up, along the rim of the mountains. A thousand feet below was a rushing torrent. The motors stopped, and the grandeur of it all made us speechless as our eyes hungrily feasted on these vistas of Alaska's majesty.

AGAIN we were on the *Henderson*, bound for Cordova through island-dotted channels. Along the Alaska coast line—more extended than that of all the United States, by the way—the big naval transport sailed, where crafts as large had never steamed before. Now and then a solitary lighthouse indicated the charted waters. The lofty mountains stood as if grimly challenging man to unlock their treasures.

The copper capital of Alaska is Cordova. The Kennicott Mine has no rival in the world for the richness of its copper ore. It runs as high as seventy per cent pure copper. One great nugget of copper taken out weighed twelve hundred pounds. The Guggenheim interests invested $22,000,000 in the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad in order to develop these mines.

The general opinion in Alaska today is that they want more men with large capital and financial courage. The great mineral wealth of Alaska has barely been scratched, and can only be developed with a lavish and even a hazardous outlay of capital.

A special train of coaches and dining car awaited at the Cordova wharf to take us to the Childs Glacier. Here the glacier chasers among us were to be fully satisfied!

Alaskan guide and a 1200-pound bear killed nine miles from Seward

The railroad over which we traveled was built in 1910 in a desperate battle against time. The falsework of the million-dollar Copper River Bridge had been erected on the ice—and the ice went out forty minutes after it had been removed! For this forty-minute leeway the engineers were indebted to a captain who took a hazardous short cut through inland channels with his vessel, which was carrying on deck the iron for the bridge work. He delivered it ahead of the "deadline" schedule and saved the bridge.

Alaskan development owes much to the Copper River Railroad, one hundred and ninety-four miles in length. It was built to carry ore, but ten per cent of the road's business is for the Alaskan people, whose interests are given preference even over copper traffic. The Guggenheim's investment of about twenty-two millions in this line has yielded less than two per cent, and for lack of freight the government's own railroad is still worse off at present. It stands little chance of paying dividends for some years to come. Only six thousand people now live along the five hundred miles of this railroad. Alaskans feel that more of the money made in Alaska should be reinvested there to meet the great hazards involved in mining development.

Our train swept over miles of swampy lowlands toward Copper River, and when it stopped at the

bridge we saw an imposing procession of icebergs floating down the stream. We walked down the left bank of the river, through a profusion of wild flowers, until across the river, eight hundred feet away, the famous Childs Glacier loomed into view. It is a solid cliff of ice, two hundred feet high, following the shore fifteen miles and extending back several miles between the mountain peaks. This glacier's motion is comparatively rapid, and at frequent intervals it throws off into the stream huge pieces of ice weighing tons. They fall with a noise like the crash of guns in a heavy artillery barrage and hurl water up to a height of twenty to fifty feet. The waves swept on like a rising tide to the opposite bank, where we stood. Along the sky line of the glacier were fanciful turrets, towers and spires of crystal gleaming in the sunlight in prismatic beauty.

The glacier battery had ceased, and the President called Ferguson, one of the Secret Service men, to his side.

"Fergy," he said, "fire! See if you can hit that glacier wall."

EVEN the shriek of a locomotive whistle will sometimes start glacier ice moving to the waters below. Ferguson fired, and whether it was that shot that caused the barrage of twenty-one "guns," or twenty-one glacier crashes, we do not know, but a President's salute of twenty-one explosions followed in quick succession, as glistening tons of ice slid down the bank at different places into the river covering a "firing line" of nearly a mile. This, by the way, was the only order "to fire" ever given by President Harding, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

© Underwood & Underwood

The last snapshot of President Harding as he left the train at San Francisco

The whistle of the locomotive called us back and seemed to stir up a parting shot that sounded like the roar of a machine gun battery in action.

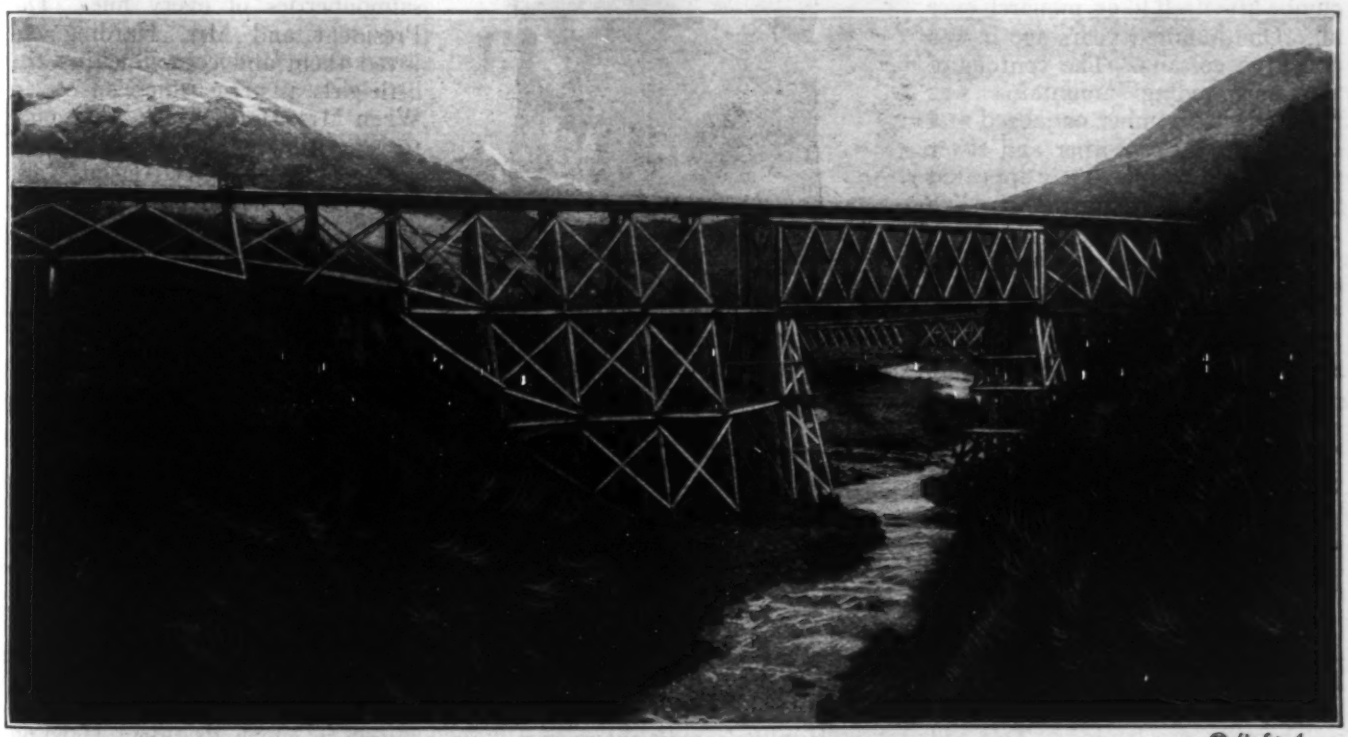
It is the quantity of natural novelties like the explosive glacier that accounts in part for the annually increasing tourist travel in Alaska. Here is one great, undiscovered land for tourist companies. The journey means more to jaded American nerves than a gallop through Europe. The time is not far distant when Alaska will receive annually as many visitors as are now entering the Yellowstone and the Yosemite Parks every year.

High up the hill to the bandstand perched on the side of a mountain at Cordova traveled the members of the Cabinet and their wives, in big trucks through a blaze of flags. There was a shortage of pleasure cars in these "vertical" cities, but they displayed more American flags than I ever saw before in one place.

After the concluding ceremonies of the Cordova visit, we set sail again on the *Henderson* for a three-days' journey across the Alaskan Gulf to Sitka, ancient Russian capital of Alaska, where in 1867 the official transfer of ownership to the United States was made.

The monotony of the trip was broken by a shuffleboard tournament, in which the interest centered on the President's fine playing, which held out until well toward the finals.

He was a lover of sport and played as hard as he worked, always applauding skill and good shots no matter on what side they were made. Although he appeared to be enjoying the game, an observant eye could see that his mind was on his unfinished speeches. In the merriment



© P. & A.

Trestles carrying the Seward division of the Government railway over a turbulent mountain stream

© *J. Harley Stamp*

Alaskan Eskimo father and son, showing influence of American education

of that hour we little thought that this would be the last game that he would ever play!

As we traveled east, gaining an hour between Seward and Sitka, the days began to lengthen and the sheen of the long twilight was dimming, but the icy breath of the Alaskan range still swept the decks. Nearly two hundred miles of glacier mountains skirted the picturesque coast line—always within the horizon.

Like a phantom ship, the *Henderson* slipped through the darkness of the narrow channels and anchored in the harbor of Sitka. Here Russian war ships were anchored many years ago to protect their possessions in early days — days when Sitka was a thriving town, building ships and making plows, picks and spades for sale in Mexico and California when Chicago was still only an Indian village and the country between it and the Pacific Coast the undisputed land of the Redman.

The tradition that there are only a few days in a season when it does not rain in Sitka is no longer current. The President's last day in Alaska opened and continued an ideal summer day without a cloud in the sky.

THE harbor of Sitka is dotted with beautiful islands. The brown, rugged peak of Mt. Edgecumbe lifts itself like a monarch over all. One hundred years ago it was an active volcano. The contour of the surrounding mountains was rounded, less somber or jagged and stern than their brother and sister peaks of the North. They appeared more friendly. The curved sky line seemed to extend a kindly welcome. A well-defined cross of snow gleams eternal on a distant mountain.

On the site of the castle of Baranov, who for forty years ruled Alaska under the Russian régime, now stands a United States government house, occupied by Doctor Georgeson, in charge of agricultural work during the past twenty-five years. Surrounded by a velvety lawn, rich shrubbery of flowering currants, and gardens fairly gleaming with poppies, the building commands a beautiful sweep of town and harbor. The bells in the old Russian church, under the green mosque-like dome, were ringing a welcome as we landed. This old capital town of Alaska is redolent with stories of the days of Russian occupation. The picturesque wharves have a touch of Old-World solidity and all the charm of northern New England coast towns.

Landing in launches, the Presidential party was greeted on the village green, located near the site of the old prison and custom house, the frame of which has withstood the ravages of weather and time for over a hundred years. As distinct from the "new" towns of the north, all here had historic settings, harking back to the scenes of Russian conferences with hostile Indians, arranging to smoke the pipe of peace.

Representatives of Sitka's modern Chamber of Commerce, and Postmaster D'Armand, who also is collector of customs, were on hand to tell of Sitka's "hot springs" and its advantage as the ideal summer and winter resort of the north. Children and adults alike, some of them descendants of the early Russian settlers and the hostile Indians, brought flowers and strewed them in the President's pathway. There was something akin to spiritual benediction in the address of the President on that Sunday. It reflected a missionary spirit of good will and a stand for righteousness.

The little girls had made cookies which they served with plates of salmonberries of every hue. The President and Mrs. Harding enjoyed them and complimented the little girls as prize American cooks. When Mrs. Harding asked the girls to sing they responded with one verse of "Alaska, My Alaska."

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The Mayor of Nome, one of President Harding's most interesting Alaskan hosts

SITKA was a golden dream picture that Sunday. While the church bells were ringing, the President and Mrs. Harding unexpectedly entered the little brown church of the natives, connected with the Sheldon Jackson mission, for the regular services. Little bobbed-haired Indian girls in white blouses occupied the front pews and could not resist looking back at the Presidential party in the fourth pew. How their fresh young voices rang out as they sang with the President and Mrs. Harding the opening hymn, "Holy, Holy Lord, God Almighty."

That little mission church in Sitka is now memorable as the last church in which President Harding

[*Continued on page 114*]

"Mister Officer!" cried Caesare. "He's telling you that his house is on fire" "Si, si," confirmed the captive eagerly

A Mislaid Revolution

Caesare Plans a Coup d'Etat, but Reckons without Patrolman Donoghue

By George S. Brooks

Illustrations by Dudley G. Summers

IT happened that Caesare Capallino's revolution failed to revolve.

Therefore the King of Italy called Premier Mussolini into the royal office and pinned on the tunic of the Fascisti chief the Imperial Order of the Princes of Piedmont; or it may have been the Meritorious Medal of the Moguls of Murad. One is never sure of these foreign decorations. Mussolini accepted the ribbon and the praise. He admitted that, by a triumphant *coup*—diplomatic slang for bluff—he had prevented the Kingdom of Italy from falling into the hands of Caesare and his myrmidons.

Premier Mussolini was wrong.

He did nothing to cause the sudden and unexpected collapse of Capallino's revolt.

All medals and rewards for that remarkable exploit should be made payable to Patrolman Mike Donoghue, who receives $150 a month for walking a beat on Central Avenue, Rochester, New York.

BEFORE he went to Italy to enjoy his revolution, Caesare Capallino lived in Rochester. His apartment was over Tony DiSano's barber shop, which, in turn, is at the end of Mike Donoghue's beat. In those rooms, on Tuesdays, met the Committee of Eleven who discussed the overthrow of the Fascisti government. On Fridays, the Committee of Five met and planned the counter-revolution which was to displace the larger committee and every night Caesare slept in the front room and considered substituting himself, as a Committee of One, for the governing party whatever it might be. He hoped to see his picture in the New York papers over the caption "Caesare Capallino, the Lenine of Italy."

The Committee of Eleven talked of George Washington and planned to establish the Republic of United Italy. The Committee of Five, under the cloak of Democratic propaganda, organized a labor Soviet; and the Committee of One, which was Caesare, frequently admired a portrait of Napoleon.

Revolutions cost money, whether they revolve in the interests of the Constitutional Government party, the Soviet clique or a dictator. And the Sicilian mind knows of only one sure way to collect funds, the gentle art of blackmail. In this craft, Caesare was a past master. His appeals for campaign contributions were sudden, direct, successful.

Without knowing who he was, the police and Mike Donoghue referred to Caesare as a "confounded blackhander." They were wrong, as usual. He was a genius.

Through his agents he learned the amount of deposits made by each of his countrymen in the East Side Savings Bank. With this knowledge at hand, Caesare mailed a letter, signed by a crude drawing of a dagger, coffin and open grave, to each depositor, demanding that the exact amount of the savings be hidden at a certain lonely place at a certain time. If this met with no response, he sent a "follow-up" notice which intimated that there would be a first-class funeral unless the contribution were forthcoming at the place and time named.

Caesare had read that a Ruler of Men always kept his word. If the money were not produced, his prophecy concerning an explosion and a funeral became prophetic.

THE bombings were carried out with a deadly accuracy. The police department, which Mike Donoghue adorned by his presence, was powerless. The two Italian-speaking detectives on the force knew only one way to find the master mind of the blackhand society responsible for the nightly outrages against the peace of the city. They searched for an Italian who earned nothing and spent much. It never occurred to them to look for an Italian who earned nothing and whose savings ran into four figures a week.

These preliminary preparations for Caesare's revolution were a great annoyance to Patrolman Donoghue. They caused frequent disturbances in his district, which, in turn, forced the officer to write laboriously reports of all that had occurred.

"If this keeps up," groaned Officer Donoghue, on the morning after the grocery store of Vincenzo Galli was blown from its foundations, "I'll have to hire me a social secretary. I can remember when all a copper had to do was walk his beat. Now they want you to write a history about it. How do you spell Vincenzo?"

"Write it Vincent," snapped the platoon sergeant, who had similar troubles.

"I hate to put a good Irish name on an Eyetalian groceryman," returned Patrolman Donoghue. "However, it's easier than looking it up in the directory."

In his appearance, Officer Donoghue reminded one of the battleship *Utah*, upon which he had served as gunner's mate. From his fighting top flamed a banner of red hair, conveying the impression of self-sufficiency in personal combat. He was long and lean, and he towered above the heads of the inhabitants of Little Sicily, where his beat lay, as a battleship towers above a fleet of fishing smacks. He dominated the streets as a man o' war dominates a southern port, after Pan-American relations have been strained by an incidental riot.

WHEN Tony, the barber, engaged in epic battle with a vender of ice cream cones, it was worth traveling miles to see the good ship Donoghue sail into action. A lesser craft might have whistled for assistance, or called the patrol wagon, but not Donoghue. He tucked his night stick into a loop of his belt, so that no one would be injured, and waded into the surging mob which surrounded the combatants. He collared one man in each of his two hands.

"Now will you be good?" admonished Officer Donoghue, as he bumped their heads together. "If you'll shake hands like good lads, I'll not lock you up this time."

Little Sicily discussed the patrolman.

"Officer Donoghue bumped their heads together, as if they were two goats who were fighting," said the gossips. "Picture it to yourself. When their heads had become of a sufficient soreness from the bumping, behold! The policeman made them to shake hands as though they were the best of friends. Never has anything so comic happened before. Yes. It was like the funny pictures in the Sunday papers," they ended reminiscently.

He made few arrests, for when he locked up a violator of the city ordinances, it was necessary for him to arise early the next morning and appear in police court as complaining witness against his prisoner. He much preferred to administer summary justice on the street corner.

Unfortunately for both, Officer Donoghue's mere presence upon the street annoyed Caesare. There was something about the lanky patrolman that aggravated the revolutionary leader's temperamental prejudices. He was not afraid of the officer, for he anticipated no personal encounter and he was conscious of his superior intelligence.

At a meeting of the Committee of Eleven, Caesare suggested to Francesco, the taxi driver who represented the younger element, that if Patrolman Donoghue took a trip to the hospital or the morgue it would be of great assistance to the conspirators.

The telephone operator at police headquarters knows the rest of the story.

"This is Annie Ryan," called an excited woman's voice over the phone. "I keep that grocery store at 321 Holland Street. Send some help over here quick. A dozen tough Italians are killing one of your officers on the sidewalk, right outside my store. Hurry! They've got him down and are kicking him. He's most dead."

The man at the telephone pressed the button which sends out the patrol wagon and advised the driver to "make it snappy." But before the "blue taxi" had flashed through the doors of the police garage to answer the riot call, a second telephone message attracted the attention of the operator.

"Is this headquarters?" asked a deep voice. "Well, this is Patrolman Donoghue. Yuh'd better send the wagon down here to 321 Holland Street. I got a load for you."

"How many?" gasped the man at headquarters, remembering the previous call.

"They're five of them laid out on the sidewalk," returned Patrolman Donoghue. "They took me by surprise, so the other nine got away."

FOR all the eight hours a day spent there, Mike Donoghue knew as little about the life of the section he patrolled as the battleship knows about the ocean inhabitants who swim beneath its keel. His impression of Caesare Capallino, responsible for the greatest epidemic of lawlessness the city had ever known, was that the revolutionary leader was "a good little man, considering that he's a Wop." This golden opinion Caesare had gained by speaking English to the police officer. As for the Committee of Eleven, the Committee of Five and the Committee of One, who deliberated in Caesare's rooms, Mike Donoghue knew nothing of them and cared less.

"So you don't commit murder, I care nothing what you do in your houses," he declaimed to a party of corner loafers. "But understand me right, I'll put up with no foolishness on the sidewalks."

"TO have a revolution, it is necessary to have guns. And to buy guns, it is essential to have money and yet more money," Caesare told the Committee of Eleven. It was really the Committee of Ten for Francesco, the taxi driver, was in the hospital for extensive repairs, following his collision with Officer Donoghue.

They were seated in Caesare's back room, where the paper drooped from the walls in funeral wreaths. Three of the men sat on an iron cot, while the others were grouped about a dilapidated kitchen table.

"How much money will it require to send the two

thousand guns to Italy?" asked one practical soul who approved of the cause, but regretted the cost.

"It will be an expense of $8,000 and $5,000 more for the machine guns. And that is not all, for we must have hand grenades and pay much money to the officers of the steamer that will secretly deliver the guns in Italy. And, without doubt, it will be necessary to bribe the inspector of the port."

"How much have we in the treasury?"

"Only a matter of $20,000."

The members of the Committee of Eleven looked at each other blankly. They were still $5,000 short of the amount needed to carry out their plans.

"And to get more money from this district is like taking blood from a turnip," sighed one. "All have paid who are able to pay."

"The police may catch us, if we make more collections," added Tony, the barber.

"Pah! The police count for naught in my plans," boasted the leader. "They are stupid elephants who know nothing, see nothing and hear nothing. Why, look you. The merchants in this stupid country advertise with signs so big as this house, because the people are too dense to read small print. They paint a sign with letters so high." Caesare indicated a figure larger than himself.

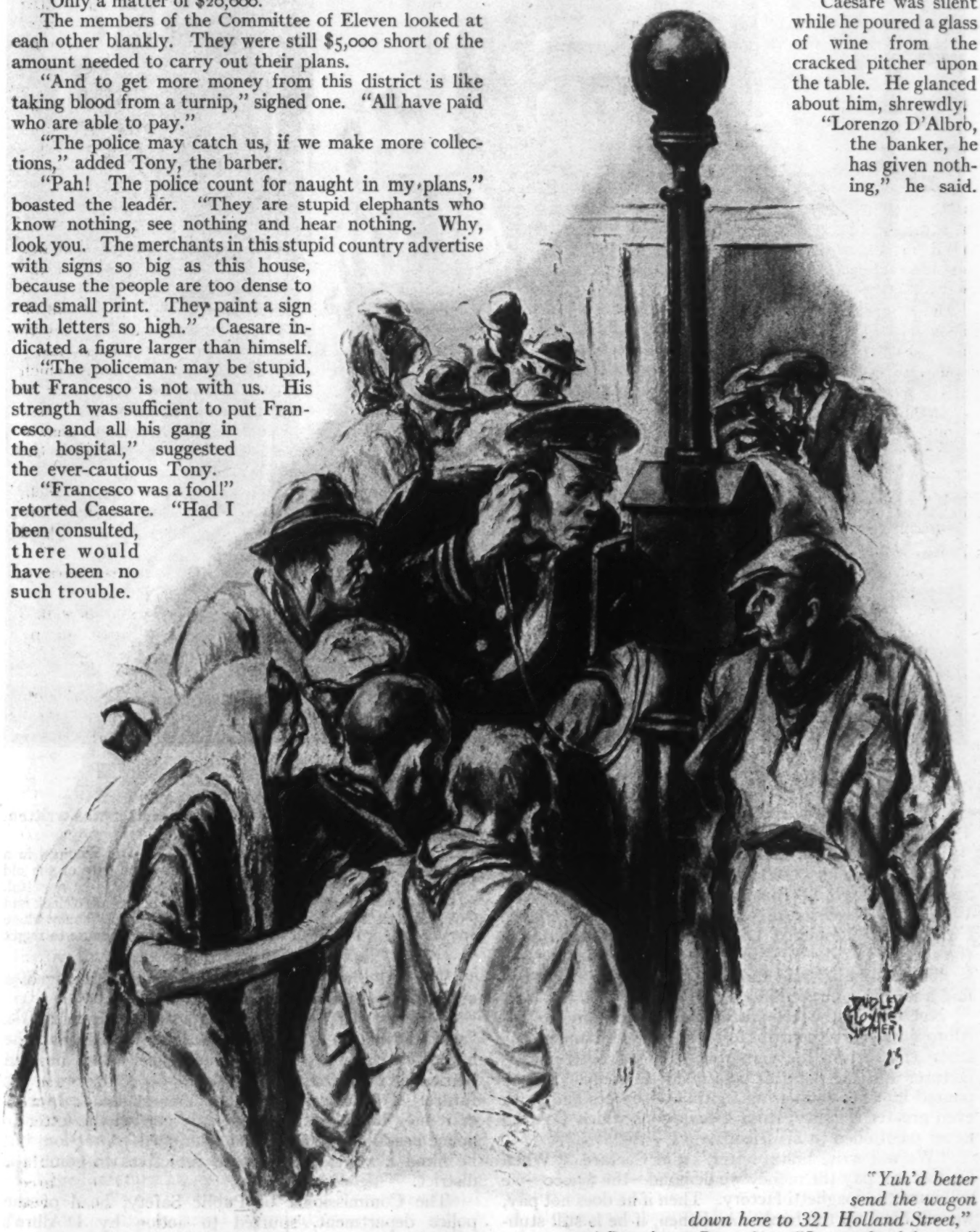
"The policeman may be stupid, but Francesco is not with us. His strength was sufficient to put Francesco and all his gang in the hospital," suggested the ever-cautious Tony.

"Francesco was a fool!" retorted Caesare. "Had I been consulted, there would have been no such trouble. There would have been one little fight with much noise, up a dark alley. When the policeman walked there, to find out what was the matter, there would have been one tap on his *caput*—his coco, as you say. Yes. One tap with a lead pipe, wrapped in a newspaper. To be successful in such affairs, it is necessary to think with one's head."

"Where can we raise the additional $5,000?" asked another committeeman of the confident chairman.

Caesare was silent while he poured a glass of wine from the cracked pitcher upon the table. He glanced about him, shrewdly.

"Lorenzo D'Albro, the banker, he has given nothing," he said.



"Yuh'd better send the wagon down here to 321 Holland Street," said Patrolman Donoghue. "I got a load for you"

When Caesare withdrew his hand from the keg, it clutched a bankroll that made the broker gasp

From the others came a sudden ripple of protest.

"It is very dangerous to ask for money from Loren'."

"He will take the letter to the police."

"The politicians, the mayor and the councilmen, they are friends with Lorenzo. He is an important man. When they have the drive for hospital money, at the Chamber of Commerce, Loren' he sit at the table with the speakers."

"He will pay," said Caesare, confidently. "We will find a means to make him pay."

Not one of the committee questioned Lorenzo D'Albro's ability to contribute. He was the banker, the labor contractor, the importer, the spaghetti manufacturer and the political boss of Little Sicily. Money poured into his vault from legitimate sources and, with even greater rapidity, from speculations which D'Albro never mentioned to his friends.

"We will write him a letter," said Caesare. "When he does not pay the money we demand—the $5,000—we will burn the spaghetti factory. Then if he does not pay, we will blow up the bank. And then, if he is still stubborn, we will plant a bomb at his house."

And so, with infinite patience, the letter was written.

DEAR FRIEND—it began.

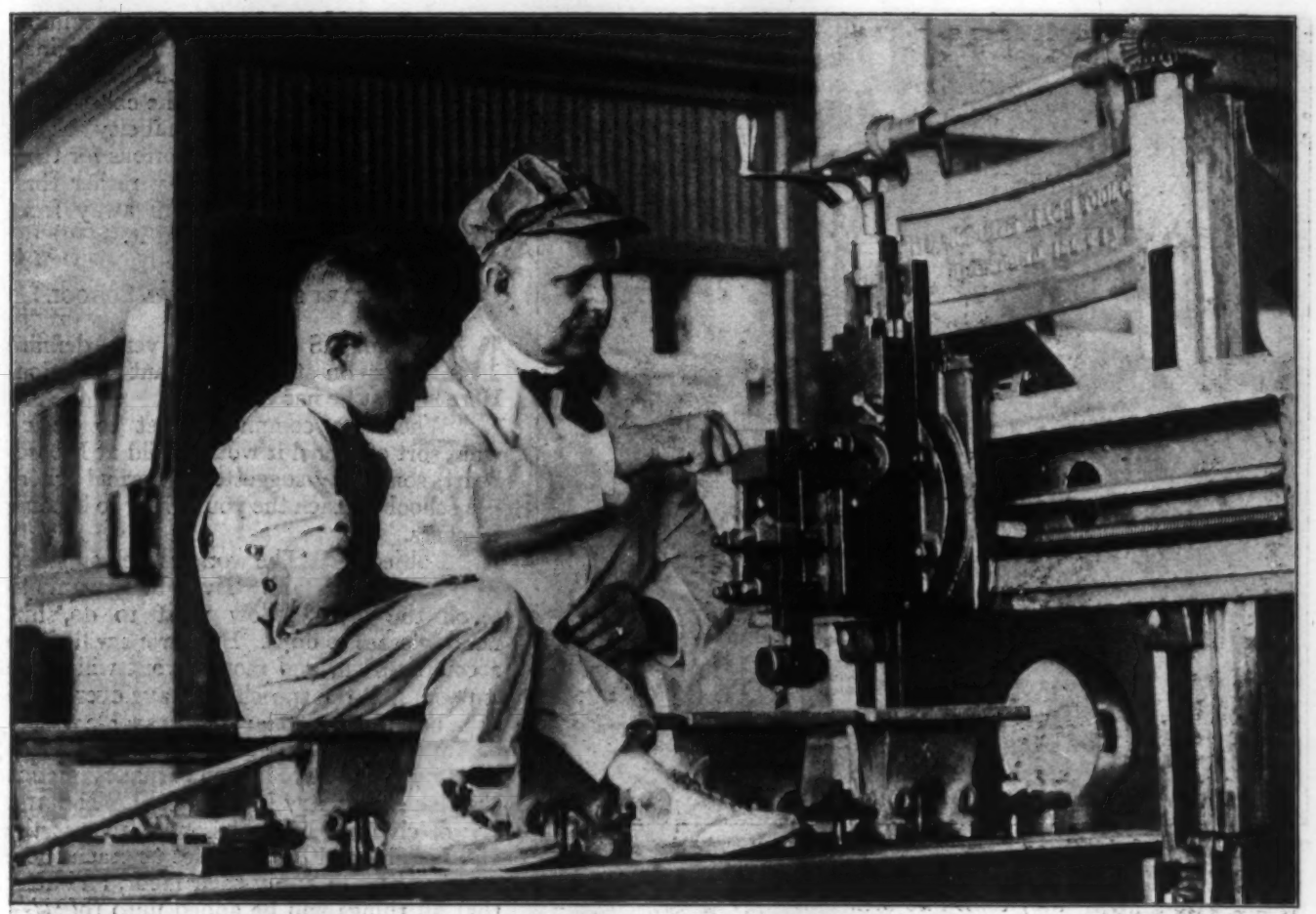
If you do not place the sum of $5,000 in cash, wrapped in a newspaper, under the flat stone that lies by the gate of the old brewery on Ambrose Street, you will have reason to be regretful.

This money must be put under the stone between 8 o'clock and 9 o'clock, next Thursday night. If you do not put the money where you are told, or if you tell the police, you will have cause to regret it. For you will suddenly cease to live.

The letter was "signed" with a crude drawing of a coffin, open grave and dagger.

Lorenzo was not the man to submit tamely to a "shakedown" of $5,000. He was convinced that the letter had been written by some one whom he had befriended in the past, or who would expect favors in the future. For that reason, the demand struck him as extremely impudent. He not only carried the letter to police headquarters where he demanded protection, but he hired a number of private detectives to comb the district.

The Commissioner of Public Safety, head of the police department, spurred to action by D'Albro's peremptory call for assistance, [*Continued on page 115.*]



Even before the youngsters at Mooseheart are old enough to operate machines, they become acquainted with them

The Mooseheart Idea

A Cabinet Officer's Hobby Sets a New Standard in Philanthropy

By Orville M. Kile

"FRATERNAL organizations can not succeed in America unless they stand for something more than mere social pleasure. They must render real service; service to their membership first, perhaps, but in the end service to mankind as a whole."

This statement coming from the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, in his characteristically earnest manner, impressed me deeply. The more so, no doubt, because at that very moment I could almost hear through the open window the blare of the more than 122 full brass bands belonging to one of the largest and most successful fraternal organizations in America, which on the preceding day had paraded for more than four hours without a break before the Presidential reviewing stand.

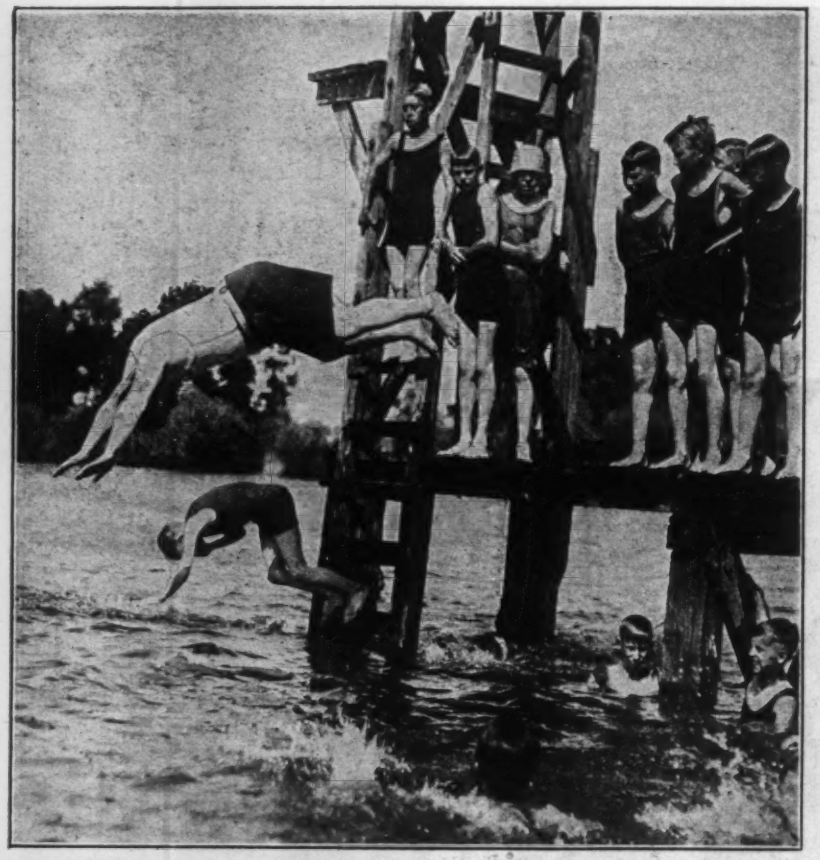
I had heard many estimates of the cost of this great three-day assemblage at Washington—estimates running never less than twenty millions of dollars. Apparently, this expenditure had been almost entirely for pleasure. I was later to learn, however, that this organization is building a series of ten large children's hospitals.

Now Secretary Davis was calling my attention to the basic principle that service must play a prominent part in all successful fraternal organizations.

Thirty-five miles west of Chicago, along the Fox River, lies Mooseheart, a sort of Junior Republic, a farm-village school, that is not only setting a new standard for "service" among fraternal organizations, but is developing ideas on education and child-training that are being widely copied and may eventually have a profound influence on our schools.

Years ago, when Mr. Davis was an iron puddler working in the mills, first in Sharon, Pennsylvania, and later at Birmingham, Alabama, and Elwood, Indiana, it frequently fell to his lot to carry to some worker's wife and children the sad news that the husband and father had been killed in the mills or mines. The resulting anguish, followed by pinching poverty and lack of opportunity among the children thus left destitute, deeply moved the future Secretary of Labor, and he resolved that if ever he had the opportunity he would see to it that these widows should be taken care of, and the children given a chance to secure the kind of training every boy and girl is entitled to.

Today, after ten years of solid growth, Mr. Davis sees his fondest hopes realized in Mooseheart. On a farm of 1023 acres of the most fertile land in Illinois, more than one thousand children and many mothers—all dependents of deceased members of the Loyal Order of Moose—are happily located in model home groups which form a village of some fifty modern fireproof



"The heritage of childhood," says Secretary Davis, "is the out-of-doors. When city-born children come to Mooseheart they come into their own"

buildings, with its own schools, church, hospital, and its water, heating and lighting systems.

There is nothing "institutional" about Mooseheart. That is one of its outstanding features. When you see Mooseheart for the first time you might think it merely an extraordinarily neat and up-to-date village with an unusual proportion of children. Every effort is made to duplicate conditions in the most enlightened homes—but in these homes children are taught the dignity and duty of useful work. There are no central dining rooms, no uniforms, no "bean Wednesdays" or "mush Fridays," no corporal punishment, no peremptory orders, none of the atmosphere that we usually associate with orphan asylums and similar institutions.

The children have their own system of democratic government. If a boy or girl becomes unruly, the teacher or the home matron may mark up a demerit. When a boy accumulates a certain number of demerits he is deprived of certain privileges.

In summer, these coveted privileges may be swimming, fishing or participation in the athletic games. This plan seldom fails to bring the desired results. But the children's own assembly has the right to review any protested demerit mark. Such cases frequently come up, but in the entire ten years this assembly has overturned the teachers' rulings only three times.

During their spare time, and after rollicking, carefree play has had its full allotment, the children are encouraged to work at light tasks. For this they are paid. Every child has a bank account in the "Students' Bank" maintained for that purpose. All their small expenditures are made by check.

It is in the plan of educational training, however, that Mooseheart is most original. The foundation plan on which the training is based is in many respects the exact opposite of that governing our usual city schools—which, by the way, are notorious for their ability to repress individuality rather than to encourage it, and to train away from honest toil rather than toward it.

Mooseheart's Vocational School

MR. DAVIS has some very definite ideas on this important question. Here is what he has to say:

"When the committee met to decide what sort of school it would build at Mooseheart, somebody suggested a normal school—a school to teach the young how to become teachers.

"I objected. 'The world is well supplied with teachers,' I said. 'Everybody wants to teach the other fellow what to do, but nobody cares to do it. Handwork will make a country rich, and mouth work will make it poor. All the speeches I have ever made have not added a dollar to the taxable wealth of America. But the tin and iron I wrought with my hands have helped to make America the richest country in the world. The first law of civilized life is labor. Labor is the giver of all good things. Let us teach these orphans how to apply their labor, and after that all things will be added unto them.'

"And so we established a sort of vocational school," Mr. Davis continued. "We teach twenty-seven different ways of making a living. Each boy or girl will graduate with at least two or three of these methods well-mastered. One of Mooseheart's earliest graduates, at the age of eighteen, not only made a high record in his academic studies, but also mastered the trades of cook, pastry cook, nurseryman, cement modeler, cornetist, saxophone player and landscape gardener. He was brilliant in all these lines, and capable of making a living in any one of them. And if all these trades should fail, he could still

There is nothing "institutional" about Mooseheart—there are no central dining rooms, no uniforms, no "bean Wednesdays"

fall back upon his training as a scientific farmer and could wring a living from the soil.

"How many graduates from our average city high schools could boast of such an equipment for life?

" 'Preparation for life' is our watchword. At Mooseheart, the boy or girl will encounter practically every problem that he will come up against in the wide world. Nothing is done for him that he can do for himself. Every fact of life is placed before him in due time.

"I am not opposed to literature and the classics. I make no war on the dead languages. But as an educator I promote the industrial trades, because they educated and promoted me. I have done well in life—at least I am satisfied—and if you ask me how I did it, I shall tell you that

Above, a typical scene on one of the verandas of the modern bungalows that are the homes of mothers and children at Mooseheart

A group of happy children about the fountain in the plaza and the bungalows of Baby Village

industry came first, and literature afterward. And at Mooseheart that plan of education is being carried out.

"The first thing a boy or girl learns when he comes to Mooseheart is that everything is founded on the soil. The babies play in the meadows and learn the names of the flowers and birds. The heritage of childhood is the out-of-doors. When the city-born children come to Mooseheart they come into their own. They trap rabbits and woodchucks, wade and fish in the creek, and go boating and swimming in the river and the lake.

"When a boy leaves the kindergarten and starts in the primary school he mixes agricultural studies with his books. First, he plants a small garden and tends it. Then he is taught to raise chickens. Next he learns swine husbandry, and then dairying and the handling of horses. The girls learn poultry-raising, butter-making, gardening, cooking, dressmaking and millinery. Following this general course in agricultural practice, the boy is allowed to specialize in any one of them if he wants to.

"After this grounding in agriculture—which all boys must have—the student gets an introduction to the mechanical trades. Later he may select a particular trade and specialize. The usual grammar-school and high-school courses are taught to all the students; also swimming, dancing and music, both vocal and instrumental.

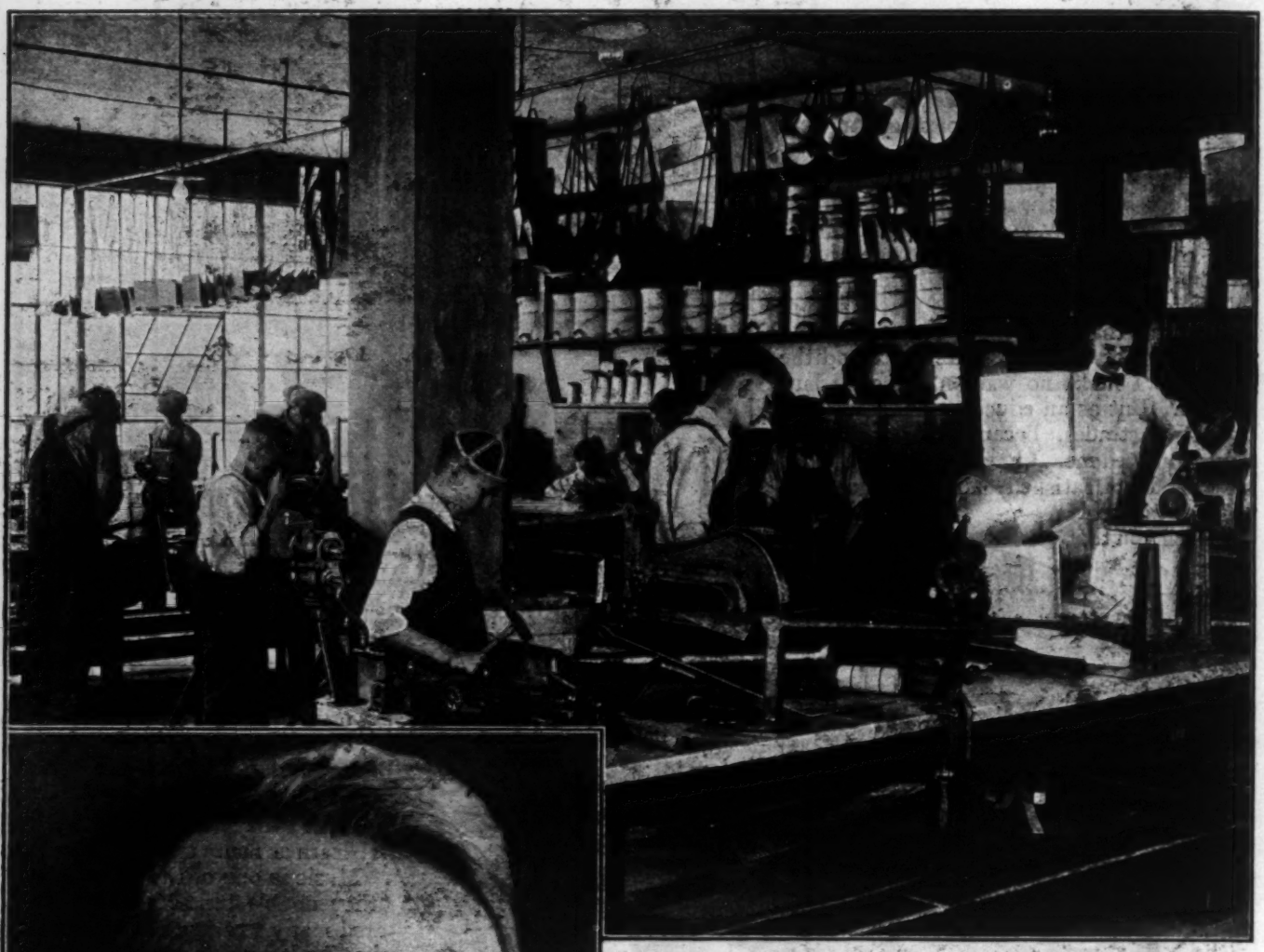
"Students are graduated at eighteen, but up to that time they are permitted to learn as many trades as they can. Music is one of the subjects that they double in. We have graduated many fine musicians, but none who didn't know a mechanical trade as well, besides being able to run a farm. A boy so trained can serve his country in peace or in war.

"Many educators ask us how the boy or girl can absorb so much at the age the average youth has completed only the academic side of his training. Teachers who come from boys' preparatory schools, where the sons of the rich are trained for college, are amazed to find these sons of the working people so far ahead of the young aristocrats. They often suggest that our boys and girls must be specially selected. But they are not. On the contrary, they come from the humblest families, from homes that have been upset and disordered at an early period. But the training at Mooseheart is so fitted to the real needs of life and our boys and girls acquire such a wholesome and healthy attitude toward life that they absorb training readily and are soon able to outstrip the children of the more fortunate classes."

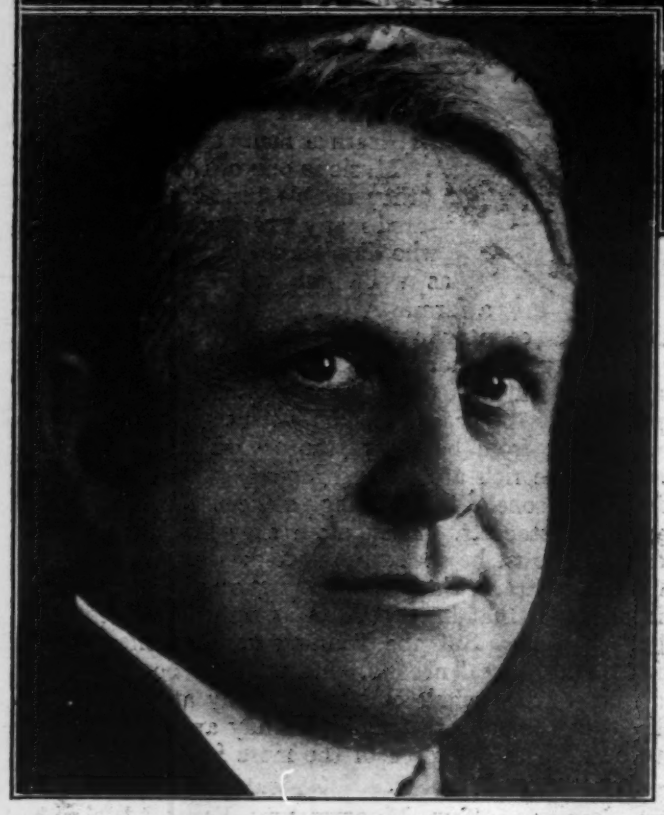
The Moosehaven Farm

FOR the other extreme of life's span and as a fitting counterpart to Mooseheart, this fraternal organization has established Moosehaven. On a large farm on the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, Florida, the elderly destitute members of the Order are provided a home amid pleasant surroundings.

Here again this organization has shown originality that might well be widely copied. Instead of "taking care" of these old folks in such a way that they have nothing to do but sit on the verandas and brood over the cruel fate that has forced them to accept charity in their old age, they are provided with an opportunity to earn their own living.



Above, one of the Mooseheart workshops. In Mooseheart, Secretary Davis, at left, has carried out his desire to give orphans left destitute adequate vocational training



Products of the home fields, orchards and gardens form the chief articles of food in that region throughout the year. It is a very decrepit old man, indeed, who cannot perform enough work at least to produce the feeling that he is contributing largely toward his own support and even toward his wife's support, if she happens to be living, for lifelong companions are never separated at Moosehaven.

Now, let us inquire for a moment what effect this program of enlightened beneficence and constructive citizenship has had upon the Order itself.

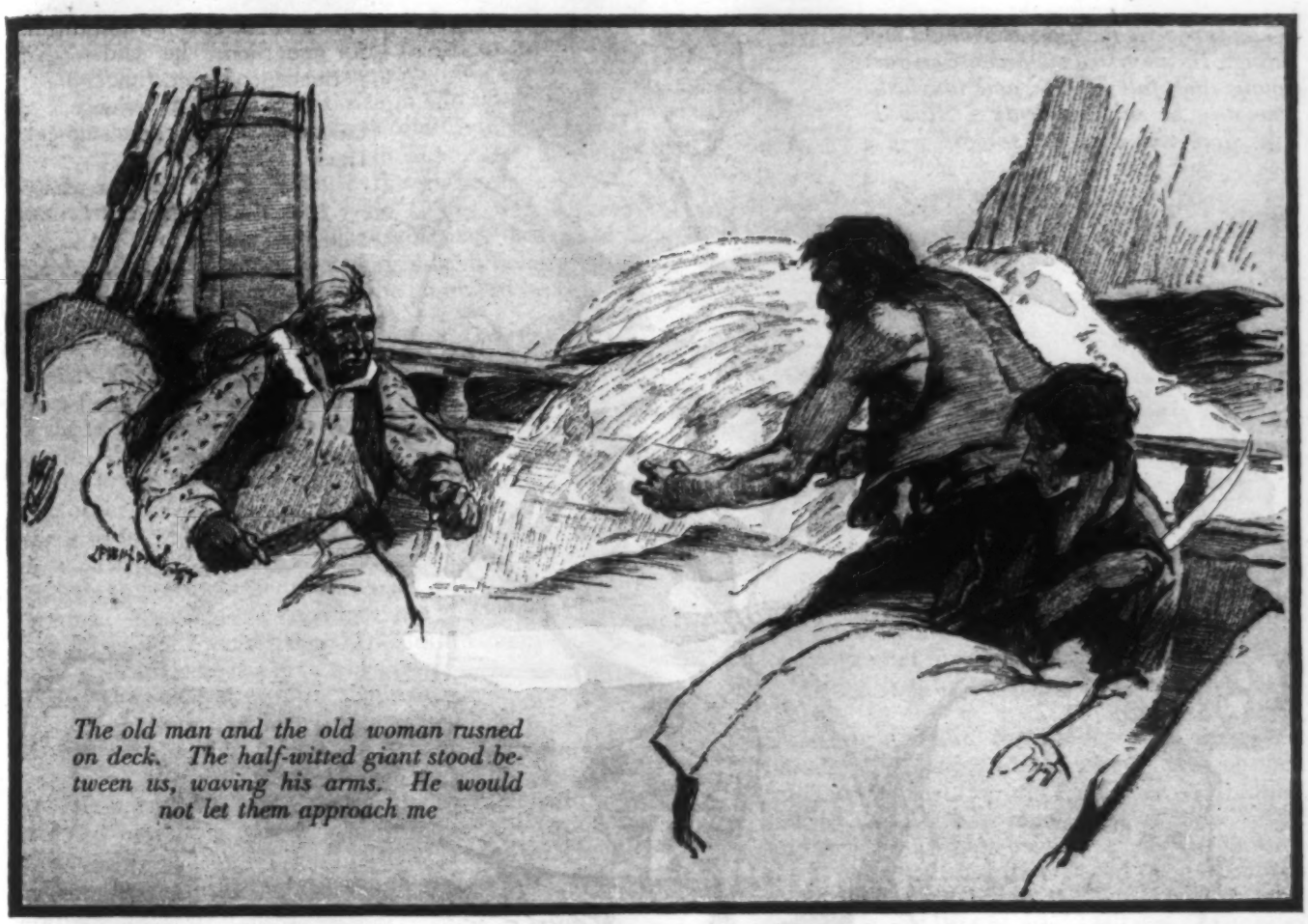
After a first spurt of prosperity, during which the sole object of Moose membership was social enjoyment, the Order became almost extinct. Only two lodges remained. One of these was at Crawfordsville, Indiana. When Mr. Davis joined, in 1906, the total membership had dwindled to two hundred and forty-six.

Mr. Davis took a deep interest in the organization from the start. Its vast possibilities for good gripped his imagination. He saw in it a chance to realize the dream which he had harbored since those days back in Pennsylvania when he had seen families broken up and scattered to the four winds, through the death of the wage-earner. He set out to make service of this type the new ideal of the Loyal Order of Moose.

Things went slowly for a time, but gradually the idea took hold and today the Order numbers six hundred thousand members. It owns property valued at many millions and is now raising an endowment fund of ten millions to insure the perpetuity of the Mooseheart establishment.

Mr. Davis was made Director General of the Order several years ago. He gives all his spare time to Mooseheart. It is his hobby. In fact, Mooseheart merely loaned him to the Government to serve as the Secretary of Labor. When that job is finished, Mr. Davis wants to get back to Mooseheart to expand the farm to five thousand acres, and to open its opportunities to more children.

Mooseheart may mean much to America in the years to come. In addition to setting a new standard of service for fraternal orders, it is demonstrating the value of the good old principle of work as a factor in education—a feature apparently approaching extinction in our present-day school system.



The old man and the old woman rusned on deck. The half-witted giant stood between us, waving his arms. He would not let them approach me

A Pirate of Men

The Adventures of a Girl Who "Couldn't Help Being Fascinating"

By Owen Oliver

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

THEY say that a dog can't get rid of a bad name. A woman can escape from it in a far country. I have; but some day my children may visit the place where I was born, or the place where I was first married, and find their mother called a pirate of men, a heartless coquette, or even worse. I am writing this story of the adventurous days of my life, so that they may know that these charges are untrue.

It was not my fault that the reputation of a man hunter attached to me. I was—perhaps still am—unusually good-looking. I could not help that—and did not want to help it. I had some fascination—more than the looks accounted for, I think—for men. I could not help that, either; but I think I would have if I could. I certainly did not try to attract men. With one exception, they have never attracted me greatly. I am, I believe, rather cold toward the other sex in general. Anyhow—in the fashion of the day, I'll say it bluntly—I have been beyond serious reproach in my relations with men.

The title of "pirate" was given me in jest, stuck as names given in jest do, and was altered in its implication as they often are. My grandfather always declared that we were descended from a famous old pirate, and he nicknamed me "the little pirate" when I was a few months old, because I grabbed things, and fought hard to keep them. I was rather like that when I grew up; but I did not grab at boys in particular. It was they who grabbed at me!

When I began to think myself a woman—and that was at the age of seventeen—I objected to the name; told grandfather that I wouldn't have it.

"Very well," he chuckled, "we'll drop the name, Jennie; but you *are* a pirate, and always will be one—a pirate of men! Ha, ha, ha! You'll make many walk the plank, my dear; but, in the end, one will have you in chains."

"Good luck to him!" I laughed. "He'll need to hold the chain with a strong hand! And he'll have to be very different from the boys here!"

All the young men in our little village—father was the doctor—had been "soft" with me, from the time I was thirteen, but I had felt no inclination toward any of them; or toward any man until after I spoke to grandfather.

A handsome young Spaniard taught me riding. He interested me because he was young and full of life, and laughed. One day he said suddenly: "How I love you, beautiful senora!"

Then, when I was nearly eighteen, I went over to Dunsterville for the fair, with a lot of young people from the village. There I saw a big, good-looking sailor, with a golden beard—a huge, devil-may-care fellow like you read of in books. I clapped my hands at his successes at the coconut-shies, and he spoke to me. It was impudence, of course; but he was well-spoken, and I liked his bold way, and it teased the boys. So I talked and jested with him. Finally I let him take me home along the lane.

"GIRLIE," he said, "I've been all around the world from end to end, and you're the best thing I've seen. I'm going to marry you some day."

"Indeed you're not!" I laughed. "If I ever marry any one, and if he's a sailor, he'll have to be a captain at least!"

"Well," he said, "will you do it, if I get to be that?"

"Get to that and come and ask me then," I told him.

"Give me a kiss to seal the contract?" he asked.

"I don't go in for kissing," I told him, tossing my head.

"Time you had the experience," he thought. "Come, girlie!"

He tried to put his arm around me, but I pushed it away.

"If you make me," I said, "I shall detest you."

"Make you?" he cried. "Bah! A kiss isn't a kiss unless it's willing."

"Then I've never had one," I said.

"Come!" he protested.

"Oh!" I said. "I didn't mean it for gospel, you know! I meant not seriously. There's dad and granddad, and mistletoe—and fun!"

"I've three good arguments for one then," he said. "Experience, contract, fun."

"No new experience," I laughed. "And there's no contract!"

"How about fun?" he teased.

I let him have one, when we said good night.

"For fun," I told him.

"On your side," he agreed. "I could tell that. Thank you, all the same. On my side it wasn't only fun. I'll come back to you some day, my dear—— I can't rise to captain easily, or all at once. Remember that."

I had almost forgotten about the man, till next year's fair. He was there in a different sort of cap—one with a peak. So I supposed he had done something toward the "rising." I was mostly with the squire's son—a weedy fool who talked poetry—and only nodded to the man. But he whispered in my ear, as we were crowding into a show:

"I'm on the way to officer; going to sit for the junior mate's examination next month. I'll be behind that big elm waiting."

Just for curiosity I went there when I came out from the show; gave the man a lecture for his presumption; said I wouldn't walk with him.

"I've put in a year's hard work for a few minutes' walk," he said, breathing hard. "*You* may be in fun, but I'm not! Good or bad, you'll make my next year, this evening. I sail tomorrow afternoon. Give me half an hour to think of!"

"Oh!" I cried. "You men are all alike—silly! Very well. I shall be going home at ten. I'll come this way if I can get off from the rest."

I RAN away from the others just before ten, and let the man walk home with me. I noticed that he spoke better. He told me that his firm was giving him a chance to "get on," and that he had been educating himself. He wanted me to promise to wait while he "rose to me." Of course I wouldn't promise. I told him not to come again, but he said that he would come the next year. I rather liked him, somehow—had from the first—and I often wondered whether he would come, till a dreadful thing put him right out of my head. The squire's son proposed to me. I refused him; and he tried to hang himself. They cut him down before he was dead—which he didn't deserve!—and then wanted me to go to see him, but I wouldn't.

"It wouldn't be any kindness," I said, "because I could never marry that poor sort of creature."

They agreed that I had better not go, if I felt like that.

I did not consider that I was in the least to blame. From start to finish I had always told Claude that I was only passing the time talking to him. But of course people blamed me—especially the girls, who were all jealous—except grandfather. So things were uncomfortable. My brother, who was eight years older than I, was home from Videas and just finishing his holiday at the time. I persuaded them to let me go out to keep house for him when he returned.

I LOVED the warm climate and the social life out there; but the men were worse than those at home over me. Two Spaniards had a duel after a quarrel about a dance which they both said I had promised them —I had only said "perhaps" to either! One was killed. The other threatened to kill himself because I wouldn't speak to him. My brother got a Mrs. Montmorency to take me away for a time to Daso, up the hills. A hateful man there pestered me, until at last he tried to kiss me by force. I got hold of his throat and half strangled him! I am little, but I am strong. Mr. Montmorency took my part, and thrashed the man when he caught him hanging around the house afterward. He was very nice to me. I expect that was why Mrs. Montmorency took me back to my brother; though good old Charlie Montmorency was only fatherly to me.

The men made more trouble for me there, and Jack said I'd better go home. I talked about it to a man named Alvarez who had a lot of influence with Jack, and with everybody. He was very rich and owned a deal of property at Videas, and two or three islands, some way off the coast. He was about fifty—a big, very strong-looking, rather handsome man. I admired him as you admire a father. I hadn't thought of him any other way, and only wanted him to intercede with Jack; but he offered to marry me.

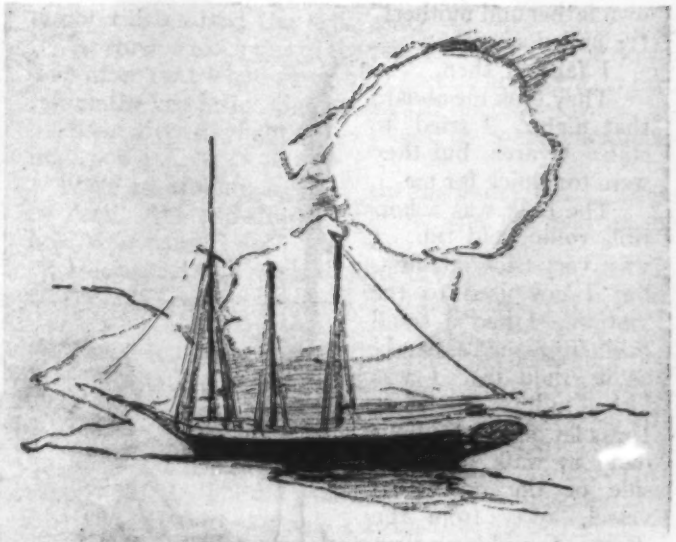
I made a very great mistake then. I thought it would be nice to be rich and important and take the lead in things; and, as I didn't seem to care in the least for any man in particular, or fancy that I ever should, now that the sailor had passed out of my life—I *had* felt that I might come to care for him—I decided that I might as well marry for money and position. So I married Alvarez. He knew just how I felt toward him. I did not deceive him in the least.

I did not altogether like being married. Still, I think it might have turned out all right, but for the men. I really didn't dislike Alvarez, who humored all my wishes; but he was fearfully jealous and the men wouldn't let me alone. Alvarez caught one trying to make love to me. He owned that, from what he heard, it wasn't my fault. If you knew how jealous he was, *that* would clear me! But he fought the man, and wounded him; and he, and Jack, said that I had better leave Videas for a time. So my husband took me to the biggest of the islands which he owned. It was called Rosinas.

It was a pretty enough place, and we had a lovely house; but it was very dull there—no amusements or dances. I used to dance by myself to the gramophone, which had just come in. Remember that I wasn't quite one-and-twenty.

There was a handsome young Spaniard, son of a little farmer on one of Alvarez's small farms. He taught me riding and about animals and flowers, and such things. He interested me just because he was young and full of life, and laughed. I never even dreamed of flirting with him; but one day he said suddenly:

"How I love you, beautiful *señora!*"



I was dreadfully angry with him; told him that I did not love my servants; forbade him ever to come near me again; threatened to tell Alvarez, and only refrained from doing so on the silly boy's account. Honestly, though I did not love Alvarez, I liked him better than any one else; and I was entirely faithful to him, in thought as well as in deed.

Either on my account, or from fear of my husband, who was a despot in the island, the young man poisoned himself. Before he died, he told his father and mother that I had led him on, and then "spat at him." The mother and father had been foster parents to Alvarez. They came to him about it. He believed them—thought me a liar when I told him the truth.

At first he declared that he would kill me. I felt even more angry than afraid; more angry than I had known that I could feel. I expect there *was* some fierce old pirate blood in me.

"Do it, you coward and bully!" I said. "Then you'll hang! And they'll jeer at the old man who murdered his young wife! Because he couldn't hold her!"

That was a horrible thing to say; but remember that I was accused unjustly of a horrible thing, and threatened with death for it.

After my speech, Alvarez went red and picked up a dagger. I pulled my blouse open.

"Kill me!" I cried. "Come! Why don't you do it? How they will laugh!"

He went very pale and still, then.

"They shall not laugh," he said, in a dreadful, quiet way. "Neither shall you!"

"I dare say you are so little of a man that you would beat or torment me," I taunted him, "but, if you do, some day I will put a knife into you—wait my chance to do it. I swear it, Carlos!"

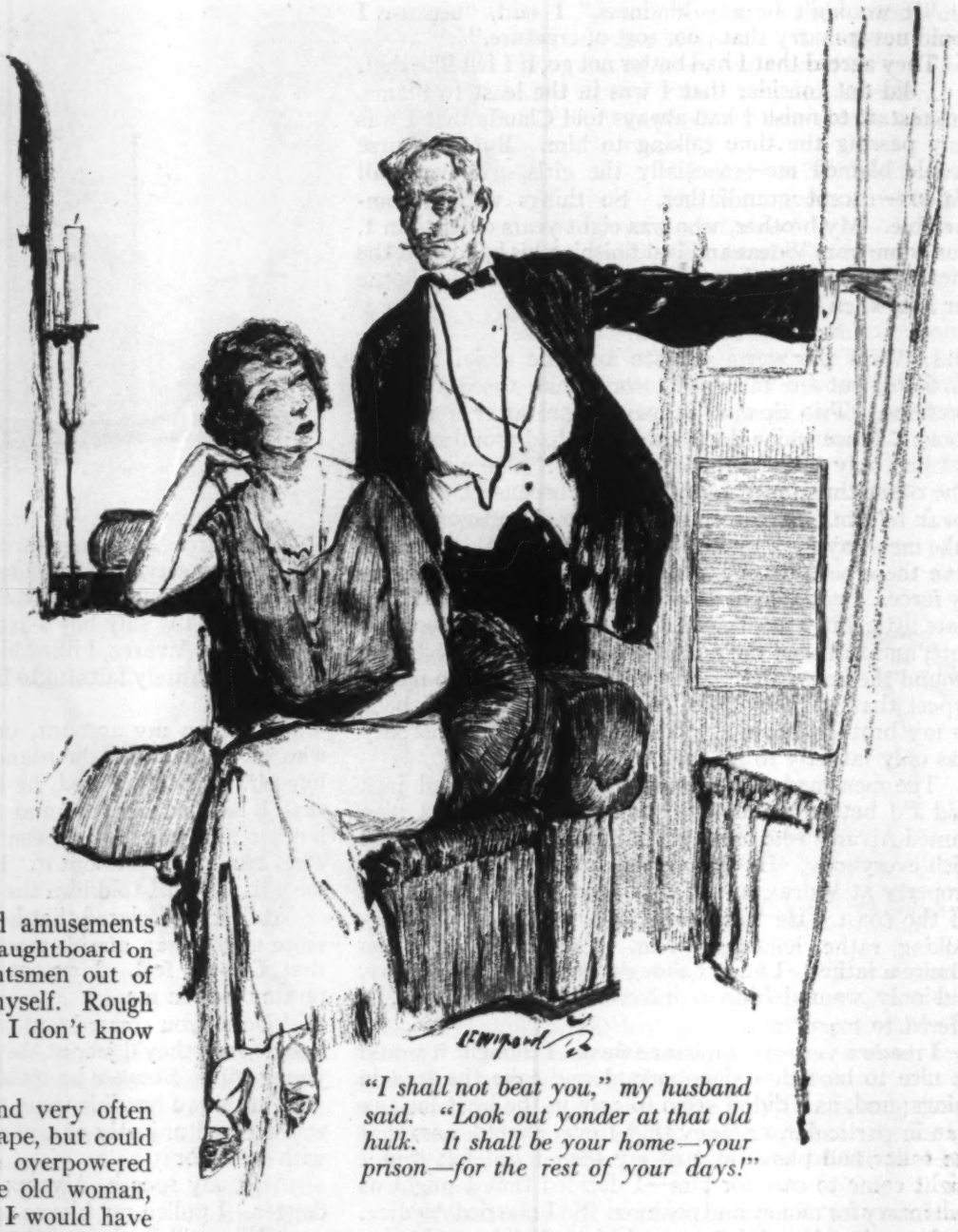
"I SHALL not beat you," he said. "Listen. Look out the window at the sea and the old hulk lying there. It shall be your home—your prison—for the rest of your days. A bare prison, a bare fare—and you like the good things of life, don't you, Jennie? You married me—even old me!—for them. There you will grow old, dull, withered. No one will ever come to you. I shall send your brother a certificate of your death—from our island fever; tell people here that you are dead; pretend to bury you; put up a monument. There shall be a marble angel, pointing to your prison! I shall be inconsolable. Ha, ha! But you will not laugh very much, rocking in your bare prison! Don't think you will ever escape. You are already considering cajoling your jailers, eh? I can read you. Well, you won't. They will be Juan's

own father and mother!" He smiled savagely.

I fainted then.

They took me aboard that night. I tried to stab Alvarez, but they were too quick for me.

The hulk was a horrible rolling old tub. I was very sick at first, but I got used to the motion. I had a small cabin, furnished as barely as it could be. I was locked in it, except when I was let out for an hour daily to walk upon the side of the crazy old vessel, away from the shore. I could see part of Rosinas from a porthole of the cabin, but a grating was fixed so that I could not put my head outside. They brought me a miserable meal twice a day; refused me books or any work to pass the time; would not listen when I tried to tell them the truth about the young man Juan. Remember I was two--and-twenty—three-and-twenty, and that I loved amusements and gaiety. I chalked a draughtboard on the floor, and cut draughtsmen out of cloth and played against myself. Rough side against smooth side. I don't know why I didn't go mad.



"I shall not beat you," my husband said. "Look out yonder at that old hulk. It shall be your home—your prison—for the rest of your days!"

I THOUGHT all day and very often all night of plans of escape, but could find none. I could have overpowered either the old man or the old woman, when they brought food. I would have faced without fear the hulking, half-witted man who was their only assistant. I should have my dinner knife, and be quicker than he. But, if I killed or overpowered them all, there was nowhere to fly to. We had no boat even. If my jailers wanted one, they had to signal to the shore.

I was in my prison for two years; saw a pale-faced, wide-eyed girl in the little glass over my washstand; saw the shore, and on the cliffs my great house that was, and a marble angel which had been erected, pointing upward over me. Once or twice I saw a vessel come in; but if I tried to call out, my jailers took me to a hold so that my cries could not be heard. A boat came out twice a week with provisions. Sometimes there were flocks of birds to watch. That was all.

After a while I persuaded the woman to let me go to the scullery to wash up the utensils after my meals, just for something to do. I obtained a few scraps of wood and scratched messages on them with pins and threw them into the sea, hoping they might reach some one. I hid a very sharp knife in my dress, took it to my cabin, and concealed it under the mattress. I thought that perhaps some day my husband would come to see me. However, he never did.

Thank Heaven he didn't, and I was saved from being a murderess. Though I don't think it would have been murder.

Then, two years and seventeen days after my imprisonment began—I had notched them on the washstand—a great gale arose, blowing offshore. The woman suggested that I wouldn't want to go for my walk in the wind and rain; but I went, rather late in the afternoon, with the darkness beginning before its time. I took the sharp knife under my waterproof. I could not see any one on deck. I crept forward and began sawing at the huge rope which held us to the anchor. If I could cut that we might be blown where we should meet some vessel. If not—to death! I did not see that I had much to lose.

WHEN I was halfway through the rope, I looked behind me for the third or fourth time. The huge, half-witted man stood quite near, watching me and grinning. I threatened him with the knife, but he shook his head and pointed to the cable.

"Cut it," he said. "You can only escape to death. I'll die with you, beautiful *señora!*"

I moved back a little, still facing him and watching him, and cut away at the cable. Presently it parted. The boat lurched so violently that I fell over. The man

picked me up, stroked my hair. I backed away from him, and just then the old man and woman rushed on deck. The half-witted giant stood between us, waving his arms. He would not let them approach me.

"We shall all be killed!" they cried.

"What does it matter?" I asked.

THE old man ran to the side of the vessel and waved to the shore with a flag, and the old woman with a tablecloth. Alvarez would pursue us in the motor boat, they declared; but the half-witted man laughed. The "puff-boat" was broken down, he chuckled; broken down! Apparently he was right. For, when dusk came, and we lost sight of the shore, it had not set out.

I stayed on deck, and the half-witted man brought me drink and food. He tried to caress me; cried when I pushed him away, and threatened him with the knife. I was so beautiful, he said. The poor pale thing that I had become!

At two o'clock in the morning the moon—nearly full—came out between the clouds. Then I saw a barren, reefy island in front of us. The old man and woman cried and prayed. The half-witted giant laughed. We missed it by a few yards, but felt the hull grate upon something. No doubt this started the leak which appeared afterward.

At three o'clock one of the two bare masts came down. Just after that I had something to eat, and went to bed, taking the key inside and locking the door.

Soon after daylight I was roused by some one knocking upon it.

"We are sinking, *señora!*" the big man cried. "Come on deck. We will drown together, and you will let me hold your hand."

He seemed like a great child.

"Yes," I said, "you shall hold my hand."

I GAVE it to him then. I have always been glad that I did that. For, as we came to the steps to go up on deck the old man and the old woman rushed upon us with knives. The big man shielded me with his body; twisted the little man's neck, while the knives were in him. Then they both fell. The old woman knelt by her husband, and I by the half-witted man. I knew that he was dying.

"Hold my hand," I told him. "Hold my hand!"

"Take all the knives from her first," he gasped. "I—you are very beautiful, *señora*. I am honored that you hold my hand——"

It wasn't necessary to hold it very long.

The yacht was making straight for the reef I decided to hide the knife and wait for a chance to plunge it into Alvarez

When he was gone, I went up on deck. I found the hulk low in the water. Evidently it was leaking badly, either from strain or from the damage when we struck. The seas swept the forepart of the deck which was lowest. There were some reefs ahead to one side. I clung to the tiller, and managed to steer us toward them. I thought that our only hope was to run aground, as we certainly should not keep afloat for long.

Then the woman came out with a great bar of iron. She chased me around the slippery deck. I fell. She raised the bar to bring it down on me; but then she also slipped, and fell. I got up, took the bar away and hurled it overboard. Then she sat on the deck and gibbered. Just after that we struck. The old woman was thrown down into the scuppers, and a moment later a wave washed her overboard.

I was in my prison for two years; saw the shore and on the cliffs my great house that was. Sometimes there were flocks of birds to watch. That was all

We lay on the reef for a day, with the vessel breaking up slowly. There was a piece of rock, not covered by the sea, about twenty feet each way, lying underneath the bows. During the second night I lowered a basket, filled with what food and water I could find, to the rock and then a trunk filled with blankets and clothes, and threw down other things tied up in rugs. Then I managed to lower myself by a rope. I was very tired, so I covered myself up and slept.

IN the morning the ship was gone, and the storm; and on the horizon I saw the sail of a yacht. I knew it for my husband's—*The Jennie*, named after me.

I dragged my few belongings behind some boulders, and lay behind them myself, hoping that they might pass without noticing anything, but evidently I had been seen. The yacht made straight for the reef. I decided to hide the knife under my cloak, and wait for the chance to plunge it into Alvarez.

When he landed, hissing out cruel words and jeering, I sprang upon him. However, he put his arm between us, and I only wounded that. The two men who landed with him took the knife from me, and began to bind his arm. There were three men left in the boat, and I thought they looked unlovingly at him, and pityingly at me. I stepped into the boat.

"For the love of Heaven!" I cried. "If you are men——"

Suddenly one of them pushed the yacht off the reef, and into the wind, and we sailed away, leaving Alvarez and the other men swearing horribly.

They say that I tried to murder my husband, to run away with a man! But I have written down the exact truth—the whole truth just as it happened!

I told the men to take me to Videas, and they would be well rewarded. They did not say they wouldn't, and they were very civil and respectful in their manner, but I saw them continually looking at one another. I knew that they meant to take me somewhere else—somewhere where I should be in their power.

At nightfall they anchored just off a little island. They went ashore, and left me in the boat. They sat down on the beach, lit a candle and began playing with a pack of cards. I knew that I was the stakes.

I pushed the boat out with an oar, and pulled up the little sail in front. The wind took it, and I sailed away. The small sail did not carry me very fast, and one man plunged into the water and swam after me. I struck at him with the oar and drove him off. Then I got the big sail up a little way. There was only a very slight wind, and we sailed gently into the dusk. I had no idea where.

I kept dozing at the helm and waking with a start, fancying that Alvarez had come upon me. The first thing I did every time I roused was to stare into the darkness for a vessel; and I always thought of it as a pursuer, not a rescuer.

Just after dawn I awoke; and there *was* a vessel—a biggish steam launch—quite near and making for my boat. There were two men in it and they were both shouting. I gave a scream that sounded appalling even to me.

"I'll kill myself!" I cried. "I——"

And then I stopped. For neither of the men was Alvarez. The one steering was my brother. The other was a big fair-haired merchant officer. His face was working and he threw up his arms.

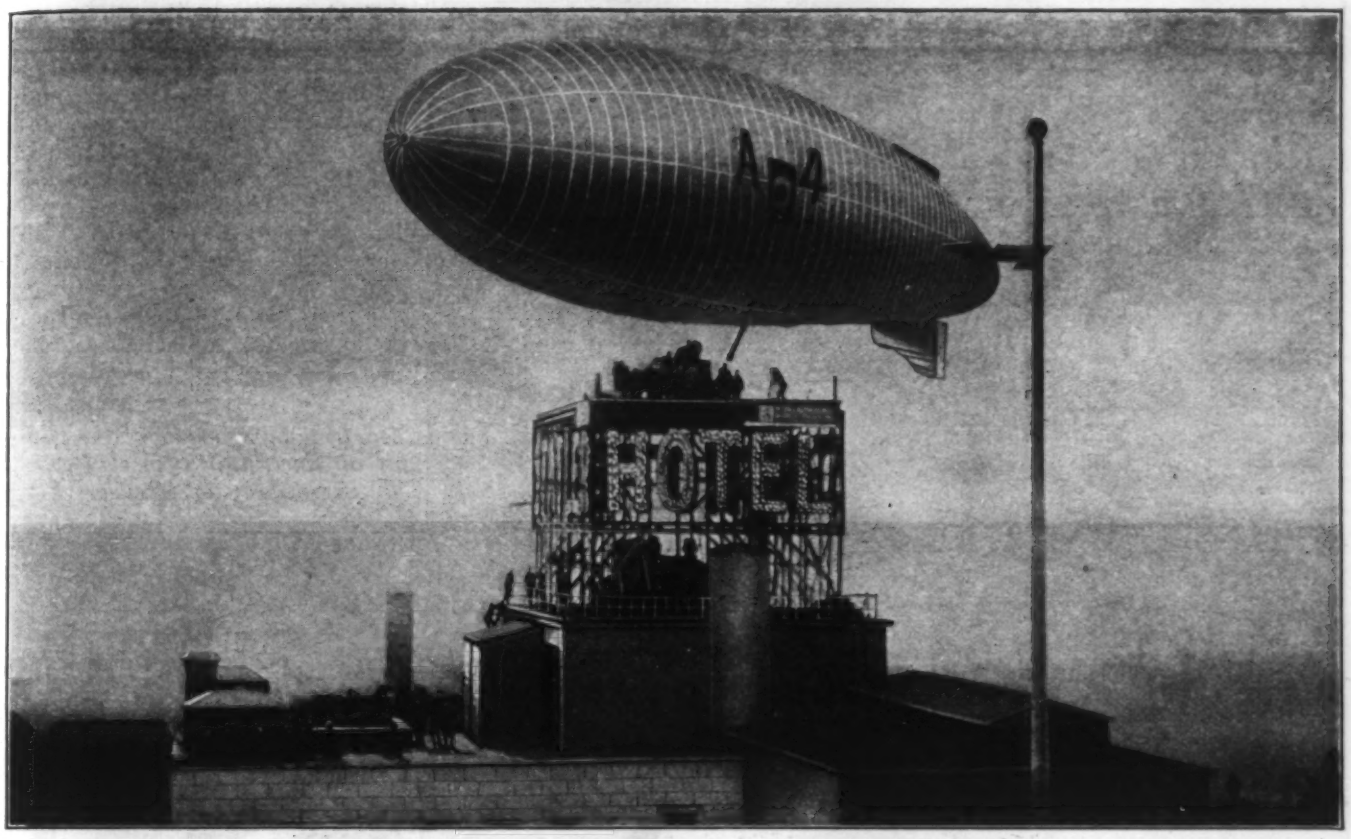
"My girl!" he cried. "My girl! You're all right! My poor girl!"

It was my sailor!

"You!" I said. "You! And Jack! I'm all right now."

I DROPPED to the seat and clung to the gunwale. I don't think I quite fainted, but I can't remember the next things very distinctly. I recollect my sailor holding me tightly, stroking my hair, and I think kissing it, and my brother taking me away from him.

I slept most of the way to Videas, lying in the cabin covered with rugs. It opened into the well. The men talked to me from there, in my waking intervals—my sailor seemed to be watching [*Continued on page 124*]



Future air travel strikingly foreshadowed when an Army blimp "docked" at a Cleveland hotel roof

Our Aerial Leviathans

"Blimps" and Zeppelins Herald a New Era in American Travel

By Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam

U. S. Navy, Retired

RECENT spectacular feats of the airplane have dimmed the past triumphs of the Zeppelin. Planes have thrice crossed the Atlantic. Lieutenants Macready and Kelly have sped between New York and San Diego in a wonderful non-stop, 36-hour flight. The air mail—in a thrilling exploit, including night flying—spanned the continent with relays of planes in even better time, and airplane records for altitude, endurance and speed have been falling almost as fast as made.

Amid all these brilliant performances of heavier-than-air craft, the earlier records of the big rigid airships have been forgotten. Yet the future will again bring the airship to the front as a vitally necessary means of transportation for long distances over land and sea. And as first evidence of the coming rôle of monster airships in America's transportation system we have the recent completion of the ZR-1 at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and of the ZR-3 built for us in Germany.

LAGGING behind other nations in air power as measured in squadrons of planes, the United States has been still further behind in the use of dirigibles.

Our non-rigids, or "blimps," have made enviable records, but until this fall we have never possessed rigids of the Zeppelin type. In this article Admiral Fullam explains how the Zeppelin is at last coming into its own in the United States.

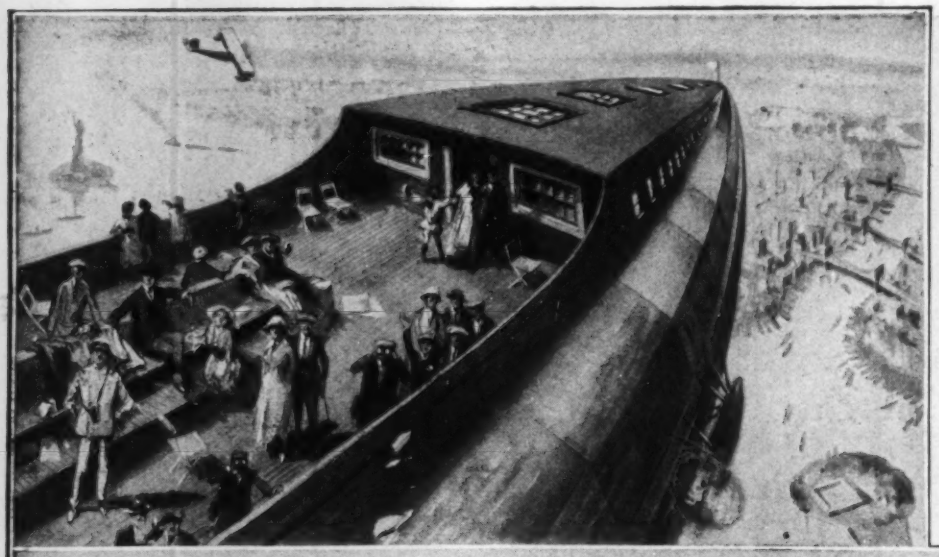
These two Leviathans of the heavens are descendants of a race of aircraft that came into being more than seventy years ago when, in 1852, a Frenchman, Henri Giffard, built the first power-driven airship and won the title of "father of the dirigible."

Other inventors followed and in 1898 the famous Brazilian, Santos Dumont, flew an airship around the Eiffel Tower. These early ships were non-rigids—motor balloons.

In 1897 an Austrian named Swartz attempted the construction of a rigid airship. His ship was made of aluminum tubing, but it failed on trial.

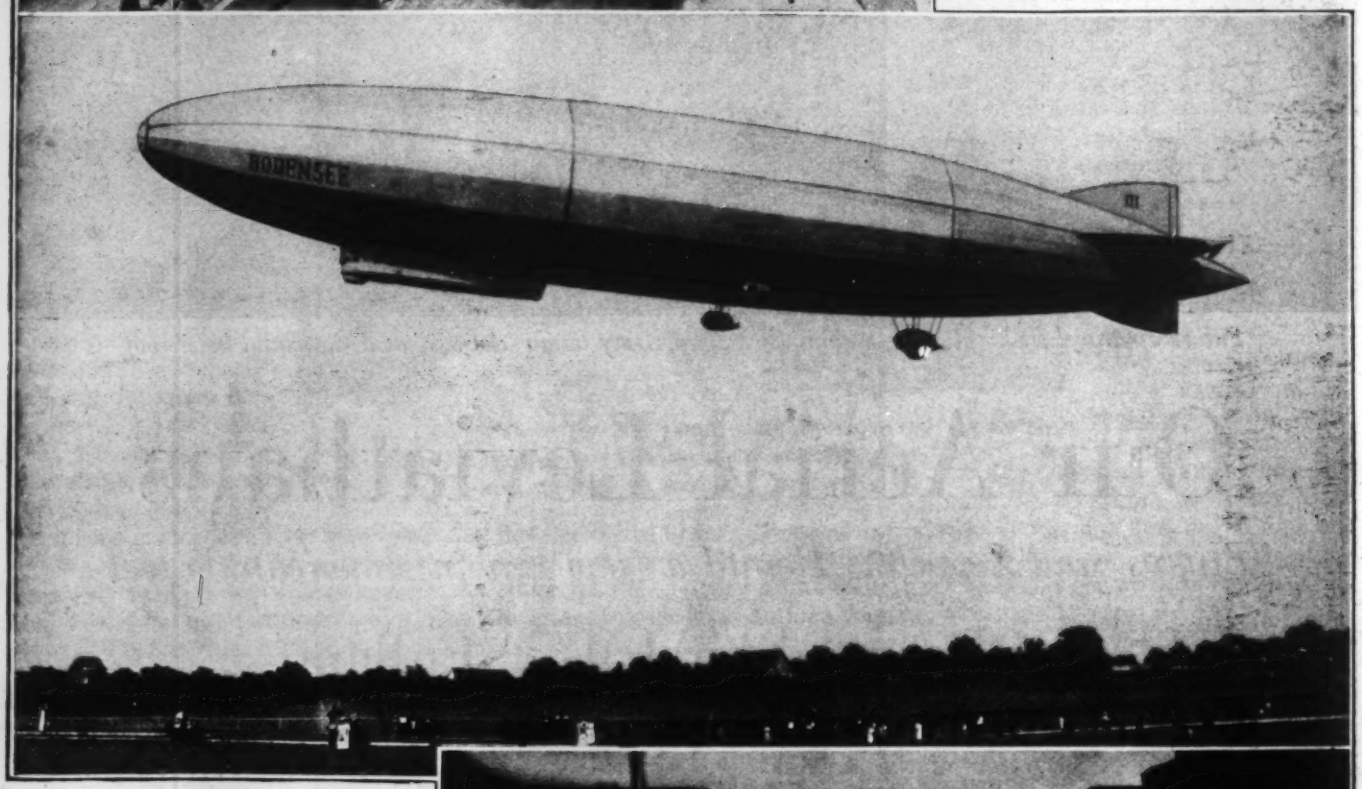
In the meanwhile Count Zeppelin, a German who had served in the Union Army during the Civil War as a balloon expert, became interested in the rigid type, and with varying success constructed many ships. Since 1900, the Germans have built and operated 125 of his Zeppelins with remarkable success.

It is not generally known that a German airship com-



the Germans built and commercially operated the *Bodensee* in 1919. This was a ship of medium size, four hundred and twenty feet long. In one hundred days she made one hundred and three flights, covered 32,000 miles and carried 2,400 passengers. The Allies then put a stop to German activities in this direction. Had it not been for this restriction there can be no question that the Germans would today be operating Zeppelin lines all over

At left, the promenade of the coming air liner, drawn from a Zeppelin designer's sketch



A German passenger air liner that safely carried 2,380 passengers and 17,600 pounds of freight and mail over 32,000 miles in regular flights in the fall of 1919 before the Allies put a stop to her career

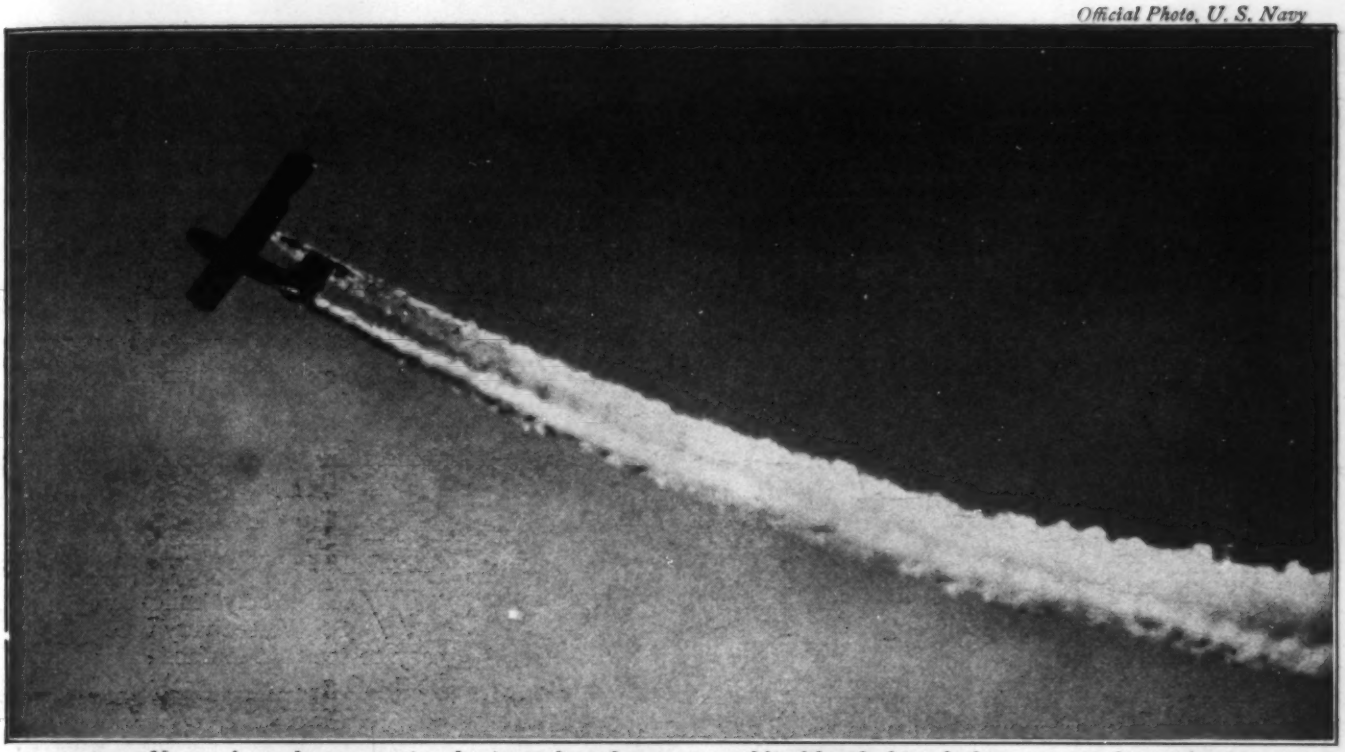
pany was markedly successful in transporting passengers, freight and mail in the years before the World War. *With five airships this company carried 35,000 passengers and flew 173,000 miles without an accident of any kind.* The ships gave complete satisfaction during hundreds of flights made over constantly increasing distances. They won the confidence of the traveling public and incidentally they supplied much valuable information, *for they operated in all kinds of weather at all seasons of the year.*

Following the World War

Official Photo, U. S. Navy

Passengers in the salon of the "Bodensee" during one of the 103 scheduled flights that she made successfully

Official Photo, U. S. Navy



Navy plane demonstrating laying of smoke-screen to blind battleships before an aerial attack

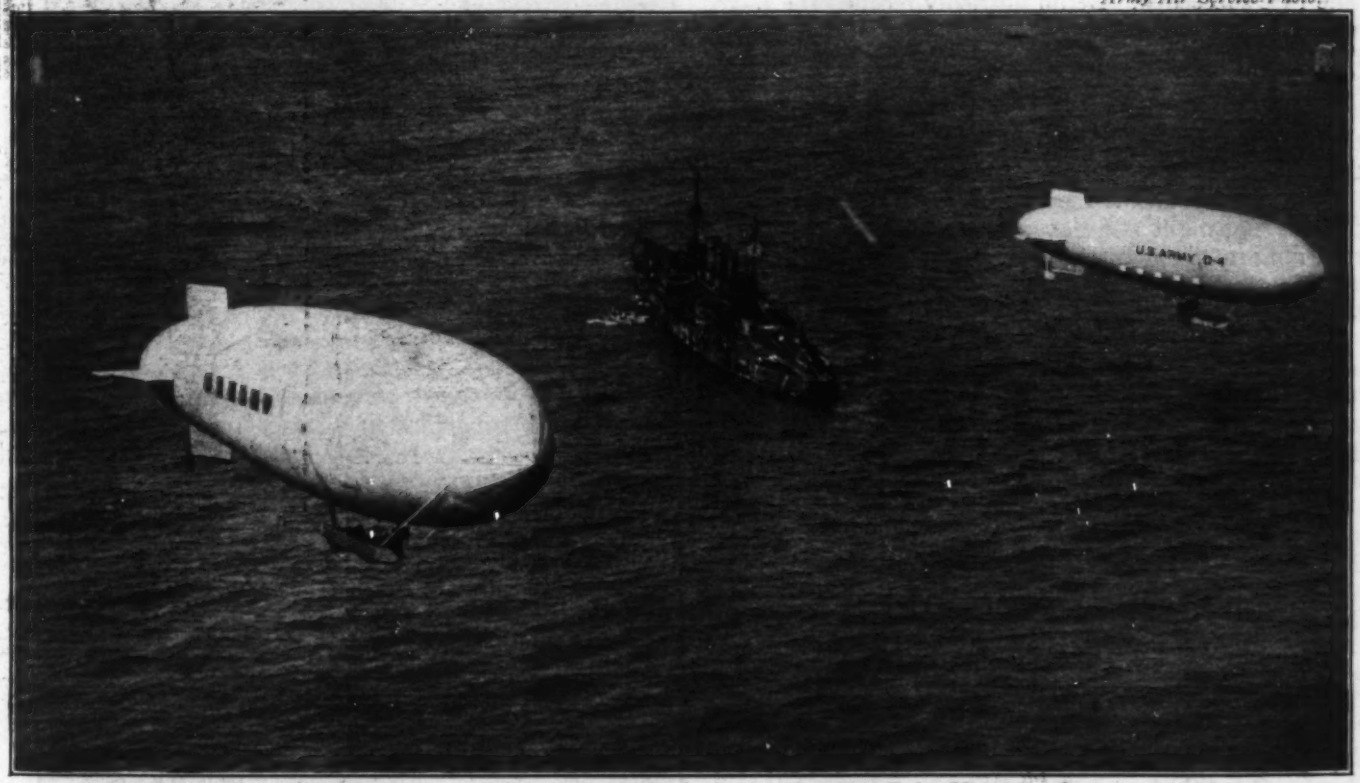
Europe, if not over the oceans as well. Their airships were models of comfort. "They had spacious passenger salons," we are told, "fitted in a most luxurious style with carpeted floors and comfortable wicker chairs. The windows were large and from them the passengers could view the ever-changing scenery. Lunch and tea were served from a buffet."

The Zeppelins were of far greater value to the Germans in the World War than most people realize. They cruised constantly over the North Sea, along the coasts of Denmark and Norway, watching the British Fleet and discovering mine fields. These ships sometimes remained above the clouds and lowered an observation basket two or three thousand feet below the clouds. The observers communicated with the invisible ship above by telephone! Colonel Lucas, who had charge of the British dirigibles during the war, declared that had it not been for German airships the British Fleet could have caught and destroyed the German Fleet!

The British claimed that one dirigible was equivalent, for scouting purposes, to six fast cruisers!

Zeppelins were also used in coöperation with the German army on all fronts, in all kinds of wind and weather, to report movements of Allied forces. They undertook many extraordinary flights. They transported machinery for making ammunition all the way from

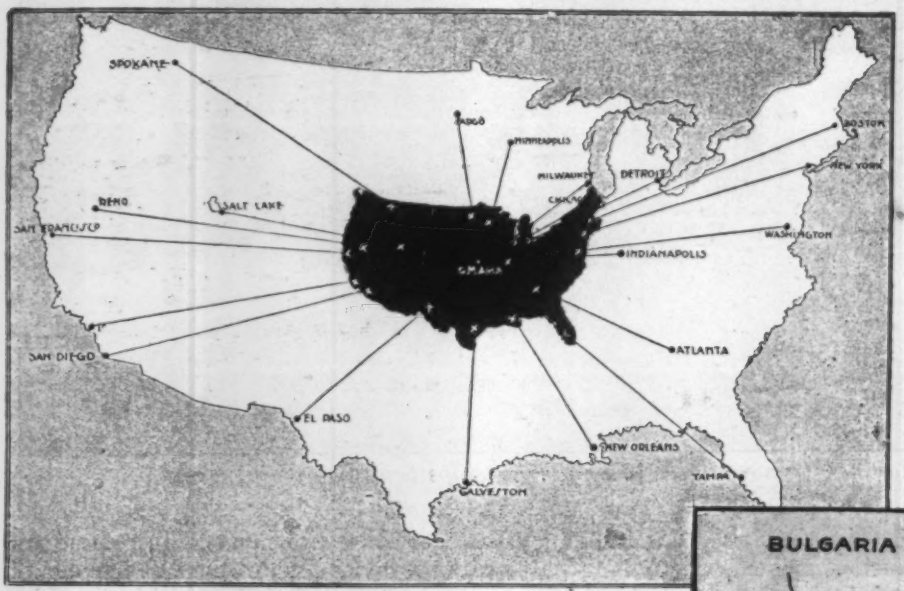
Army Air Service Photo.



Army blimps flying over the German battleship "Ostfriesland" off the Virginia Capes in 1921

Austria to Constantinople—a distance of 500 miles. But the most remarkable of all flights—and it stands as the record today—was made by the L.-59 which was sent in 1917 from Jambol, Bulgaria, to carry five tons of medical supplies and nine tons of ammunition to the beleaguered German garrisons in East Africa.

The British had a remarkable intelligence service, and, hearing of this venture, they sent a fake message to their commander in Africa congratulating him upon the surrender of the German forces. The English knew that the Germans would intercept and decode this message! The ruse succeeded. Berlin hurriedly recalled the L.-59, which had reached Khartum, fearing that she would fall into the hands of the English if she continued her voyage. Later on they learned the truth—the German garrison did not surrender until several days after the L.-59 had turned back! The ammunition would have prolonged their resistance.



Our "shrinking map." The smaller map indicates the reduced size of the United States measured in hours of travel and mail transportation by air between cities as compared with time consumed in railroad travel

At right, flight of the L-59, carrying supplies for German troops in East Africa during November, 1917. She made a 4,500 mile non-stop trip in four days—still the record. Dotted lines indicate night travel

In this voyage the L.-59 covered 4,500 miles in four days, flying night and day in all kinds of weather and returning safely with three days' fuel in her tanks. She would have easily covered 1,500 miles more—*6,000 miles without landing, with a total load of about 35 tons.*

It is true that the perfection of the airplane and the use of explosive bullets forced the Zeppelin to discontinue its bombing expeditions and compelled it to fly higher and thus to lose some of its effectiveness in war operations. This was due to the fact that the Zeppelins were inflated with hydrogen gas which, being highly inflammable, made the big ships unsafe when attacked by a flock of fire-spitting planes. But when helium replaces hydrogen in dirigibles the danger of fire will disappear and the airship with a strong battery of guns will be quite capable of defending itself.

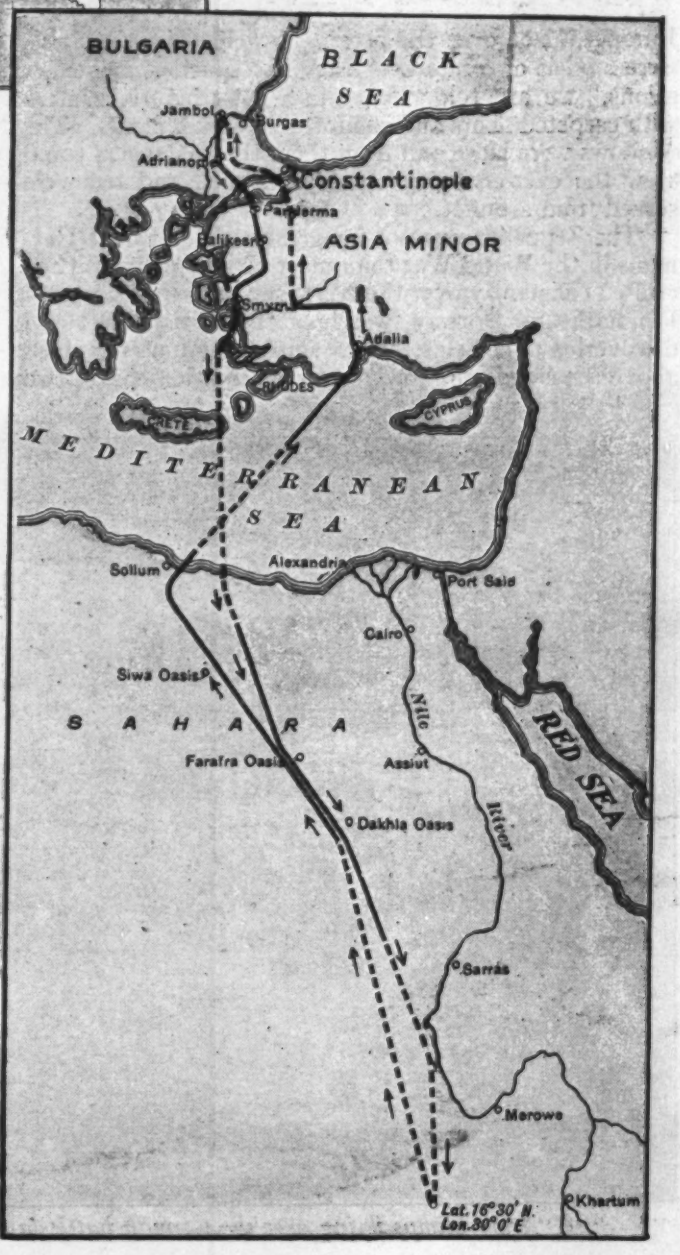
British Airship Records

THE record of British airships during the war was far from negligible, even when compared with the German Zeppelin feats. They flew 88,000 hours, covered a distance of 2,245,000 miles—*ninety complete circuits of the earth*—and only lost one ship by fire! In 1918, there were only nine days when airships did not fly in Great Britain.

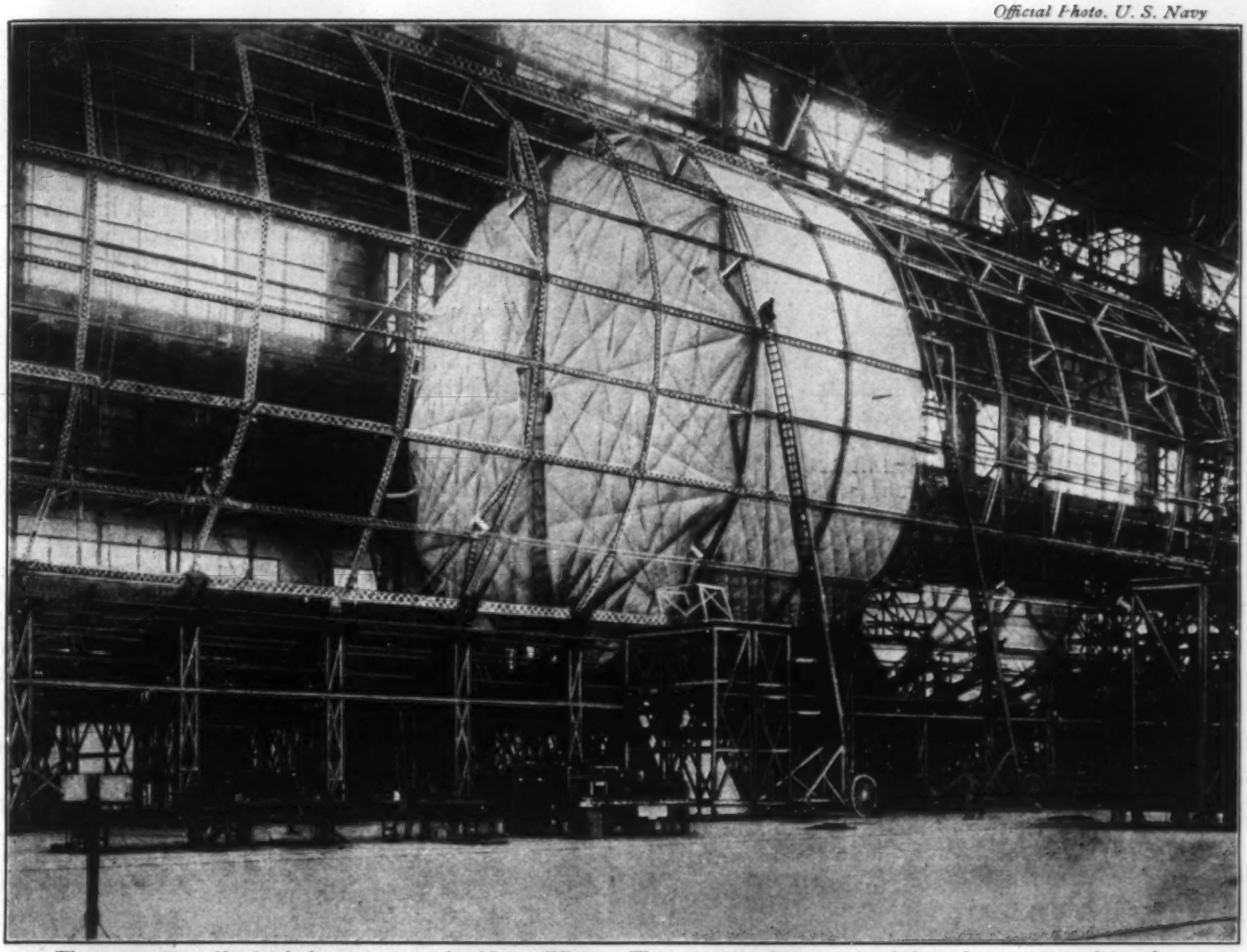
The trans-Atlantic voyage of the British R-34, in July, 1919, established another world record. This ship was 645 feet long with a capacity of 2,000,000 cubic feet and a maximum speed of sixty miles. She made the trip from London to New York in 108 hours—two days quicker than the fastest mail steamer. The weather was very unfavorable. She encountered gales, thunderstorms and electrical disturbances; and yet she navigated without difficulty or discomfort. In his log of the voyage General Maitland, who had charge of the cruise, states:

The Cruise of the R-34

"WIND forty miles an hour, S.S.W., sea very rough. It is easy to see that surface ships would be having an extremely bad time. *Up here we are as steady as a rock, and, except when we look out of the window, we hardly realize that we are traveling.*



Official Photo, U. S. Navy



There are 20 cells for helium gas in the Navy ZR-1. This picture shows one of them being secured in place The outer covering of a Zeppelin is simply used to give it a smooth surface. The ship could fly if the covering were stripped from the frame

"It is surprising the amount of exercise one gets on board an airship of this size," he adds. "The keel is about 600 feet long, and we are constantly running about from one end to the other. By bedtime we generally find that we are tired enough to seek the warmth of our sleeping bags with eagerness."

The Causes of Airship Disasters

IT is not surprising that Mr. H. B. Pratt, Chief Engineer of Vickers' Airship Department, predicts that the voyage of the R-34 is a prelude to airliners carrying 30 tons and making the round trip from London to New York in a week.

All the disasters to airships have been caused by structural weakness, or by the use of hydrogen gas. But engineers are discovering how to make airships still stronger and the substitution of helium for hydrogen will make them perfectly safe, *for helium will not burn*. In fact it is claimed that, in escaping, it will actually extinguish fire!

Helium, an element long unknown on earth, was discovered during an eclipse of the sun in 1868 by turning the spectroscope upon that portion of the sun's atmosphere that merges into the corona. A quarter of a century passed before helium was found on earth by Sir William Ramsay, a distinguished English chemist. In 1907, two American chemists—Cody and McFarland—found helium in the natural gases of Kansas and the idea was born that this element might be used in balloons and dirigibles. In 1915, Sir William Ramsay corresponded on the subject of helium with Professor Richard B. Moore, Chief Chemist of our Bureau of Mines. Professor Moore, at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in 1917, advocated the immediate use of helium for war purposes. The Bureau of Mines took up the matter and in coöperation with the Army and Navy a plant was established at Forth Worth, Texas, to extract helium from natural gas.

Inasmuch as natural gas in any considerable quantity is found only in this country, and as helium cannot be produced economically from any other source, the United States has a practical monopoly of this valuable element. Doctor Moore states that an ample supply can be obtained for commercial as well as fighting airships. Thus the problem of safe airship navigation in this country is solved. Other nations will be forced to use hydrogen. We have them at a great disadvantage. We could easily destroy their airships in war while ours would be comparatively immune. And our ships will be safer in commercial use.

Airships are easily and safely berthed at tall mooring masts like the one which held the British ship R-34 for four weeks during the worst weather in the British Isles. She weathered safely gusts of wind fifty miles an hour, heavy rain falls, thunderstorms and snowstorms.

Thus the airship need not enter a hangar except for repairs. It can be navigated in the air as easily as a ship upon the sea, and in a heavy gale can slow down, drift with the wind, or go higher and avoid the storm.

It must be remembered that the outer covering is not essential to the life of an airship. This covering is

stretched over the framework merely to give the ship a smooth surface and to eliminate air resistance. The gas is contained in a number of separate gas bags inside the structure. Thus the outer covering may be punctured or torn without endangering the ship. The framework, made of "Duraluminum," a strong but light alloy of aluminum. carries the machinery and fittings.

Air Transportation in the U. S.

ONLY the Army and Navy have used airships in this country up to this year, and their ships have been of the "blimp," or non-rigid, type. A Navy blimp, flying from Hampton Roads to Washington and back, was the first airship to use helium, while an Army blimp has crossed the continent. And now the Navy possesses two rigid ships, the ZR-1, built at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and the Zeppelin built for the United States by Germany.

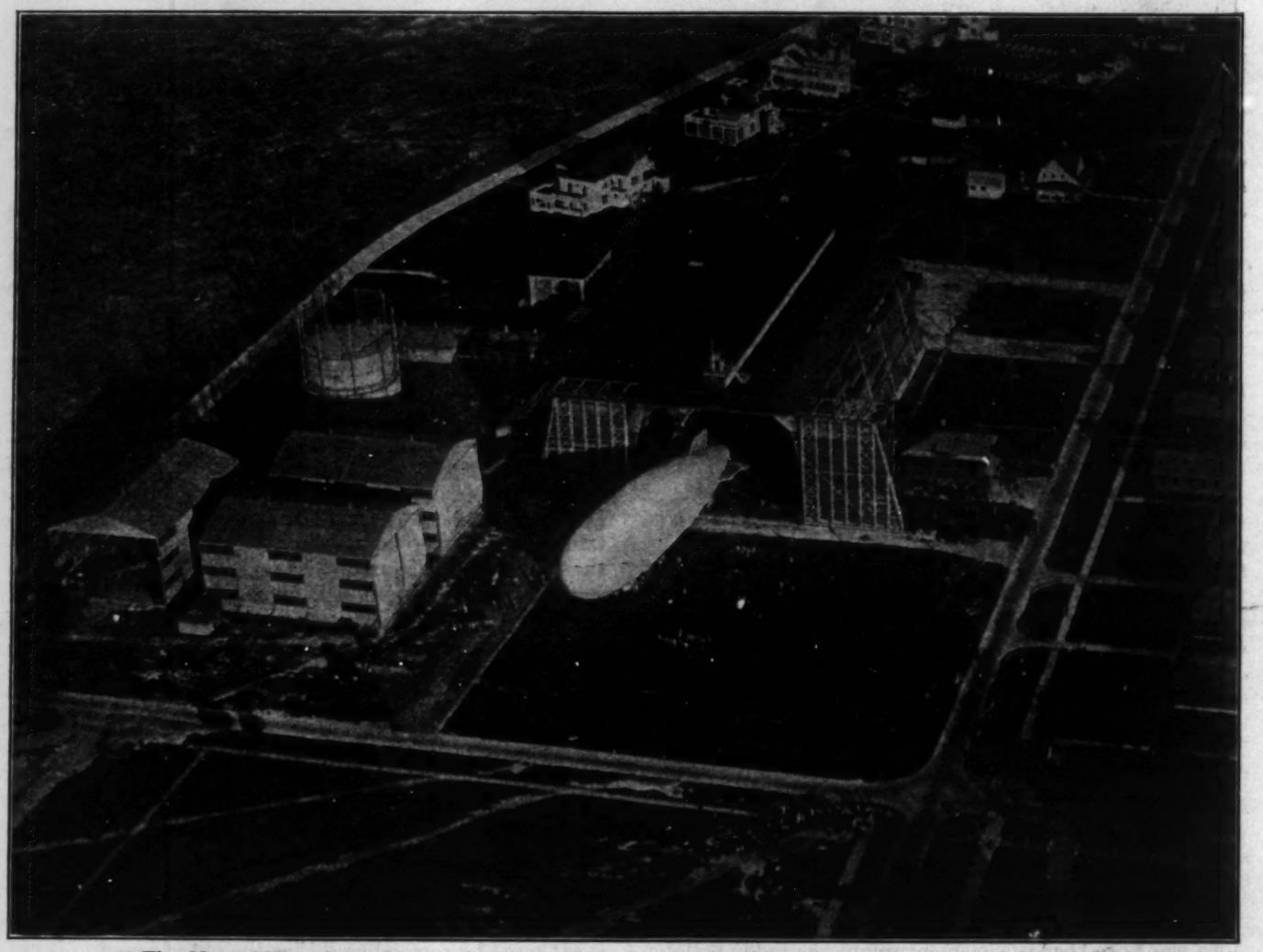
The Army, long ago, outlined a system of military and commercial air lines for the United States. Generally speaking, these lines will follow the three main transcontinental railroad lines, with many short north and south feeding lines, and lines along the coast from San Diego to Puget Sound and from the Gulf of Mexico to Maine. Both airships and airplanes will ultimately be employed in this network of lines. Each has its sphere of usefulness. Their services supplement each other and together they will some day give this country the advantages of rapid, universal air transportation.

It is encouraging to note that a strong company backed by business men and financiers has already projected an airship line from New York to Chicago for passengers, freight and mail. It is expected that this trip will be made in ten hours. Later on it is contemplated to extend this Zeppelin line to the Pacific Coast, and ultimately across the oceans. The subject has been carefully investigated. The maximum of expense and the minimum of revenue have been considered, and a good return on the investment has been assured. It is significant that similar computations for an airship line between London and Australia have given the same result.

Meanwhile, a baby Zeppelin has appeared upon the scene! The M.B.1, a motor balloon, has been built to combat the gypsy moth that threatens the forests of New England. This dirigible may in some cases give better results than the fast-flying airplanes that have been spraying infected areas with poison liquid gas to destroy moths, locusts, mosquitoes, caterpillars, the blackbird in the Imperial Valley, the rats in Hawaii, and the Japanese beetle that now menaces the farmers of Pennsylvania. This little slow-moving, easily-navigated airship, handled by an Army crew of five men, may prove a boon to every community.

In conclusion, viewing the whole subject of air power in its practical application to peace and war, it would appear to be the duty of every patriotic American and every far-seeing business man to help make this country "first in the air." We can well understand why the great nations of the world may soon be called in conference to consider international laws for the control of air navigation and to debate the future limitations of military and naval air armament.

Air power is the force at once most useful and most threatening that looms above the world's horizon today.



The Navy blimp G-7—first airship to use helium gas—leaving her hangar at Hampton Roads

Photo by A. R. A.

The Nicholas Wing of the Summer Palace at Tsarskoe Selo in which were the Tsarina's apartments

Bolshevik Sentiment

How Communists Destroyed and then Restored the Trappings of Royalty

By Nellie E. Gardner

THE little tin soldier is back in the playroom of the Tsarevitch Alexis, in the Tsar's Summer Palace, at Tsarskoe Selo, near Petrograd. The big woolly white dog stands where he always stood. The white dressing table of Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Olga, now soiled and scratched, stands against its pale pink background and the little desk of Marie and Anastasia, with their schoolbooks and pencils, occupies its accustomed place in the pale green bedroom.

Nothing material has changed in the rooms where the children of the Tsar and Tsarina of Russia lived. But everything spiritual has gone. With heavy silk shades drawn over the windows and with red wax seals on the locks of the doors, these empty rooms where once happy children lived and played and dreamed are now peopled only by memories.

Soon after the Russian Revolution, and the expulsion of the Tsar and his family from Tsarskoe Selo, and their removal to Ekaterinburg, ardent leaders of the proletariat went through the private dwelling rooms of the palace, removed the furniture, toys, and little keepsakes of the children of the Imperial family and scattered them all over Russia. Faithful servants of the old régime and Communist devotees of historic treasures have now brought them back and placed them in their old setting, as nearly as memory and photographs can make this possible. During my visit to Petrograd, I was taken on a complete tour of the Summer Palace and the young woman Communist who escorted me told me that I was the first person for whom these seals on the children's rooms had been broken.

I had spent an hour in inspection of the palace and had been told that I had seen everything that could be shown to me. I had been taken through the cold, ornately-decorated rooms of the old right wing of the Alexander Palace and had marveled at the exquisite beauties of gold, silver, crystal, and lapis lazuli. Everything was stately, everything imperial. Nothing really livable and human.

So far, I was distinctly disappointed in what I had seen—with the exception of two objects. These were the white marble bust of the Tsarevitch in the library and the toboggan slide for the children in the large, empty corner room. The old servant said that this was where the girls and their little brother used to play on rainy days, when they could not go outdoors.

I was preparing to depart when a young woman in black came rushing up the drive. Through the interpreter she said to me: "They tell me you are an American newspaper woman. Will you do me a great favor? I want to show you through the rooms of the children of the Tsar, that we have just restored, and urge you to go back to America and write what you have seen. This is the first time we have shown these rooms."

Photo by A. R. A.

One of the old regime—a loyal Russian servant at the Summer Palace

THIS young woman, with her straight black hair and piercing black eyes and shrill voice, pitched in a high key, was almost a fanatic. She was a Communist, and no doubt a professed atheist, but she was a worshiper at the altar of art, beauty and tradition.

She took me once more through the big, formal rooms into the narrow hall that led to the left or Nicholas Wing of the palace. There she broke one red seal after another and unlocked the doors with the big keys that she removed from her skirt pocket. At last I was in the real home of the Tsar!

The most interesting room downstairs, the one that adjoined the ruler's dressing room and bath and swimming pool, was his study where he received

Photo by A. R. A.

The grounds around the Summer Palace, once the scene of gaiety and splendor, are now silent and deserted

his ministers. This room was in dull brown wood, very simple and comfortable. A large, flat table-desk with drawers was the main piece of furniture. Against the wall was an upholstered couch, where he was inclined to rest after lunch. Near the door, and directly facing his father's desk, was a small chair and low desk, designed on the same pattern as the Tsar's, where the little Tsarevitch used to sit and read or write or draw pictures while his father entertained his ministers each morning. It was said that the young boy, who was being trained to become the future Tsar of Russia, was always present at these interviews. He was devoted to his father and accompanied him wherever possible, even at work, and it was said that the Tsar was always content if his son was in the room.

A narrow staircase led from the inner corner of the study to the balcony lined with books—mostly English—and the door at the head of these stairs led across into the private apartments of the Tsarina and their children. From this stairway the Tsar could descend to the bedroom and boudoir and reception room of his wife, on the right side of the first floor of this wing of the palace, or cross over into the children's rooms on the second floor. I cannot be sure of this, but I do not believe there was any other entrance to the private rooms of the Tsarina except through this study of the Tsar's, or the stairway coming down from the children's rooms.

THE Tsarina's bedroom still has its hangings of lustrous blue brocade. In this bedroom, as in the one that she occupied at the Winter Palace in Petrograd, the principal decorations were photographs of her husband and children and sacred pictures, which the Russians call "ikons." These ikons, framed in gold and set with precious stones, were assembled in a little shrine in the corner of the room, near the head of her bed, where it is said the Empress always knelt in prayer before retiring.

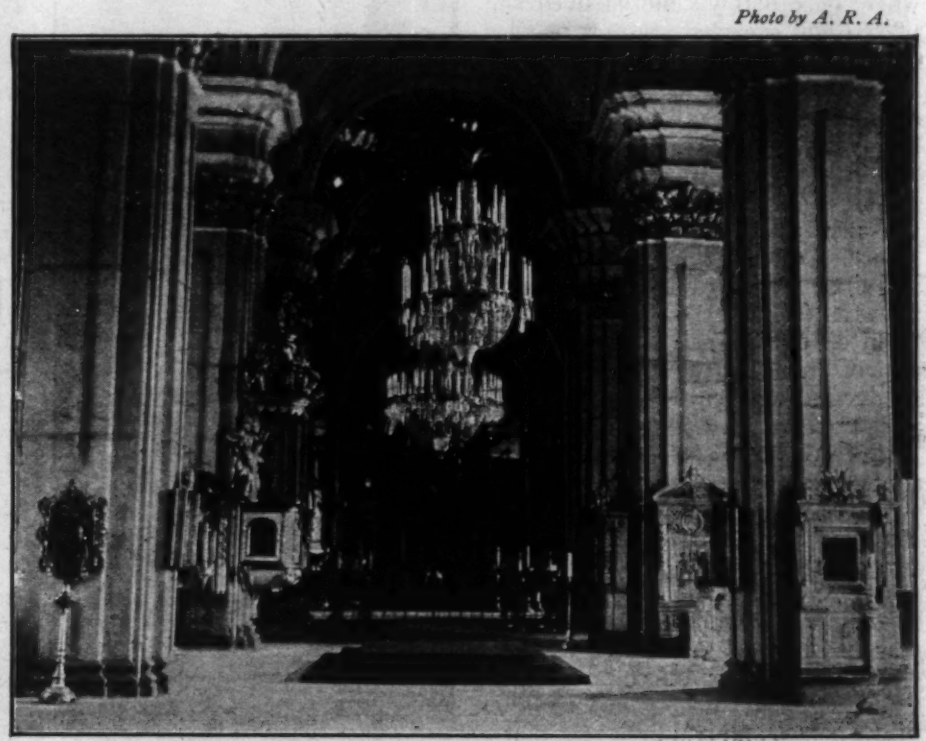
In the large reception room off the boudoir, where the Tsarina received the ladies of the Court and her intimate friends, and where the private dinners of the family were served, I saw everything in place as it had been on the last night the Imperial family occupied Tsarskoe Selo. There was the cushion in the Tsarina's chair; there was the Tsar's gold cigarette case on the table, with the few remaining crested cigarettes. And standing beside me, with tears in his eyes, was one of the old servants who had been employed in the palace for twenty years, telling me the story of this last night.

"IT was in the middle of night, nearly morning, when he called us in here to say good-by to us," the servant related. "All of the servants came. All of us cried. He cried, too, and so did the others. He told us he had to go. We k[illegible]ed his hand. That was the last night we ever saw him. When morning came, the family were all gone."

I scanned some of the titles of the books in the small case beside the Tsarina's chaise longue. Most of them were English light novels, but the book I remember best was one entitled "How To Be a Successful Wife and Mother in the Home."

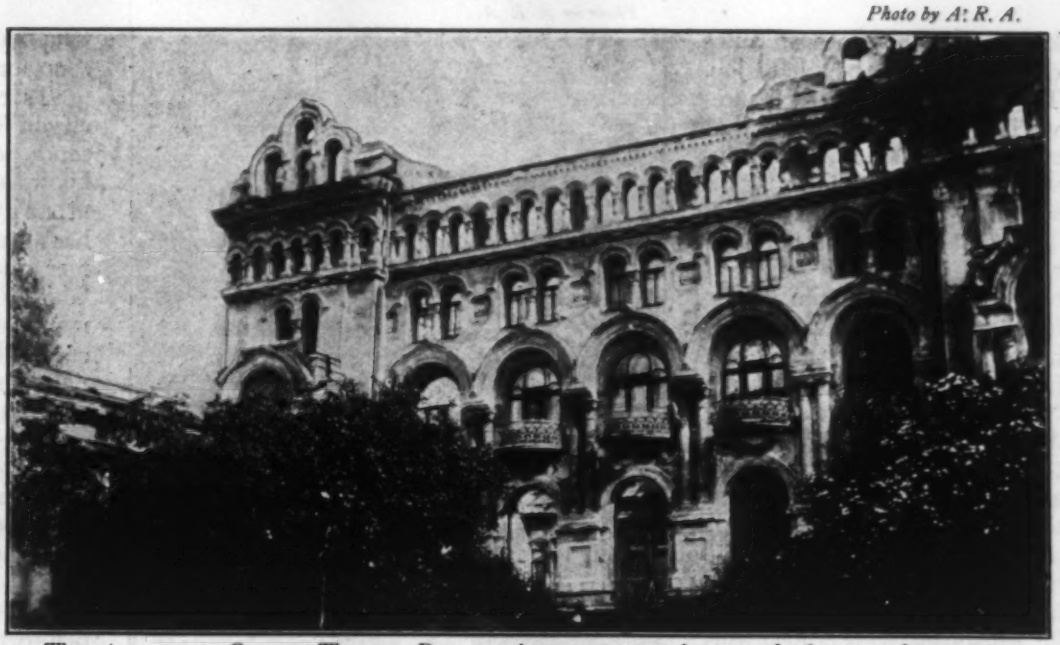
This book, in its ordinary, inexpensive binding, showed signs of frequent reading. All about me, as I held

Photo by A. R. A.



In the magnificent Church of Peter and Paul, within the Fortress of Peter and Paul, in Petrograd, are the graves of former Tsars

Photo by A. R. A.



The picturesque Gayety Theatre, Petrograd, now a complete wreck from a devastating fire that occurred while it was being used as a hospital during the war

that volume, were evidences that this had been the first and last thought of the woman who had reigned over this household and tended it with love. I was almost ashamed of having entered this room, for I felt that I had been in sacred, intimate corners, where no one but a member of a family should intrude. And this sensation of being an intruder increased as I followed my guide up the stairs to the rooms where the children of the Russian Imperial family had lived.

She explained that the furniture had been taken out of the rooms, "by people who did not appreciate its value," and distributed among the workers and peasants.

One day, she said, some one had a great and noble idea. They would go all over Russia, if need be, find these pieces of furniture and the pictures and decorations, bring them back to Tsarskoe Selo and set them in their original places, just as if they had never been moved! This idea was immediately sanctioned by the Soviet Government officials.

Pointing to the white dressing table of the Grand Duchess Tatiana—now marred, scratched, and soiled as if used in the kitchen of some dirty laborer—my earnest guide said: "Look at that! The pity of it! Ruined, and no longer beautiful!" She fingered each piece of furniture lovingly and told how it had been found and brought back. When I expressed doubt as to the authenticity of this furniture, which had been moved many versts over the railways and roads of Russia, her eyes blazed. How was she certain they were the original pieces, I asked. How had they escaped the fate of so much of Russia's household goods—namely, the hatchet and stove?

"A list was kept of every piece," she said, "and we were able to tell every time it was moved. But these *are* the original pieces, I tell you!" she exclaimed, nearly weeping with angry emotion. "You can ask any of these servants here."

The old man who had served in the palace for twenty years quickly confirmed her statement. He said that was, in truth, the "very table" which Tatiana Nicolaiva used. Before I left the palace I believed them.

The two elder Grand Duchesses, Tatiana and Olga, shared a room together, the two younger sisters, Marie and Anastasia, shared the adjoining room, and their little brother, the Tsarevitch, occupied the room at the end of the wing, beyond the schoolroom.

Photo by A. R. A.

Interior view of the Alexander Palace, which was formerly the permanent home of the Tsar and, later, his prison

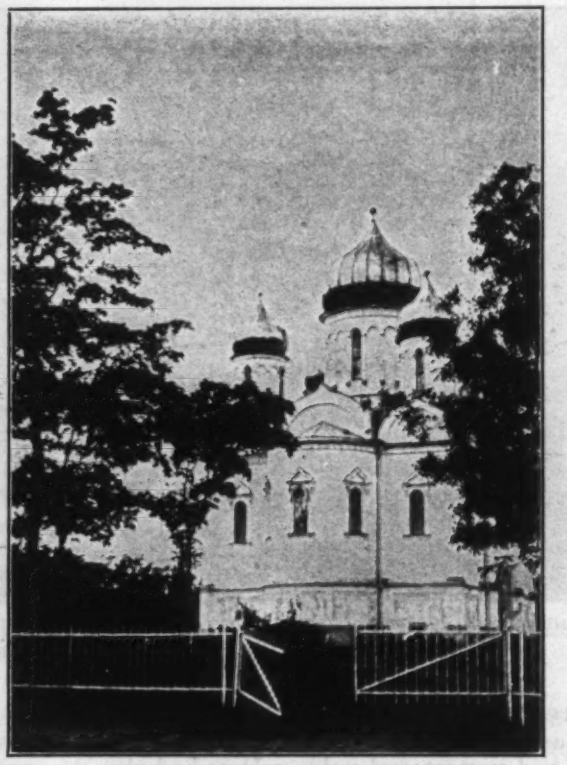
In the schoolroom between the rooms of the duchesses and the Tsarevitch, I noticed the scale, under glass, beside a door panel, showing the height of the children on their birthdays, between 1902 and 1915. Each year, as the anniversary of birth arrived, a loving father or mother made the mark that showed the child's progress toward maturity.

ANOTHER interesting document was found in the girls' sitting room. It was a white piece of paper on the wall, about fourteen inches square, with pen-ruled lines and names written in showing the schedule of classes for the four sisters. There I read the hour of day when the grand duchesses met their tutor for French, or English, or music. A small upright piano, of light-colored wood, still stands in this room, where the girls used to practice the music they loved so well.

Trying to educate a playful,

kindly little boy into an autocratic ruler must be a hard job. The room of the little Tsarevitch showed the contrasts that such an education would involve. Here were the slim tin soldiers, the laughing brown Teddy bear, and the life-sized white Newfoundland dog that had been given to him by his famous relative, Kaiser Wilhelm; there were the lesson books and the story of the Tsar's Navy. Here were the stiff little desk, with its map of Russia on top, and the pompous inkwell and pen of state; but inside were the corks and balls and marbles and bits of string that all little boys love to hoard. The playing chair, that made music when he sat down, proclaimed this room a nursery, first of all, and the collection of birds' eggs and butterflies in the glass cases showed that even sons of Tsars have ordinary boy fancies and hobbies.

Photo by A. R. A.



The Russian Orthodox Church in the little village of Tsarskoe Selo, adjoining the Tsar's Summer Palace

ACROSS the hall from their bedrooms the Romanoff girls had their playroom. There they retired from the watchful eyes of tutors. On the door of this room a penciled memorandum is tacked, with this warning from the younger duchesses to their elder sisters: "Private. Do not enter without knocking. We will beat every one who comes in without invitation."

It was more difficult to find the toys of the royal family than the furniture, my guide told me. These had been taken away from Tsarskoe Selo, first, to Moscow, to be used in the Soviet orphanages, she said. Some of them had been distributed and lost or broken, but the majority had been found and collected in Moscow, and were awaiting shipment to Petrograd. These toys are so numerous and so varied, she said, and present such fine examples of Russian wood carving and painting that they will form one of the world's best exhibits of toys.

In all the contrasts of the Summer Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, none was more striking than that which I found in the kitchen. There I came across Pishkin, one of the former chefs in the Tsar's entourage, now standing in long white apron, stirring bean soup for 3,000 orphan children.

Tsarskoe Selo includes a city of from ten to thirty thousand population. But it is known as the "country" to the urban dwellers of Petrograd and has always been a favorite summer colony, with its many log "datchas"—cottages. In 1922, many of the children from the crowded orphanages and children's homes in Petrograd were sent there to recuperate. The climate was perfect, the woods and fields delightful. And the American Relief Administration had undertaken to feed these boys and girls.

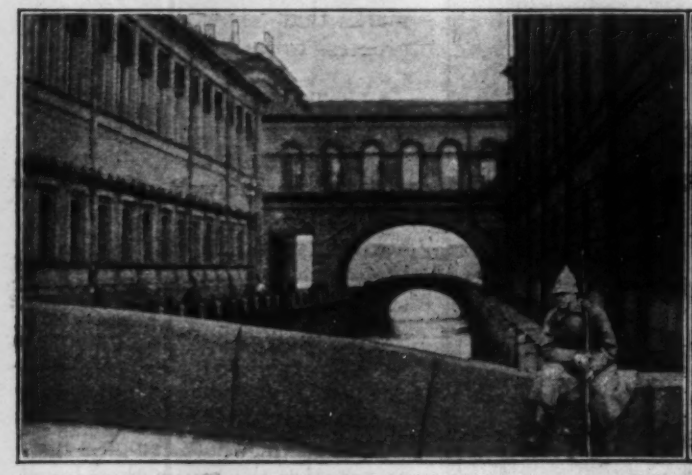
The kitchen which had been opened in Tsarskoe Selo, just before my arrival, was one of the fine accomplishments of Doctor Herschel C. Walker of Chillicothe, Ohio, A. R. A. Supervisor of the Petrograd District.

As I left the magnificent Summer Palace, my final impression was of this long, low kitchen beside the great iron gateway. The same brick stoves and the same copper kettles that once had cooked delicacies for royal dinners were being used to stew American rice and beans; and some of the same servants were being used to guard these foods and prepare the meals. The children's meals were served in the large hall adjoining the kitchen.

I CAME away from Tsarskoe Selo with three emotions: joy and pride in the merciful work that American feeding was accomplishing in Russia; admiration for the faithful servants who had defended the Tsar's palace against marauders and had taken infinite pains to restore the interior to its former state; bewilderment at the character of a people who could destroy life and property with such apparent cold blood, and then display such sentiment in trying to rebuild and restore what they had wrecked.

I can not attempt to explain the workings of Bolshevist sentiment. It is my privilege only to report what I saw in one day's journey.

Photos by A. R. A.



The Hermitagnaya Bridge, in Petrograd, famous for the romantic tales connected with it

Catharine Canal—one of the many beautiful canals which make of Petrograd a second Venice

Obie Breaks the Drought

And Discovers Undreamed-of Profits in the Mineral Water Business

By John Randolph Hornady

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

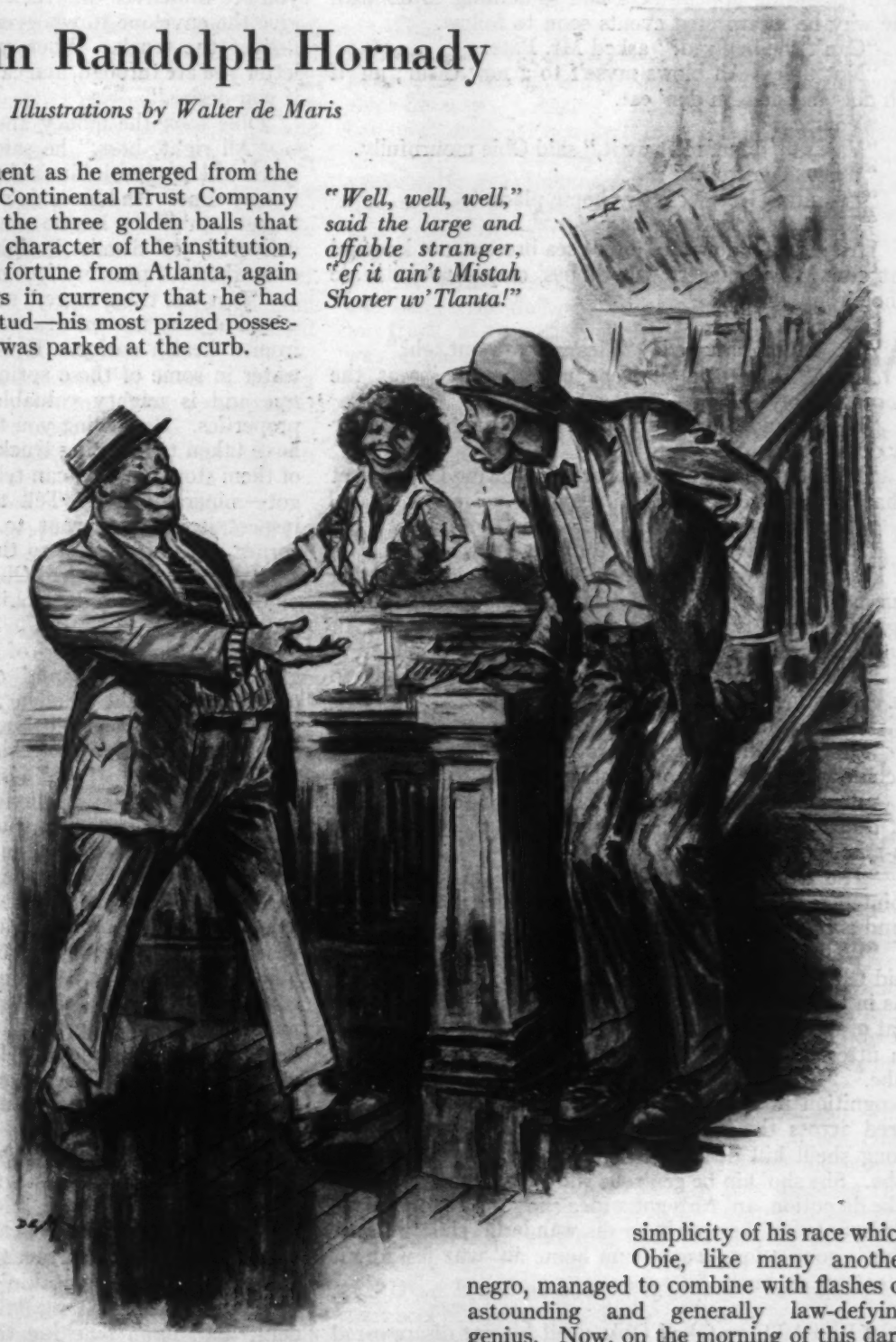
PAUSING for a moment as he emerged from the office of the Trans-Continental Trust Company and stood beneath the three golden balls that proclaimed the real character of the institution, Obadiah Shorter, soldier of fortune from Atlanta, again counted the twenty dollars in currency that he had obtained upon a diamond stud—his most prized possession, next to the car which was parked at the curb.

"Them that has got gits an' them that ain't got gits rid uv whut they is got," he mused bitterly. "Here Ah cum to dis town uv Miami a week ago wid a roll dat would 'a' choked a whale, an' now Ah's busted wus'n a sailor whut's had two days uv shore leave. My rabbit foot sho' have turned up its toes, my lucky piece ain't wuth no mor'n a plugged nickel, an' my magic charm done turned to pewter. Nex' thing Ah knows Ah'll be partin' wid my chariot, an' when de proceeds uv dat have been 'similated by dis grab-all town, Ah'll hafter go to wu'k."

The mere thought of manual toil was enough to furrow deep creases in Obie's brow, and it was with extreme melancholy that he climbed into his car and threaded his way toward the bay front. Having nothing better to do, he skirted Royal Palm Park, and then reversed his course, with a view to taking a spin out toward Coconut Grove. However, he had no sooner crossed the bridge that leaps the Miami River than a loud explosion beneath the car proclaimed the fact that one of its tires had surrendered to the infirmities of age. Rolling into a side street, Obie climbed out to view this crowning disaster with a calm that betrayed the depth of his despondency.

"You needn't blow none," he exclaimed to the shapeless tire, "for you ain't no flatter than whut Ah is!"

And, verily, Obie had fallen swift and far. He had come to Miami a week before with a plethoric roll, obtained by rascality and luck, and lost through that simplicity of his race which Obie, like many another negro, managed to combine with flashes of astounding and generally law-defying genius. Now, on the morning of this dark and gloomy day—dark and gloomy despite the brilliant sunshine—he had awakened with exactly sixteen cents on his person. Mingling with Miami's colored aristocracy had been a delightful, but expensive, experience; hence his parting with the diamond stud, and hence the pall of gloom that hung over him like moss upon an ancient oak.



"Well, well, well," said the large and affable stranger, "ef it ain't Mistah Shorter uv' Tlanta!"

Examination of the offending tire confirmed his suspicion that it was beyond repair, and he was standing in doleful contemplation of the gaping wound when he was approached by a gentleman who had been observing

him from a window in a low building that flanked the Miami River.

The gentleman was none other than William Pate, known to his friends as "Billy" and to officers of the law as "Slick." Also Mr. Pate put up a front so respectable that it was almost clerical, and Obie's susceptibility to such reassuring appearances had something to do with the way he interpreted events soon to follow.

"Can't she be fixed?" asked Mr. Pate.

"Not unless Ah blows myse'f to a new casin', an' if Ah does dat den Ah don' eat."

"Your car?"

"Yas, sah, whut's left uv it," said Obie mournfully.

"Where you from?"

" 'Tlanta, Georgie, is my home place."

"What are you doing here?"

"Ah jes' cum down to 'joy de sea breezes, not knowin' dat dese Miami niggers wuz de bes' crap-shooters in de whole roun' world."

MR. PATE laughed. "Cleaned you out, eh?"

"Dey tuck all 'cept ma appetite," was the eloquent reply.

"How would you like to make a nice bunch of money by doing an errand for me?"

"Boss, dat soun's like de chorus uv 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' sung by a thousan' heavenly voices."

"Can you drive a truck?"

"Can Ah drive a truck! Why, boss, when Ah wuz in France Ah drove trucks 'til Ah got so all Ah needed wuz a steerin' wheel an' a whiff uv gasoline to pull a eight-inch gun right up to de front line trenches. Ah kin do anything wid a truck 'cept thread a needle."

"Then how about taking a truckload of goods to St. Augustine for me?"

"Whut you gimme?"

"I'll give you twenty dollars and expenses, which will include your fare back on the train."

"Boss, whar at am dat truck? Site me to it, an' Ah's off quick as Ah kin take dis piece uv tin 'round to de ga-rage."

"The truck is inside this building"—his companion pointed to the low structure which overhung the river—"and is ready to move when you are."

"Well, Ah's de movin'ist man whut you ever seen," said Obie, "an' Ah'll be back hy'ah ready to step on de gas in less'n ten minits." With which he climbed to the seat of the disabled car and was off at a rate that showed an utter indifference to the fate of the exploded inner tube. "Dis is de fustest time luck have paid me no recognition in mor'n a week," he observed, as he clattered across the bridge, "an' maybe if Ah nu'ses her along she'll kill de fatted calf an' fetch out de purple robe. She sho' kin be gen'rous wid her chilluns when she take de notion, an' Ah's got a idea she's gwine to produce her bounty an' bestow it on dis wanderin' chile uv fate, whut's gone a long ways frum home an' wuz jes' about to eat uv de husks."

MR. PATE watched Obie until his car disappeared across the bridge, then he strolled back to the shed-like structure from which he had emerged, saying to himself:

"Since he owns a car and looks about as honest as the average, I guess I'll have to trust him." Then he fell to heaping curses upon some unnamed individual who, it appeared, had failed to show up in time to get a certain truck on its way to St. Augustine.

When Obie appeared, he was shown into the shed, where, bulking almost to the rough plank ceiling, was a huge truck, covered with a vast expanse of canvas.

After making a memorandum of Obie's name and address and ascertaining where he had left his car, the white man said:

"Well, there is the truck and here is forty-five dollars—twenty for you and twenty-five for expenses. Here is an envelope on which is the name of the garage to which you are to deliver the truck in St. Augustine. You will give the envelope to whoever is in the garage when you deliver the truck. When you have handed over this letter you are through, and can come on back immediately if you desire."

Obie took the money and the envelope.

"All right, boss," he said. "Ah's got you, an' dat truck will be reposin' in said ga-rage widout onnecessary loss uv time. Ah knows de road an' Ah knows de drivin' bizness, an' if you has no oneasiness 'bout dis truck bein' delivered, jes' dismiss it right now, case yo' troubles is over when Ah puts my foot on de gas."

"Just one thing more," said the white man. "That's a load of very fine mineral water you're driving. Comes from a health spring. It isn't like the nasty sulphur water in some of these springs around here. It's extra fine and is mighty valuable because of its medicinal properties. I'm telling you this because revenue officers have taken to stopping trucks along the road and if any of them stop you, you can tell 'em right out what you've got—mineral water. Tell them they are welcome to inspect it all they want to. Get down and loosen a corner of the tarpaulin so they can see."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Obie. "Dat sure will be a joke on dem revenoors to be lookin' for licker an' find nuthin' but water."

Lifting up a corner of the huge tarpaulin, Obie glimpsed a vast pyramid of one-gallon bottles, each encased in a light wooden frame, and each bearing a gaudy and expensive-looking label which, he judged, proclaimed the merits of this particular brand of elixir.

AS he looked, he recalled having seen a place some forty or fifty miles south of St. Augustine where water was being dispensed in bottles of exactly the same size and with labels of striking similarity, and he wondered vaguely why St. Augustine people should send to Miami for mineral water when they might get it much nearer home. But, for that matter, he wondered that any human being would be willing to pay real money for a commodity as plentiful as water—this being one of the many mysteries connected with the white race that he had been unable to fathom. Dismissing the subject, he climbed into the high seat, started the engine and, with a wave of the hand to the man who had come to him with bounteous gifts at a time of extremity, was on his way.

Fifteen minutes later he rolled across Natural Bridge, passed through Buena Vista, and settled down to the long drive to St. Augustine.

"Dat white man sho' treated me han'som," he soliloquized. "Twenty iron mens for jes' drivin' dis truck up de coast, an' me with nothin' to do nohow."

The journey to West Palm Beach was without incident, and, upon reaching that city, Obie paused only long enough to buy a pack of cigarettes and exchange a few pleasantries with the colored boys who presided over the chair cars, and who hailed him for a ride to the beach.

"Whut for Ah wants to ride in one uv dem dinky little things when Ah's got a machine here whut's bigger dan a locomotive en-gine?" he asked in derision, as he mounted to the pilot house and resumed his journey.

Two hours later, while rolling peacefully along, Obie approached a tourists' camp and, noting a "Free Water" sign, he got down to "liquidate de engine."

While standing, hose in hand, he was approached by

a sporty-looking white man, in knickers, who asked:

"Got anything to drink in that truck?"

"Dat's all dat truck is got," replied Obie.

"What is it—corn or rye?"

Obie grinned delightedly.

" 'Taint any of 'em," he replied. "It's jes' mineral water."

At this the gentleman smiled understandingly, and asked:

"How much a bottle?"

Inasmuch as he had had no instructions to dispose of any of the water, Obie was not interested in the question and, being anxious to resume his journey, thought to close the interview by saying:

"Ten dollars a bottle—dat's all."

"Let me see a bottle, and if it's all right we may do some business," replied the man.

RELUCTANTLY, Obie lifted the tarpaulin and extracted a bottle, which the gentleman carried into one of a group of tents pitched near by.

When the stranger reappeared, he wore a highly satisfied air, as did three gentlemen who accompanied him. Approaching Obie, he said:

"That's pretty good water. You can unload ten bottles for me."

"And ten for me," chimed in each of the others.

"Does yo' mean dat?" gasped Obie, the whites of his eyes showing like two full moons.

"Of course we do," the four men answered, and Obie, thinking that perhaps he had fallen in with a quartet of escaped lunatics, hastily unloaded forty bottles and, accepting four hundred dollars in currency, hooked the tarpaulin in position and hastened to leave.

As he mounted the truck, one of the men said:

"You'll find another camp about sixty miles up the road. Stop there and tell them we recommend your mineral water—they'll probably buy some, too."

"It's the best water I've found on this coast," laughed another. "You can sell that whole cargo before you get to St. Augustine, if you keep your eyes open."

The transaction was thoroughly puzzling to Obie, who wouldn't have given ten dollars for all the water in the Atlantic Ocean, with the contents of the Great Lakes thrown in for good measure. But it was contrary to his general disposition to refuse good money, and already a plan was forming in his mind for cashing in on the situation in a big way.

Obie stopped at the next tourist camp, where the delighted campers relieved him of twenty-five bottles, paying two hundred and fifty dollars for the same. From this time on Obie became a diligent peddler of mineral water. He missed no tourist camp, and few tourists, with the result that the big tarpaulin hung limp, like a deflated balloon, by the time he had reached Fort Pierce. The truck was indeed empty, furnishing a striking contrast to the condition of Obie's pockets, which were bursting with the proceeds of a venture that brought to his mind some of the stories of good fairies that he had heard of in his youth, but had come to distrust in his maturer years.

"HAD Ah know'd how thirsty these tourin' parties is Ah'd 'a' done bought me a water wagin long time ago," he said, "an' been richer dan Craesus an' Rock'feller combined."

Obie spent the night at Fort Pierce, and was on his way early the next morning. In due season he arrived at the mineral springs he recalled having seen when going down the coast. Here he astonished the attendant by having the truck piled high with one-gallon bottles. Paying for the cargo at the rate of twenty-five cents a bottle, with a return privilege of fifteen cents on each "empty," Obie went on his way, a highly satisfied, but somewhat mystified individual. The whole thing seemed so unreal that he frequently found himself feeling of the great rolls in his pockets to make sure that it wasn't all a dream.

When he reached St. Augustine, Obie drove to the address which appeared on the envelope given him in Miami, and, having delivered the truck as he had agreed, went his way. Locating a hotel for negroes, he went to the room assigned him and, after dismissing the bellhop with a generous tip, fell to counting the proceeds of his venture, his eyes bulging as the count proceeded. Three thousand six hundred and twenty dollars—more money than he had thought was in the world twenty-four hours before!

"De water business is de business for me," he said, and before the day was over he had purchased a two-ton truck, at an outlay of eighteen hundred dollars, and was on his way to the mineral springs. Again he loaded the truck with one-gallon bottles, and was prepared for business on his own hook.

Moving down to Daytona, he put his truck up for the night, located the most exclusive hotel in town where a colored gentleman might obtain accommodations, registered and went to his room with the expectation of eating an early supper and getting a good night's sleep. But when he came downstairs he was approached by a large yellow person who wore a large yellow diamond.

"Well, well," said this affable individual, "ef it ain't Mistah Obadiah Shorter uv 'Tlanta!"

"You's got de 'vantage uv me, friend. Ah don't 'zactly place you," said Obie.

" 'Tain't no wonder," the stranger replied, smiling, " 'case its bin years since Ah sot eyes on yo' smilin' count'nance. Ah's Eph'ram Snow, known to de boys as Eph, an' Ah seen you many times 'roun de ole town back in Georgie. So glad to meet somebody from home."

"Glad to meet you," replied Obie, who was in a genial mood. "Come an' tuck supper wid me while we talks about things in de gran' ole town."

WHEN supper had been disposed of, Mr. Snow insisted upon paying for it. Moreover, he insisted that Mr. Shorter go out with him to see some of the sights of the town—an invitation that Obie found it impossible to refuse, inasmuch as he had not enjoyed a touch of high life for some four days, and the money in his pockets clamored for action.

Leading the way to a soft drink establishment, where sundry darkies were being served at small tables, Obie's escort piloted him to a rear room, where he stopped before a closed door, placed his lips to a speaking tube, and gave two shrill blasts. A moment later an answering blast was heard, and Mr. Snow addressed the unseen person.

"Dis is Eph," he said. "Ah's got a fren' whut craves some soci'bility, so open de do' an' let us in."

The door lock clicked, and Eph, pushing ahead, pulled Obie after him. The door closed behind them, and they went forward to a narrow stairway which led above. At the head of this stairway was another door, and when they reached it Obie saw two eyes gazing upon them through a narrow slit. Evidently the observer was satisfied, for he opened the door without hesitancy.

On entering, Obie found himself in a brilliantly-lighted room, where a pall of smoke overhung a score or more of dusky figures, gathered about sundry tables where games of chance were in progress.

"Come dis way," said Eph. "Ah wants you should

The big touring car was whirled squarely across the narrow highway, and the occupants alighted. "What you got in that truck?" asked the inspector

meet de manager uv dis hy'ah palace uv chance."

"Lead on," replied Obie, "an' you might tell de manager ef he ain't got a safe full uv money on han' he better send out for mo', 'case a 'Tlanta nigger's here whut don't know nuthin' but how to win, once his fingers closes over de bones."

"If you wins whut dat nigger done got in dis house now, you sho' will need a truck to haul it off wid," Eph replied. "Dis ain't no piker house. Dey plays 'em big an' dey plays 'em fast in dis j'int."

"Ah's beginnin' to git real 'cited," said Obie, "'case when Ah rolls 'em Ah rolls 'em, an' Ah don't wanter be hampered by no finanshul 'strictions."

"You's a boy after my own heart!" exclaimed Eph, as he stepped into an office at the rear of the hall and addressed a large, immaculately attired negro at a large and imposing desk, winking significantly as he spoke.

"Mistah Scales, Ah wants you to feel de pulse uv a old fren' uv mine frum 'Tlanta, Mistah Obadiah Shorter. Mistah Shorter craves action, an' Ah done tol' him dat here was whar his cravin's might be gratified to de fullest extent uv his roll."

Mr. Scales rose and extended a large, soft hand.

"Ah's glad to make you' 'quaintance, Mistah Shorter," he said, "an' whut de house kin do to gin you a pleasant evenin' it sho' will be glad to do. By de way," he continued, "seems to me like Ah's seed you summers."

"Glad to make you' 'quaintance, an' maybe you has," replied Obie. "Ah travels quite some consider'ble, an' mor'n likely we has met up, but Ah don't fix you in my mind."

Following the exchange of sundry pleasantries, Obie's

desire for action was fully gratified; so much so that within thirty minutes he had witnessed the departure of about six hundred dollars—money that went tripping across the board in the wake of the rolling dice—dice that positively, absolutely and unalterably declined to heed his hoarsely spoken invitations to "Cum seben, cum 'leben."

"Dem dice sho' is got ha'nts," he wailed, as another twenty-dollar bill went the way of the others. "If dey's loaded, dey's loaded for bear, an' Ah's it."

WHILE Obie was thus engaged in enriching the treasury of the house, the manager was seated at his desk, a pucker in his brow bearing witness to the depth of the mental concentration he was bringing to bear upon the problem before him. This problem had to do with the unconscious Obie.

"Where in thunder wuz it Ah seen dat nigger?" he repeated for the twentieth time, for the conviction that he had seen Obie before had grown into a certainty, and there seemed to be something about the meeting that suggested an element of danger. "Can he be a spotter?" was another question that arose. And then, just as Obie contributed his seventh hundred to the house, the manager slapped his open hand upon the desk and exclaimed:

"That's it, by golly! Ah knowed Ah'd seed him summers doin' sumpin' dat 'cited my interest."

He pushed a button, and said to the attendant who answered:

"Tell Eph Snow Ah say come here."

A moment later the rotund form of Mr. Snow framed itself in the doorway, and the manager said:

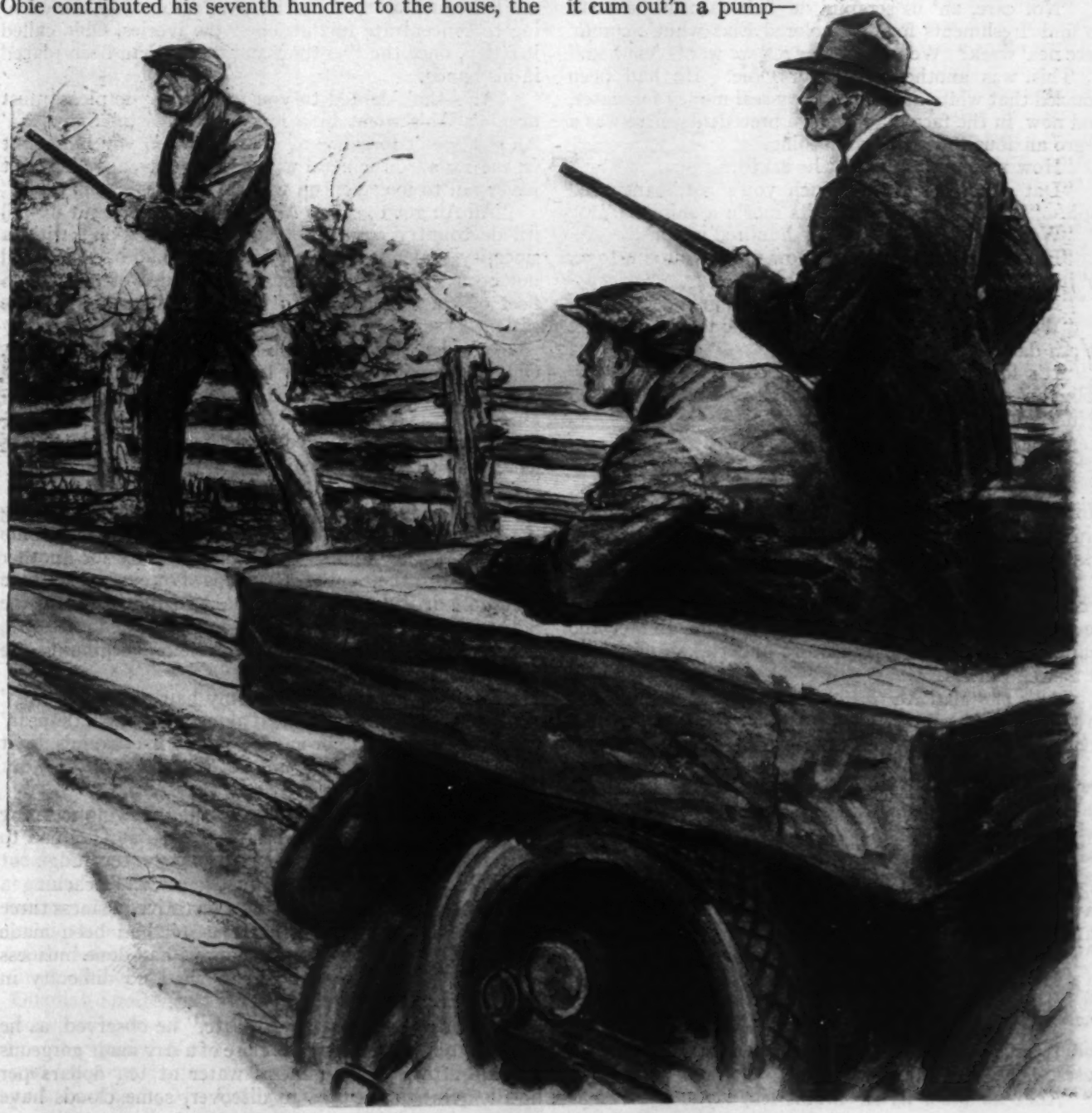
"Ah's got you' nigger now."

"An' dat ain't all you's got," replied Eph. "You's got seben hundred dollahs uv his money, uv which one hundred an' forty dollahs belongs to me."

"It ain't his money whut Ah's talkin' 'bout—it am his bizness. Do you know dat's de nigger whut went up de coast day befo' yes'tidy leavin' a ocean uv de finest gin in de worl' behin' him?"

"Do tell!"

"Dat's de very same. Ah remembers now Ah wuz down to dat tourin' camp whar Ah went to take Captain Winters a quart, an' while Ah wuz dare dis nigger cum by an' dishes out licker like it wuz water. He call it water, too, an' sol' it like it cum out'n a pump—



jes' ten dollahs a gallon he axed fo' it, dat's all."

"Golly!" exclaimed Eph. "You reckon he is got sum uv it lef'?"

"Dat's prezactly whut Ah wants you to fin' out 'bout. Let dat nigger win a coupla hundred back to put him in a good notion, an' den ax him 'bout dat min'ral water. If he's got any mo' we wants all we can git."

Immediately after this interview, Obie had a remarkable run of luck, during which he raked in two hundred and ten dollars. Then he was interrupted by Eph, who pulled him by the sleeve, and said:

"Come dis way a minit, Mistah Shorter, Ah's got a powerful 'portant matter to discourse wid you."

"Can't it wait?" asked Obie, eager to press his luck.

"No, it demands 'mediate action; 'sides you can cum back to dis game any time you gits ready."

RELUCTANTLY, Obie followed Eph into a small back room, where the latter opened negotiations by asking:

"How cum you didn't tell me you was interested in de min'ral water bizness?"

"Never thought you'd care nuthin' 'bout it."

"Not care, an' us scrapin' de 'hole face uv de earth to find 'freshments for dem colored Elks whut's cumin' here nex' week? We wants some an' we wants 'em bad."

This was another shock for Obie. He had been amazed that white men should pay real money for water, and now, in the face of all known precedents, here was a negro anxious to do the same thing.

"How much you wants?" he asked.

"Dat depends on how much you's got," answered Eph. "We'll take it all, 'less its mor'n a shipload."

"Well, Ah's got prezac'ly fo' hundred gallons."

"Phew!" breathed Eph. "How much you aim to ax fo' it?"

"I'll close de lot out at five dollahs a gallon."

"Well, boy, you an' de house is done traded. Where at am dat water?"

"It's loaded on my truck, all covered up wid tarpolin, an' restin' contentedly in de ga-rage whut I parked it in."

"Whut ga-rage?"

"De Lily White Colored Ga-rage."

"Well, dat sho' simplificates matters," said Eph, "for we happens to be de owners uv dat ga-rage an' we can unload and park de stuff right on de spot. Cum an' less see de boss an' close dis transactum up right now."

When he went to the office of the manager for the second time, Obie found himself much more popular than he had been on the occasion of his first visit. In fact, the manager was as affable as a negro undertaker officiating at a swell funeral.

"Ah's sho glad Ah 'membered who you is," he said to Obie, grinning broadly as he added: " 'Case we sho' needs dat stock uv mineral water whut you has on han'."

"YOU folks 'roun here has a 'stonishin' cravin' for dat particular brand," replied Obie, "an' Ah's sure glad Ah's in a po-sition to 'commodate you."

"Whar you git dat stuff?" asked the manager, thinking he might garner some useful information. But Obie, having discovered a mint, had no idea of showing his hand.

"Whar Ah gits it ain't no matter, so long as Ah's able to s'ply de trade, an' dat's jes' whut Ah kin do," he retorted.

"You's sho' a lucky nigger, is all Ah got to say—bein' able to git stuff like dat an' sell it at de figger you proposes."

"Ain't no use'n havin' brains less'n you uses 'em," was Obie's sage reply, as he felt his bulging pockets.

Getting down to business, the manager arranged for the purchase of the entire cargo at five dollars a bottle, turning the money over to Eph to be delivered to Obie as soon as the goods had been transferred from the truck to a storage room in the garage—a procedure which he directed should be carried out immediately.

Forgetting for the nonce the elusive bones and the fact that luck had just changed in some mysterious fashion when he was called away from the game, Obie strode joyously at the side of his new-found friend, figuring as he went that a loss of five hundred dollars, deducted from a gain of two thousand—or thereabouts—meant fifteen hundred net—a very satisfactory evening's work.

Having sampled some of the mineral water Obie had dispensed forty-eight hours before, the usually astute Mr. Scales failed to suspect that time might have wrought a change. He had seen forty gallons of high-class gin handed out by Obie in the guise of mineral water, and it didn't occur to him that his four hundred bottles might not be as good as the forty. He took no precaution other than to follow Eph and Obie at a discreet distance and to see that the goods were unloaded.

Too much amazed by the developments of the evening to concentrate further upon the ivories, Obie called it a day, once the two thousand dollars had been placed in his hands.

"Ah's sho' 'debted to you for one uv de pleasantest evenin's Ah's spent in a long while, Mistah Snow, an' Ah sho' won't forget you. Frum now on you kin count on me for all de mineral water you wants, an' Ah won't never fail to look you up when Ah comes to dis town."

"All Ah got to say is Ah hopes you keeps out uv jail 'til de country comes wet ag'in." Eph spoke with a sincerity that might have impressed Obie, had his mind not been too busy with the newborn idea of engaging a fleet of trucks and going into business on a wholesale scale.

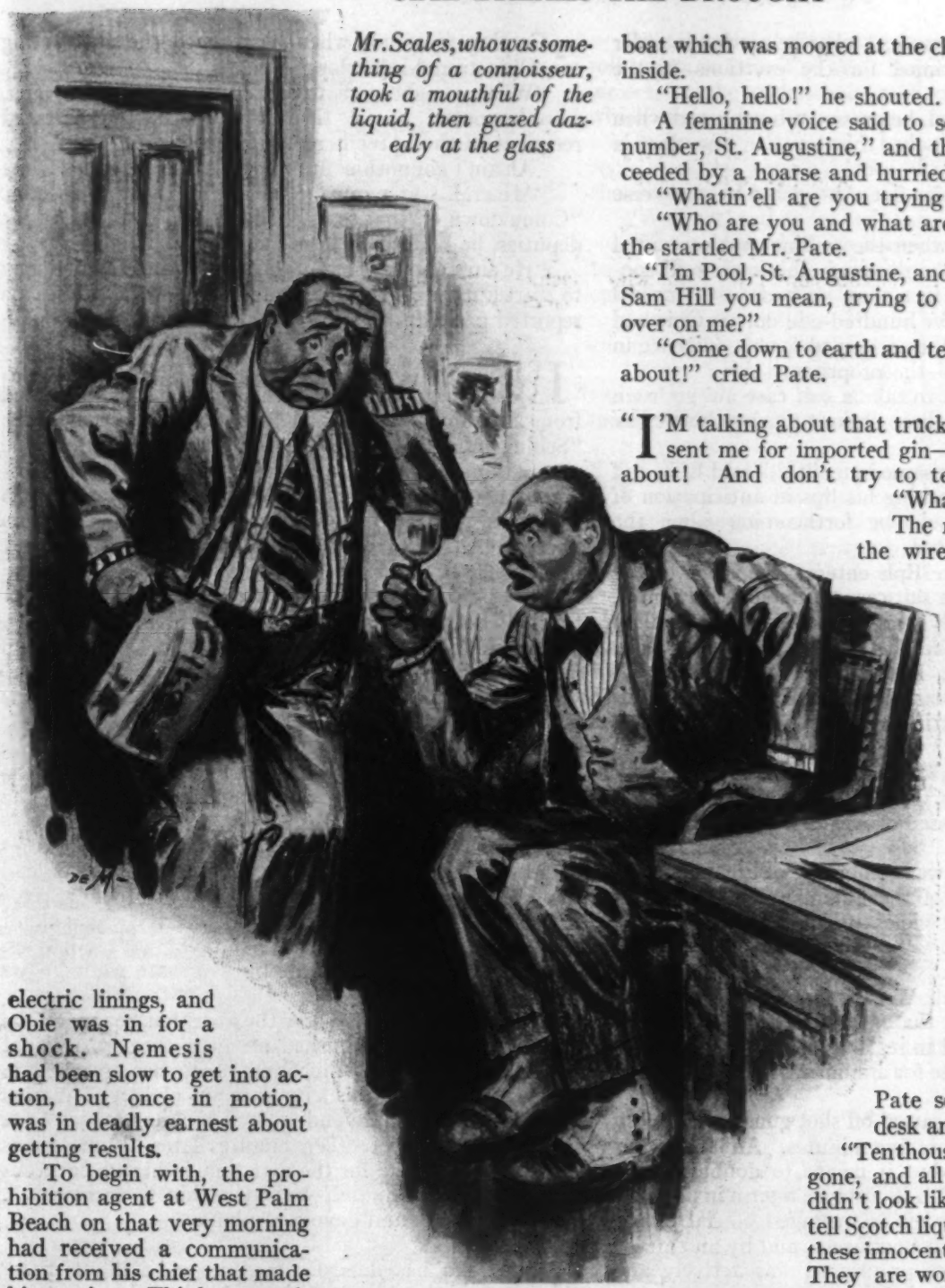
Refreshed by about ten hours of blissful slumber, Obie had breakfast shortly before noon on the following day. Having disposed of this meal in leisurely fashion, he strolled around to the garage, where his now-empty truck was stationed, and a few minutes later was again headed up the coast.

LATE that afternoon he had the satisfaction of seeing his truck once more laden with what he had come to look upon as liquid gold, and was ready for another expedition to the South. Realizing, however, that there was no particular rush, as the arid territory to the South appeared to him to have been fairly well refreshed, he decided to wait until morning before beginning the return journey.

"Ain't no use in me tearin' my hair over dis thing," he mused. "If Ah kin jes' loaf along an' make a thousan' dollahs a day dat will be enuf to satisfy ma cravin's, least 'til Ah kin git some help an' not haf to do all de work myse'f."

At a moderately early hour on the following morning Obie departed. He was tempted to stop at Daytona to try his luck with the bones, but his better judgment prevailed, and he continued his journey. Reaching a tourist camp where he had done a lucrative business three days before, Obie found that the soil had been made ready for him by those with whom he had done business on the previous occasion, and he had no difficulty in disposing of forty gallons.

"Floridy is sho' one gran' state," he observed, as he rolled into Fort Pierce at the close of a day made gorgeous by sale after sale of mineral water at ten dollars per bottle. But, as he was to discover, some clouds have



Mr. Scales, who was something of a connoisseur, took a mouthful of the liquid, then gazed dazedly at the glass

electric linings, and Obie was in for a shock. Nemesis had been slow to get into action, but once in motion, was in deadly earnest about getting results.

To begin with, the prohibition agent at West Palm Beach on that very morning had received a communication from his chief that made him squirm. This letter read:

> For your information, will say that a negro went up the coast last Tuesday with a truckload of gin, and distributed it with an abandon that suggests he had never heard of the Eighteenth Amendment or of law-enforcement agents.
>
> It is needless for me to say that such open and flagrant violations cannot continue in your territory. I look to you to get behind this case immediately and bring the culprit to taw. Attached hereto are copies of the reports we have on the case. I want action and want it quick.

ABOUT the same hour that the Palm Beach subordinate was perusing this caustic communication and cursing the luck that had allowed a whole truckload of booze to drive through what he had considered a fairly efficient observation system, there was a violent ringing of the telephone bell in a certain shed-like structure that drooped over the Miami River, near the spot where Obadiah Shorter had stood in gloomy contemplation of a hopeless blow-out only a few days before.

The ringing of the phone had about it the persistent and insistent quality that suggests a long-distance call, and, hearing it, Mr. Pate leaped hurriedly from a small boat which was moored at the clumsy dock, and hastened inside.

"Hello, hello!" he shouted. "What do you want?"

A feminine voice said to some one, "Here is your number, St. Augustine," and the dulcet tones were succeeded by a hoarse and hurried voice which shouted:

"Whatin'ell are you trying to put over on me?"

"Who are you and what are you driving at?" asked the startled Mr. Pate.

"I'm Pool, St. Augustine, and I want to know what in Sam Hill you mean, trying to put a raw deal like that over on me?"

"Come down to earth and tell me what you're talking about!" cried Pate.

"I'M talking about that truckload of stump-water you sent me for imported gin—that's what I'm talking about! And don't try to tell me you don't——"

"What's that!" gasped Pate.

The man at the other end of the wire throttled his emotions long enough to explain that the truckload of stuff he had bought for gin was as devoid of a kick as a mule that had been shot, cremated and thrown to the winds.

"Water it is," he howled, in rising accents, "with not even a fish or two thrown in to furnish some sport!"

Thereupon, Mr. Pate made the wire sizzle on his own account, aiming oaths at the person of Obie that might have singed the hide of that darky, had he been in earshot. When the conversation was closed, Pate seized a revolver from his desk and started on the trail.

"Ten thousand dollars worth of booze gone, and all grabbed by a darky who didn't look like he had sense enough to tell Scotch liquor from Irish stew. Hang these innocent-looking people, anyway! They are worse than bootleg liquor!"

At the garage where Obie had left his car, Mr. Pate learned that nothing had been heard from the darky since he left the car on the previous Tuesday.

"Well, I guess he's got sense enough not to come back, but if he does, hold him until I can get here and there's a hundred dollars in it for you," he said to the darky in charge. "Here is ten on account."

Receiving the assurance of the darky that he would report immediately if Obie appeared on the scene, and that he "wouldn't stand no mo' show of getting away than a canary bird in a cage of wild cats," Mr. Pate returned to his office. There he disposed of a few minor details, leaped into a high-powered roadster, and was off for St. Augustine.

Nor did this complete the chain of events arising out of the activities of the industrious Obie, for late that afternoon Mr. Scales, the affable colored gentleman who presided over the destinies of Daytona's most exclusive temple of chance for dusky sports, bethought himself of the excellent quality of the gin he had sampled on the previous Tuesday in a certain tourist camp, and decided

that a shot of the same was just what he needed in order to become properly primed for the exertions of the evening.

With this idea in mind, he pressed a button and when the efficient attendant poked his head in the door a moment later, he said:

"Inform Mistah Snow dat Ah wishes to con-verse wid him."

Two minutes later, when the smiling and contented Mr. Snow appeared in the doorway—his smile and content being due to the fact that he had just received twenty per cent of the five hundred-odd dollars Obie had lost in the establishment, as a reward for his diligence in hooking another sucker—the proprietor said:

"Eph, Ah wants you to take a suit case an' go 'roun to de ga-rage an' fetch three or four uv dem bottles uv gin to me."

"Yes, sah, Ah'll do de same immejitly," said Eph, and he was on the way, smacking his lips in anticipation of the dram he knew would be forthcoming when the errand had been completed.

Fifteen minutes later Eph entered the office of the manager and deposited a suit case on the floor. From it, he extracted four neatly crated bottles of one gallon capacity each, and broke the crating away from one. Withdrawing the cork, he sniffed the contents. A moment later, with a puzzled look on his face, he said:

"My cold sho' is gittin' wuss, for Ah can't smell a thing."

"Pour me out a glass," said the manager.

Obeying instructions, Eph poured a liberal portion into a wine glass and passed it over to his superior.

MR. SCALES, who was something of a connoisseur, took a mouthful of the liquid, gazed dazedly at the glass, and then spat violently.

"Water!" he gasped.

"Water?" cried Eph.

"'Tain't nuthin' else! We's been played for suckers! An' it's rotten water, at that," he added, "tastes like it had match heads soaked in it."

Both were inarticulate for a moment, then Mr. Scales said:

"Git a couple of dem sawed-off shot guns an' have my car 'roun in front inside uv five minutes. Ah'll show dat triflin' Georgia nigger whut it means to double-cross a gem'man uv my standin', if it costs me a term in de pen."

So Nemesis, assisted by an outraged official of the law, by a highly indignant bootlegger, and by an equally indignant gambling-house proprietor, was actively and energetically on the trail of Obie.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the chain of untoward events he had put in motion, Obie made his way toward West Palm Beach, his purpose being to reach the camp where he had first sold mineral water before the close of the day. He was bowling merrily along the smooth highway which flanks the Indian River, when far ahead he observed the approach of a seven-passenger automobile, laden with men who seemed to be armed with brooms.

"Wonder whut dey's goin' to clean up?" speculated Obie—a question the answer to which was not long delayed.

The automobile party approached to within about a hundred yards of Obie's oncoming truck, where the big touring car was whirled squarely across the narrow highway, and the occupants alighted. Then, for the first time, Obie realized that the things that looked like broom handles were guns.

"Golly, a holdup!" he exclaimed, and groaned inwardly at the prospect of having to say good-by to his recently acquired wealth.

Coming to a halt when he reached the obstructing car, Obie awaited developments.

"What you got in that truck?" asked one of the men, who happened to be Inspector Booth, the irritated recipient of the letter heretofore referred to.

"Ah ain't got nothin' but mineral water," replied Obie.

"Mineral water, my eye!" scoffed the inspector. "Come down off that seat." Then, turning to one of his deputies, he said: "See if he's got a gun."

"He ain't got no gun, but he's shore got enough money to start a national bank," the man who made the search reported presently.

"LET'S have it," said the chief, and when the money, consisting of a half-dozen crumpled rolls, extracted from as many pockets, had been passed over, he said: "Selling mineral water seems to be a highly profitable occupation, but you are through, now, boy—through for a good long time. By the time the judge gets through with you, you won't have no car, nor no money, nor no liberty. All you'll have will be time, and you won't know what to do with that."

An examination of the truck revealed the presence of fifty-odd bottles. These were counted, as was the money, and when Inspector Booth had made an entry of them in a little book, he said to his deputies:

"I'm going on the truck with the smoke. You boys follow on behind."

Ordering Obie to the driver's seat, Inspector Booth climbed up beside him, produced a very large and vicious-looking revolver, and poked it against the side of the bewildered darky.

"You drive ahead and no monkey business," he commanded. "If you try to get gay, I'll fill you so full of lead that they'll have to use a derrick to lift you into the grave."

"Boss," said Obie, with deep sincerity, "you don't need no gun to use on me. Whut you says, Ah does. You's de sargent an' Ah's de buck private whut knows how to 'bey orders."

Being determined to show the boss that he was on the job, Inspector Booth pushed his little caravan straight through West Palm Beach and on to headquarters in Miami. Reaching this city late at night, he carried the prisoner to a large and gloomy building, which Obie suspected was a jail. Ten minutes later his suspicions were confirmed, and for the first time in his adventurous career he found himself locked within a narrow cell, empty of pocket and devoid of plans.

"LUCK sho' has done lammed me wid a Big Bertha," he said, "an' whut Ah does Ah don't know a-tall." However, he bent his scattered wits to the task of seeking some solution of the difficulty, and, as usual when confronted with problems which offered difficulties, his thoughts turned toward Honorable Alf Ponderson, that distinguished Atlanta lawyer who is the hope of the wrong-doer and the despair of those who would do the said doer.

Obie slept fitfully through the night, and when he awoke next morning, applied himself to the delicate task of composing an appeal of sufficient force and eloquence to bring Lawyer Alf Ponderson hurrying over seven hundred miles of steel highway just to extract one unhappy darky from a position of loneliness and peril. Completed, after vast labor and infinite revision, the telegram, which was addressed to Honorable Alf Ponderson, Atlanta, Ga., read as follows:

Dis is Obadiah Shorter. I's in jail for sellin water an wants to git out so cum now at onct an I pays whut you charges. Money I is got a plenty uv an a thousan dollahs ain't no object to me sides gettin out uv dis cell. Cum now at once widout no delay.

Obie induced the jailer to extract from his confiscated roll a sum sufficient to send this message, then resigned himself to the melancholy task of counting the hours which must elapse before help could arrive.

On Sunday afternoon a guard conducted him to a room next the warden's office, where he was greeted by the smiling and always confident Mr. Ponderson.

"Well, Obie, they landed you at last, I see."

"Yas, sah, but had Ah knowed dat it was agin de law to peddle water in dis here State, Ah sho' would 'a' bin on my way 'fo' dey cotched me."

Lawyer Ponderson, who had been in the city long enough to survey the situation, replied:

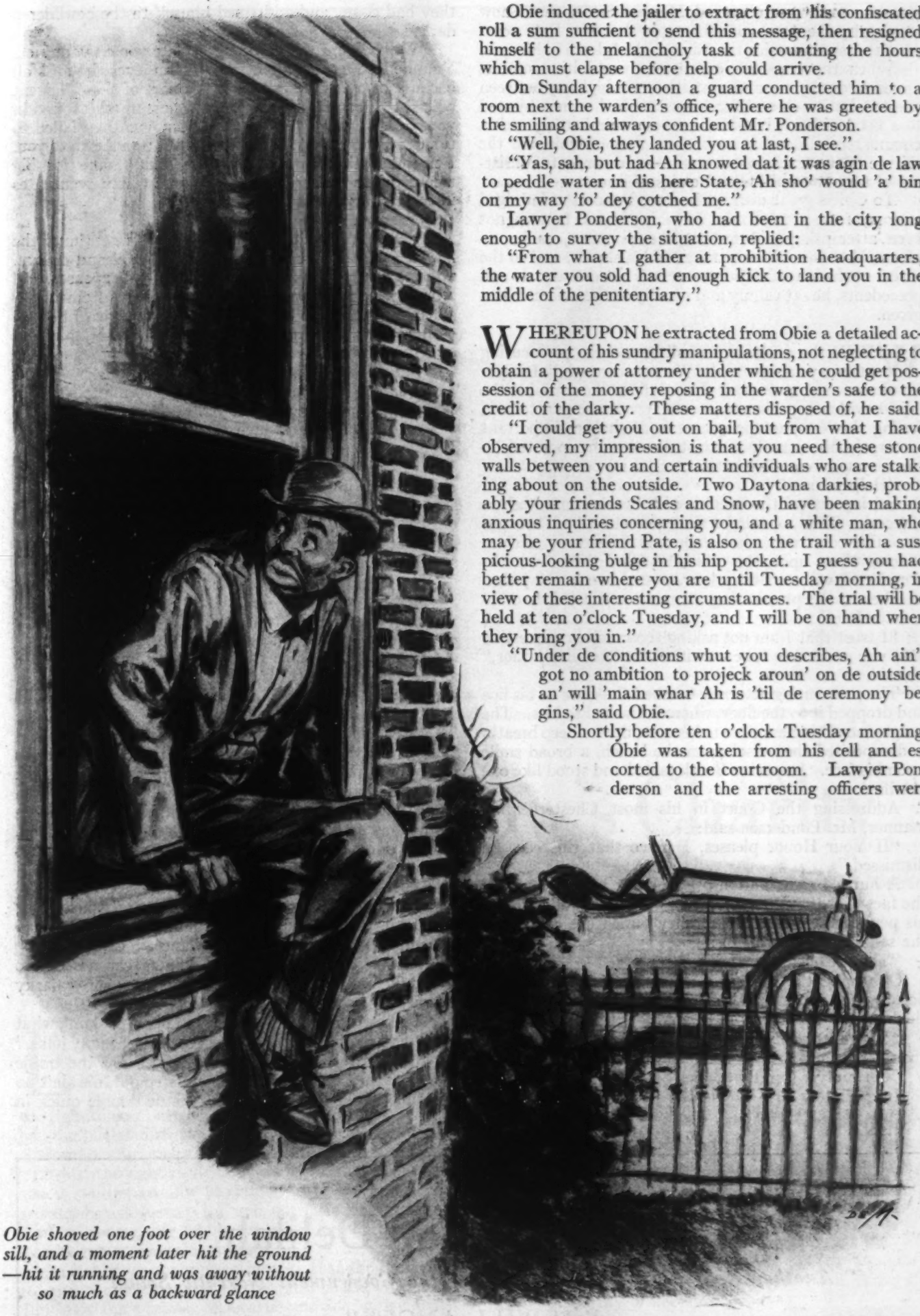
"From what I gather at prohibition headquarters, the water you sold had enough kick to land you in the middle of the penitentiary."

WHEREUPON he extracted from Obie a detailed account of his sundry manipulations, not neglecting to obtain a power of attorney under which he could get possession of the money reposing in the warden's safe to the credit of the darky. These matters disposed of, he said:

"I could get you out on bail, but from what I have observed, my impression is that you need these stone walls between you and certain individuals who are stalking about on the outside. Two Daytona darkies, probably your friends Scales and Snow, have been making anxious inquiries concerning you, and a white man, who may be your friend Pate, is also on the trail with a suspicious-looking bulge in his hip pocket. I guess you had better remain where you are until Tuesday morning, in view of these interesting circumstances. The trial will be held at ten o'clock Tuesday, and I will be on hand when they bring you in."

"Under de conditions whut you describes, Ah ain't got no ambition to projeck aroun' on de outside, an' will 'main whar Ah is 'til de ceremony begins," said Obie.

Shortly before ten o'clock Tuesday morning, Obie was taken from his cell and escorted to the courtroom. Lawyer Ponderson and the arresting officers were



Obie shoved one foot over the window sill, and a moment later hit the ground —hit it running and was away without so much as a backward glance

present, and Obie observed Messrs. Scales and Snow lurking by the door, while he noted that Mr. Pate occupied a seat just outside the rail, a wicked gleam in his eyes.

When the case was called, the prohibition officers appeared one by one and related how the highway between West Palm Beach and St. Augustine had been subjected to a flood of illicit booze, the stories culminating with a circumstantial description of the arrest of Obie and the seizure of the truck and contents—said contents consisting of fifty-two one-gallon bottles of liquor.

To Obie's great dismay, Lawyer Ponderson indulged in none of the pyrotechnics for which he was famous, not even attempting to browbeat the witnesses, as he so often did to the vast advantage of his clients, and to the utter confusion of said witnesses. Contrary to all precedents, he sat calmly and silently as the evidence was given.

WHEN the evidence was all in and the prosecuting attorney announced "We are through," Lawyer Ponderson rose and asked the privilege of examining the liquid evidence. Thereupon the prosecuting attorney, feeling that he was upon the eve of another important victory in his crusade against bootlegging, pointed to the fifty-two offending bottles, and said:

"Help yourself."

Seizing one of the bottles, Mr. Ponderson withdrew the cork. Then, opening a little parcel he had brought into the courtroom, he produced three wine glasses. Placing these upon the table, he filled them with the liquid and, with a courtly bow, passed one to the judge, another to the prosecuting attorney and a third to Inspector Booth.

"I trust that I am not asking too much in requesting that you gentlemen take a whiff of the offending liquor," he said.

The prosecuting attorney touched the glass to his lips and dropped it to the floor, where it crashed to bits. The judge placed his glass close to his nose, drew a deep breath, and deposited the vessel upon the bench, a broad smile upon his face. Inspector Booth tasted and stood like one petrified.

Addressing the Court in his most Chesterfieldian manner, Mr. Ponderson said:

"If Your Honor pleases, I move that this case be dismissed."

A hurried examination of the other bottles revealed the fact that they all contained water. The judge seized his pen and scrawled "Not guilty" upon the docket, at the same time announcing:

"The prisoner is discharged."

Observing the menacing attitudes of Messrs. Pate, Scales and Snow, Lawyer Ponderson stepped close to the bench and asked, in a low voice:

"Your Honor, may I have the privilege of using your chamber for a brief consultation with my client?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

Immediately Mr. Ponderson pushed Obie into the adjoining room, closed and locked the door through which they had come, and addressed himself to the bewildered darky:

"Well, Obie, I want to congratulate you on your luck. You dodged the penitentiary by an eyelash, and all because of over-confidence on the part of those diligent officials. They failed to examine the stuff they found in your possession and, failing at this point, they failed to run down some of the real stuff. Let it be a lesson to you. Remember that little details are what make for big results, while the neglect of the minutiæ often eventuates in dismal misadventures."

"Yas, sah, Ah sho' will," replied Obie.

"Financially, you are pretty well fixed," continued the lawyer. "You have a balance of two thousand dollars, after paying my fee of fifteen hundred and expenses, and after a payment of eighteen hundred on an automobile—a machine which isn't bad to look at, but which I bought with a view to furnishing an instantly available and exceptionally rapid means of migration for you, since I felt you might have to depart suddenly."

Then, leading the darky to an open window, situated some six feet above the lawn, Mr. Ponderson pointed to a new and shining car which rested against the curb, a car every line of which was eloquent of speed.

"That is your machine," he said. "And now, having obtained the liberty which is guaranteed under the Constitution, but which too often is contingent upon laxity of method, the problem confronting you at this juncture is to get out of town before you become the target of sundry leaden missiles. Were I in your place, I should drop out of this window, hasten across the intervening sward, and proceed to ascertain what yonder engine will do."

"Boss, is there no way whut a person kin go to git out'n dis Floridy State widout gwine through Daytona an' St. Augustine?" asked Obie, as he shoved one foot over the window sill.

"YES, you might drive down to Flagler Street," said the lawyer, pointing out that thoroughfare, "and then turn west. Keep going until you strike the Tamiami Trail for the west coast. Follow this, and in a short time you will reach a stretch of highway that is as straight as an arrow for ninety miles, and," he added, "if you don't make that ninety miles in ninety minutes I shall be ashamed of my choice of a car."

"Boss, as Ah ain't got no idea uv stoppin' for no dinner, whut for I want ninety minutes?" asked Obie, as he hit the ground—hit it running, and was away without so much as a backward glance.

A moment later a new and shining car nosed into the traffic on Flagler Street, a dazed, but happy, darky steadily increasing the pressure upon the throttle.

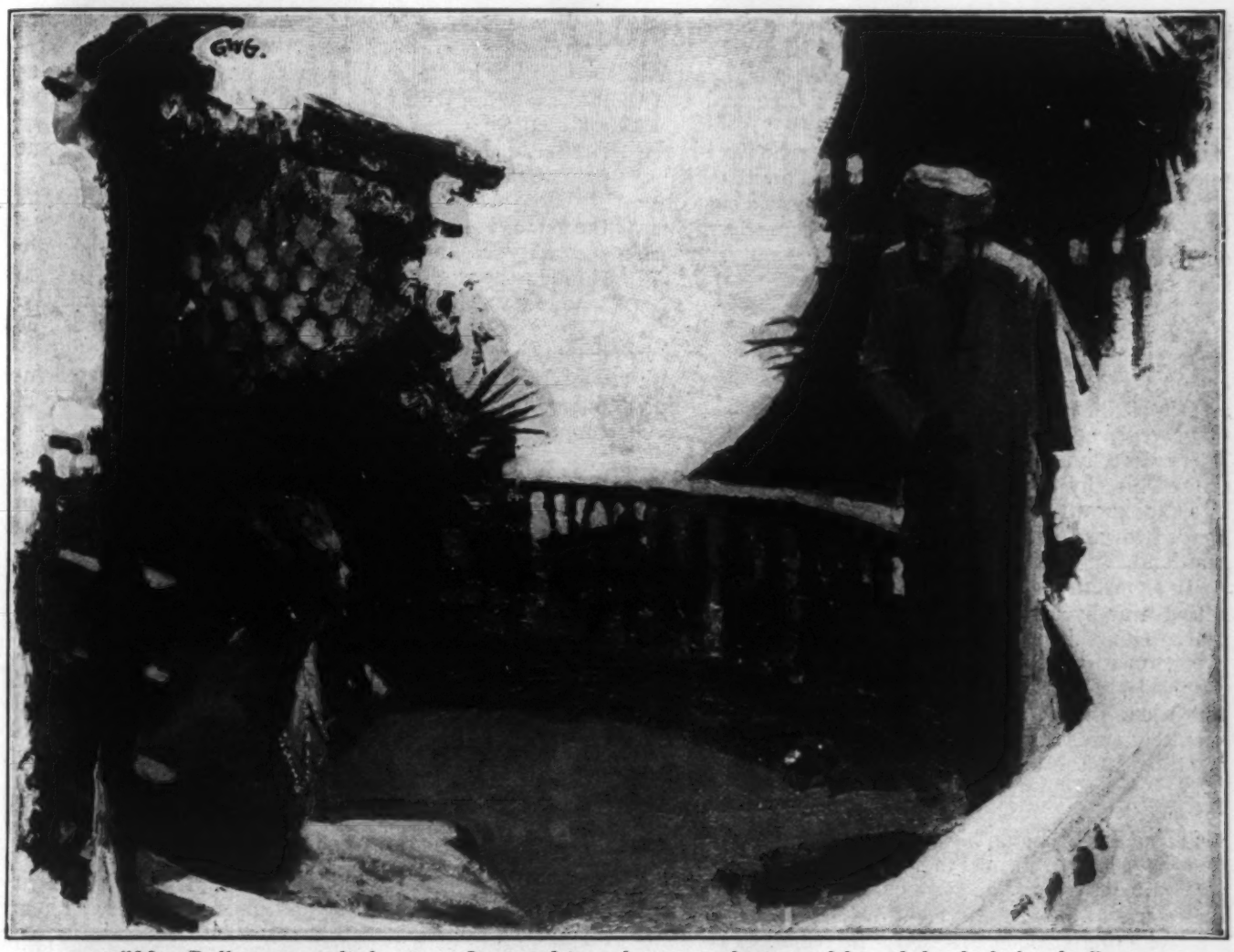
"De Lawd sho' tempered de wind to dis po' lam', whut didn't had no idea he wuz makin' goats uv so many folks," he muttered to himself, adding to his car, as the traffic thinned, "Step out, you skinny bus, step out, dis ain't no funeral pa-rade. What Ah wants is de double quick in triple time, an' Ah wants it now."

In Next Month's McCLURE'S—

"A Daughter of Delilah"

Another Real Life Detective Story of the Government Narcotic Squad

By "WILL ANGUS"



"Mrs. Dallas gave a little cry as I stepped into the summerhouse and bowed deeply before her"

Lady Hounslow's Charity

Jim Maitland Plays "The Great Game" with Human Hearts at Stake

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by George W. Gage

LADY HOUNSLOW, wife of Sir George Hounslow, is a very wonderful woman, as is only right and proper in the wife of a Cabinet Minister. As all the world knows, she has the gift of giving just the right dinner parties to just the right people. She also has the gift of flirting so mildly that not even the most censorious can really call it flirting—and she does it with just the right men. Private secretaries adore her—she is so impartially charming to them all! Under secretaries ask her advice, and not infrequently take it. And, of course, her labors on behalf of charity are too well known to need description.

In fact, it was only the other day that she came down to open the new wing of the hospital in the village near Jim Maitland's house. A local deputation, with cinematograph operator complete, met her at the station, and she flashed her well-known smile on all those waiting on the platform, as she stood for a moment framed in the carriage door. Then she entered the waiting motor car, the band delivered itself of a noise, and the ceremony proper started.

It was a ghastly performance, as such ceremonies invariably are, and why Jim insisted on attending it puzzled both his wife and me. He would give no reasons, but smiled inscrutably, and when the actual opening was over, we found ourselves sitting in the second row in the village school waiting for the speeches.

Lady Hounslow specialized in little speeches—charming little speeches in which she said just the right thing. And if each charming little speech brought a peerage for her husband one step closer—well, surely the laborer is worthy of her hire.

And that afternoon was no exception. She listened prettily to the perspiring effort of the mayor; then, when

the cheering had subsided, she rose to her feet. Just three minutes—no more—was her invariable rule. And for two minutes she rippled on, her theme being the sacred cause of devoting one's energy, one's time and one's money to the sick.

"Was it possible," she asked, "for us, who were in the full possession of our health, who were endowed, perhaps, a little more than some others with this world's goods—though in these days of this dreadful Income Tax it was only very little—was it possible to do too much for the sick and suffering?"

HER sweet, pathetic smile as she said it drew a sympathetic response from her audience, which changed suddenly to a murmur of alarm. For, with amazing suddenness, the sweet smile faded from her lips, to be replaced by what was almost a look of terror. There was a hunted expression in her eyes and her cheeks showed blotchy through the make-up. There were lines in a face grown strangely haggard, as she faltered and swayed toward her chair. And she was staring at Jim Maitland.

In an instant a doctor was beside her, and the reporter sitting near by heard her murmur something about the heat. Not surprising, of course; opening hospitals is tiring work for frail and delicate women. But it ended the meeting, and in the general confusion we departed. But when we reached the door Jim stopped and deliberately turned around. Over the heads of the people he stared at the platform, and after a moment or two their eyes met. And in hers terror had been replaced by defiance.

Then Jim swung on his heel and we left. For a while he strode along in silence; then, as the band started playing again behind us, he stopped suddenly and laughed rather grimly.

"Wife of a Cabinet Minister," he remarked thoughtfully. "A leader of philanthropic work in this country; probably a future peeress of the realm! And rotten—utterly rotten to the core."

"But, Jim, I thought she was charming," protested his wife.

Jim laughed again, without replying. Then abruptly he turned to me.

"You don't mean to say you've forgotten her, Dick?" he said.

Now as she had stepped upon the platform some vague chord of memory had stirred in my mind, but it had remained at that.

"Of course you didn't see her as much as I did," went on Jim. "And it was some time ago. But don't you remember Mrs. Dallas, in Cairo?"

"But you don't mean to say——" I began, and Jim grinned.

"But I do mean to say," he said. "Mrs. Dallas and Lady Hounslow are one and the same person. And for a month I traveled up the White Nile with Mrs. Dallas. She did what she wanted, and she found what she wanted, and she proved herself to be what I said she was—a rotten woman, rotten to the core."

AND now memory was stirring in earnest. Continuing on our homeward journey, we had left the *Andaman* at Port Said. And the first person we ran into was a dark-skinned man in European clothes who halted dead in his tracks as he saw Jim. Then, without a word, he turned away down a side street, and Jim promptly started to follow him.

"Wait for me at the hotel," Jim said to me, and there was a gleam in his eyes that had not been there a moment before.

It was an hour before he rejoined me, and the gleam was more pronounced than ever.

"Dick," he said. "I'm going on in the *Andaman* as far as Malta. Wonderful sea bathing in Malta in August and September. I'm going to spend all day and every day bathing. Care to come? You'll probably get some polo at the Marsa."

"Somewhat sudden," I murmured mildly. "What's the game?"

"It's *the* game, Dick—the Great Game. The only game in the world worth playing. Sometimes I've been tempted to chuck roving and take to it permanently. Do you know who that fellow was that I followed?" he demanded.

"An Egyptian of sorts, I suppose," I answered indifferently; wondering meanwhile at his curious air of suppressed excitement.

"That was Victor Head, of the Loamshires, temporarily seconded for service with the Government. He's officially A.D.C., I believe, to some general, and he's been on leave of absence for a year." Jim grinned. "That's the sort of general to have."

Suddenly his meaning dawned on me.

"Secret service work!" I cried.

Jim lifted a deprecating hand.

"Let us call it research work among the native population," he murmured. "You don't suppose, do you, old man, that the British Government runs five hundred million black men here and in India by distributing tracts to 'em?"

"But why Malta?" I asked, harking back. "What about Alexandria? There's excellent bathing there. And Malta's a deuced unpleasant place at this time of year."

"One doesn't get that wonderful goat smell at Alexandria," he remarked, and his eyes were twinkling. "I know the actual rock, Dick, where one can lie and bask in the sun. Coming?"

It was an unnecessary question, and three days later found us in Valletta. A sirocco was blowing, and of all the foul winds that blow upon this universe the sirocco in Malta during the hot months has many strong claims to the title of foulest.

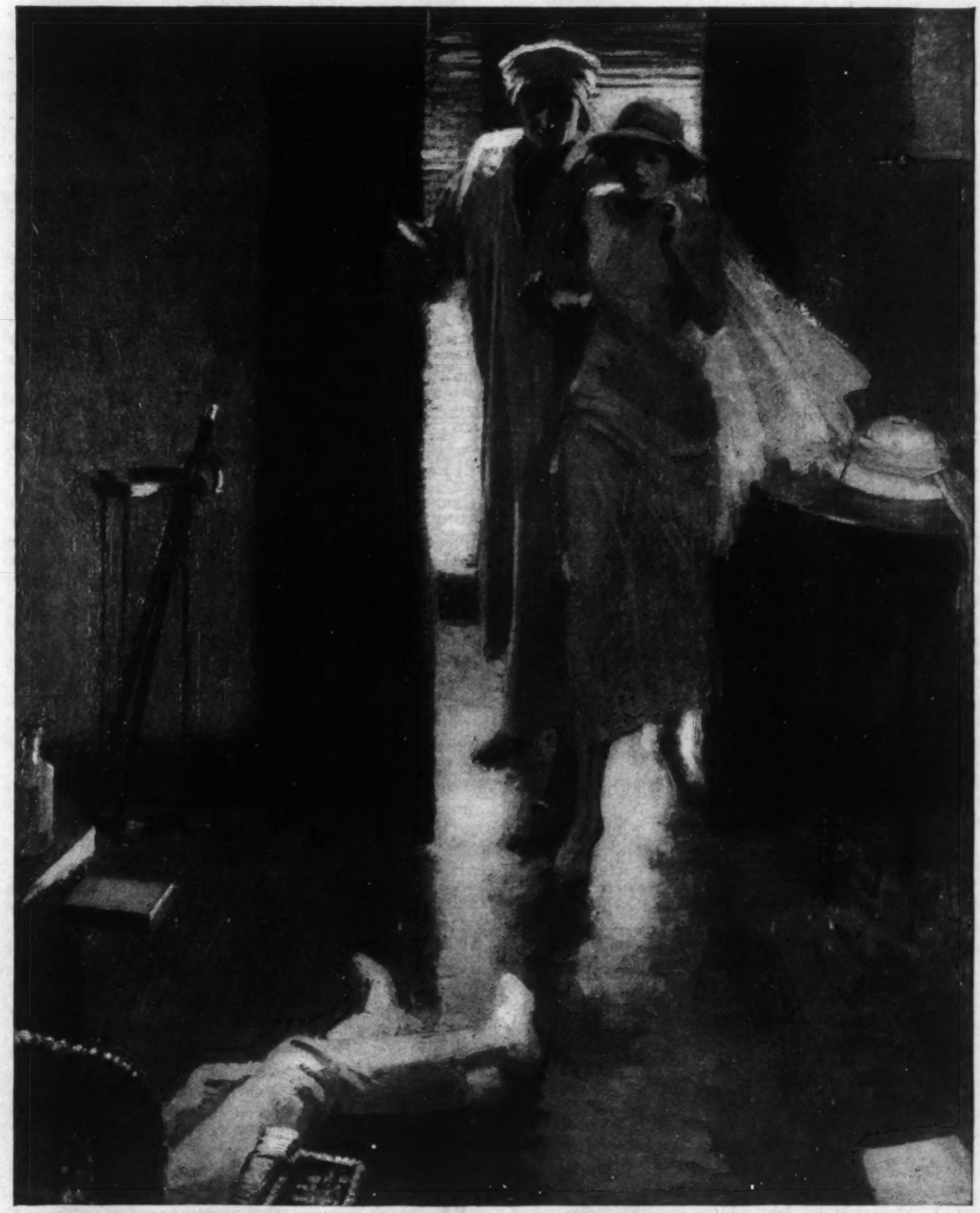
But Jim was in absolutely irrepressible spirits, and departed at once to commune with a certain staff officer. I went with him to be officially introduced, and then I faded out of the picture, for they spoke in a strange cryptic jargon. But I saw that the staff officer's eyes were gleaming even as Jim's.

TO one who has played the game himself, the call of it is always there. But it wasn't a long interview, and it ended with the officer giving orders that a "Tent Bell., G. 5, one complete with pole," should be placed at our disposal for as long as we needed it. And an hour later we left the Union Club in a cab with our tent bell and drove away toward the west. We passed St. Paul's Bay and at last, after an uncomfortable hour or two, we came to the end of the island.

Below us lay a little bay with the water gleaming gold in the setting sun. We scrambled down the cliff, and put up our tent on a patch of sand that seemed especially placed to catch the sun's hottest rays.

"There is the very spot I used last time, Dick," said Jim, pointing to a great sandstone rock jutting out into the sea. "And let us pray to Allah that there are rather fewer mixed bathing parties for our present effort. They always come in the hottest part of the day, and I reckoned that they made me take a week longer to cook than I anticipated."

He laughed at my look of mystification, and then



"I took her to see him, dragged her there—whimpering; and I held her there while she looked on the evidence of her handiwork"

proceeded to explain—partially, at least—the meaning of his incomprehensible words.

"That's what we've come here for, old man. I've got to cook in the sun, and you can take it from me that I turn into the choicest mahogany you've ever seen. But the red, blistery stage is confoundedly painful, and it's dull cooking alone. So if you don't mind keeping me company, and doing the grub side of the business, I shall be infernally grateful."

They're pretty thorough—the men who play that game. When there aren't any rules, and a slip may mean a singularly unpleasant death, they have to be. And Jim was taking no chances.

A stain, I gathered from what he told me, was all right for a one or two day show, but when it came to a question of weeks there was nothing like the permanent stain of the sun.

And so, like a chicken revolving on a spit, did

Jim rotate on that rock, only ceasing when the sound of feminine voices announced the arrival of a bathing party. Then, with horrible maledictions, he would retire into the tent until they departed.

It took four weeks before he was satisfied, and I certainly would never have thought such a result possible. His skin had turned the dark brown of the typical Berber, and when he walked with the superb dignity of those sons of the desert it was difficult to believe that he was an Englishman at all.

AND then one day he disappeared. Mysteriously the necessary clothes had arrived from somewhere; as I have said, there was a staff officer in Valletta who had played the Game himself. And to him I went for further information. But they're an uncommunicative lot—the players—and beyond a vague allusion to Tripoli the staff officer was noncommittal.

"The season in Cairo will be beginning soon," he remarked. "A. P. & O. is calling tomorrow. Why not go and wait there?"

"Have you any idea how long he will be?" I asked.

"Two months—six. Who knows? You might return the bell tent to Ordnance, if you will."

And so I went back to Cairo, and waited. It was there that I met Mrs. Dallas. Little by little memories of her came back to me. She was a charming, attractive widow, with subalterns buzzing round her like flies around a jam pot. And it was there, of course, that she must have met Hounslow; he was out there at the time on some Government investigation. But that was all I could remember, and I told Jim so as we sat in the garden having tea.

"What is this secret passage of your life, old man?" I demanded. "I'd have you know, Mrs. Jim, that he left me at Malta with the avowed intention of doing some secret service work. And he has the audacity to state that he traveled for a month with a lady who, if I remember aright, was known in Cairo as the 'subaltern's peril.' I am of the opinion that further elucidation is necessary."

Jim grinned, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"Well, on the understanding that it goes no further, I'll gratify your vulgar curiosity," he remarked. "After all, it's ancient history now, but there's no good stirring up mud, even if it were possible to do so. Presumably Sir George Hounslow is satisfied with his bargain, and it would be a pity to disillusionize him. Though had he known at the time what I knew, infatuated though he was, I think that he would have thought twice about marrying her. I debated in my mind whether I'd tell him, and finally decided not to. There's quite enough trouble in this world already without making more, and, anyway, he wouldn't have believed me.

"You know, of course, what the situation was at that time. No? I thought it was pretty widely discussed by the Army out there. Well, in brief—though this point has nothing to do with Mrs. Dallas as she then was—the Germans had begun their tricks. They were working tooth and nail for a jehad to take place in August, 1914. A general revolt of Islam to coincide with the World War was their idea, and it is significant that one of their agents mentioned the actual date to me, eighteen months before. He thought he was talking to a fanatical Mohammedan, and he became a little indiscreet.

"However, my job when I left you in Malta was a general *contre-espionage* one, to find out just how widespread the influence was and feel the pulse of the natives. There were ten of us on it, and between us we got in eight reports. But that's another story altogether; let's get down to my Lady Hounslow.

"He was known as Number 10—the man who lived many days' journey up the White Nile. Who he was, exactly, no one knew; at least, if any one did it was not shouted abroad. Officially, his name was Brown, and he was new to me. But I found that every one else who was on the Game knew him, and I also found that Headquarters in Cairo placed great reliance on him. Three years previously he had suddenly appeared on the scene out of the blue, and there he had remained ever since—buried. With the help of a little quinine and a few simple medicines, he had established a big reputation as a doctor among the natives. And the Powers That Be kept him supplied with those medicines—because a reputation of that sort among the natives is a valuable asset when it is held by the right man.

"It was Victor Head, I think, who first discovered that he was the right sort of man. He ran across him by accident, and got from him some information which at first sight seemed to be not only unlikely, but absurd. And it turned out to be correct. Then another fellow tried him out, and once again he put up the goods. Certain inquiries were made, and in due course he became Number 10. I confess I was a little anxious to see him. He was quite a young man, I gathered, and it seemed strange for a young man to bury himself in such a way, however much he might be actuated by a desire to serve his country.

"And at last I did meet him. He was doctoring a couple of natives at the time, and, having given him the usual Arab greeting and the sign by which those in the Game can recognize one another, I sat down on the ground and studied him. I placed him at about five-and-thirty—a thin, wiry, sunburned man. To all outward appearance he seemed fit and healthy, but there was something about him—it was his eyes, I think—that made me wonder whether he was really well.

"WHEN the natives had departed and after we had gone through the customary formalities of meeting, for the benefit of possible onlookers, I rose and followed him into his house.

" 'You're new,' he said, when we were alone.

" 'New to you,' I answered, 'but not to the Game, though I haven't been on it for some years.'

"Then, for a while, we discussed matters irrelevant to this story. But at last Number 10 allowed himself to turn to matters personal.

" 'Are you going back to Cairo direct?' he asked, and when I told him I was he began walking up and down the room with quick, excited steps.

The Sacred Crocodile

IN a mysterious house on the banks of the Nile there gathered a group of pagan priests. They professed a secret cult, inherited unchanged since days of human sacrifice at the dawn of Egyptian history.

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"'Will you do something for me?' he asked finally.

"'Of course,' I answered. 'What is it?'

"'There's a girl in Cairo,' he said, and his voice was shaking a little. 'Her name is Dallas—Mrs. Dallas—and I've just heard that she arrived there a month ago. Will you find her for me, and say to her: Jack is waiting. It is quite safe.'

"Then he paused suddenly and stared at me.

"'They are pleased with me, aren't they, at Headquarters? I've done pretty well?'

"'Very,' I answered, feeling a little puzzled as to what all the mystery was about. 'As far as I know they're delighted with your work.'

"'I mean, I'm useful to them. They—they won't let me be taken away?'

"'Who is there to take you away?' I asked, staring at him. The perspiration was glistening on his face, and his hands were trembling. 'It strikes me, Brown,' I went on quietly, 'that you're not too fit. You dish out medicine to these natives, when somebody ought to be doing the same to you.'

"'It's nothing!' he cried. 'I'm all right. If only I didn't get these awful night sweats.'

"Suddenly he started to cough, and I didn't need to be a doctor to tell what was the matter with him.

"'I want you to tell her that it is quite safe,' he gasped, when he'd recovered from the paroxysm. 'Impress it on her that there's no danger. She will understand what you mean.'

"'All right,' I said. 'I will certainly do what you ask.'

"'You see,' he said quietly, 'she is my wife.'

"I sat up and stared at him.

"'Your wife!' I echoed. 'Then why the deuce don't you go to Cairo yourself, my dear fellow?'

"'I can't,' he answered. 'I daren't. But when she knows it's safe—impress that on her, don't forget—she'll come here. I suppose,' he went on diffidently, 'you couldn't help her to make arrangements for the journey, could you?'

"I ASSURED him that I would do everything I could to assist the lady, and the poor chap was pathetically grateful. I stayed on with him as long as I could, consistently with my rôle of Arab, and I let him talk. He could think of nothing except his wife, and in view of the fact that he hadn't seen her for four years it was hardly surprising. Once or twice I tried to mention his health, but he waved the matter aside. A bit of a cough, that was all, and everything was going to be perfect when his wife arrived. And his parting injunction to me was a repetition of the fact that there was no danger.

"'She ought to be here in a month,' were his last words, and I left him to his dreams—the man who called himself Brown."

Jim paused and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"I was back in Cairo in about a fortnight, and the first thing I did, of course, was to give in my report. It was to Toby Bretherton I made it, and when I'd finished I got down to the other matter.

"'Mrs. Dallas!' he cried. 'Do I know her? My dear fellow, there's not a man in Cairo who doesn't. She takes very good care of that. Why do you ask?'

"But I wasn't there to gratify Toby's curiosity, and I put him off with some noncommittal reply.

"'She's a widow,' he went on. 'A distinctly good-looking filly—a high-stepper and a rapid mover. But excessively discreet, Jim—very excessively discreet.'

"'You don't appear mad about the lady,' I remarked.

"He shrugged his shoulders. 'I am not one of the privileged many. But from what I can see and from what I've been told, she has altogether too shrewd an eye for the main chance to be particularly attractive. Her present quarry, I believe, is that ass Hounslow. Some minor official out from England,' he went on, in answer to my look of inquiry. 'Conducting some statistical investigation. And I am told that the air of Cairo and the lady's charms have seriously interfered with the great man's work.'

"I left him soon after, and as you can imagine I was thinking pretty hard. For Toby Bretherton's description of the lady hardly fitted in with the one given me by the man called Brown. In fact, I didn't quite see her rushing up the White Nile to the back of beyond. And when I finally met the lady the following afternoon still less could I imagine her doing it. I was still disguised as an Arab, and I took stock of her without much difficulty. She was surrounded by a bunch of men, and they were watching some flying out at Heliopolis. And Mr. Hounslow, as he then was, was watching her.

"THERE was a fancy-dress ball that night at the Semiramis, and to that ball I repaired. I was determined to speak with her, and I did—though it took some time. As Toby had said, she was excessively discreet, and subalterns begged her to go with them to dark corners of the grounds in vain. But at last Mr. Hounslow—not being a subaltern, but a very much bigger fish—persuaded her to brave the rigors of the night air with him. She yielded with becoming reluctance, and allowed herself to be led to a discreet summerhouse in the grounds.

"And there, I regret to say, the statistical expert's feelings so overcame him that he kissed her. And Mrs. Dallas murmured, 'George—dear.' He kissed her again, and shortly afterward Mrs. Dallas agreed to become Mrs. Hounslow. And then, because Mr. Hounslow was a Public Man and had duty dances with the wives of other Public Men, he left her. She wouldn't come in for a while, she said: she would sit and dream. Even as the man called Brown was sitting and dreaming, many moons away up the White Nile.

"It was the chance I had been waiting for, and I stepped into the summerhouse. She gave a little cry, as I bowed deeply before her.

"'Who are you? What do you want?' she asked.

"'My name is Ibrahim, lady,' I said, 'and I bring you a message. It is from an Englishman, and it is as follows: Jack is waiting. It is quite safe.'

"I thought she was going to faint. In the semi-darkness I could see that every vestige of color had left her face, and her breath was coming in great gasps.

"'But it isn't true,' she muttered after a time. 'It can't be true, I tell you. Jack is dead; I know he's dead.'

"'He is waiting for you,' I went on impassively. 'And he told me to impress on you that there was no danger.'

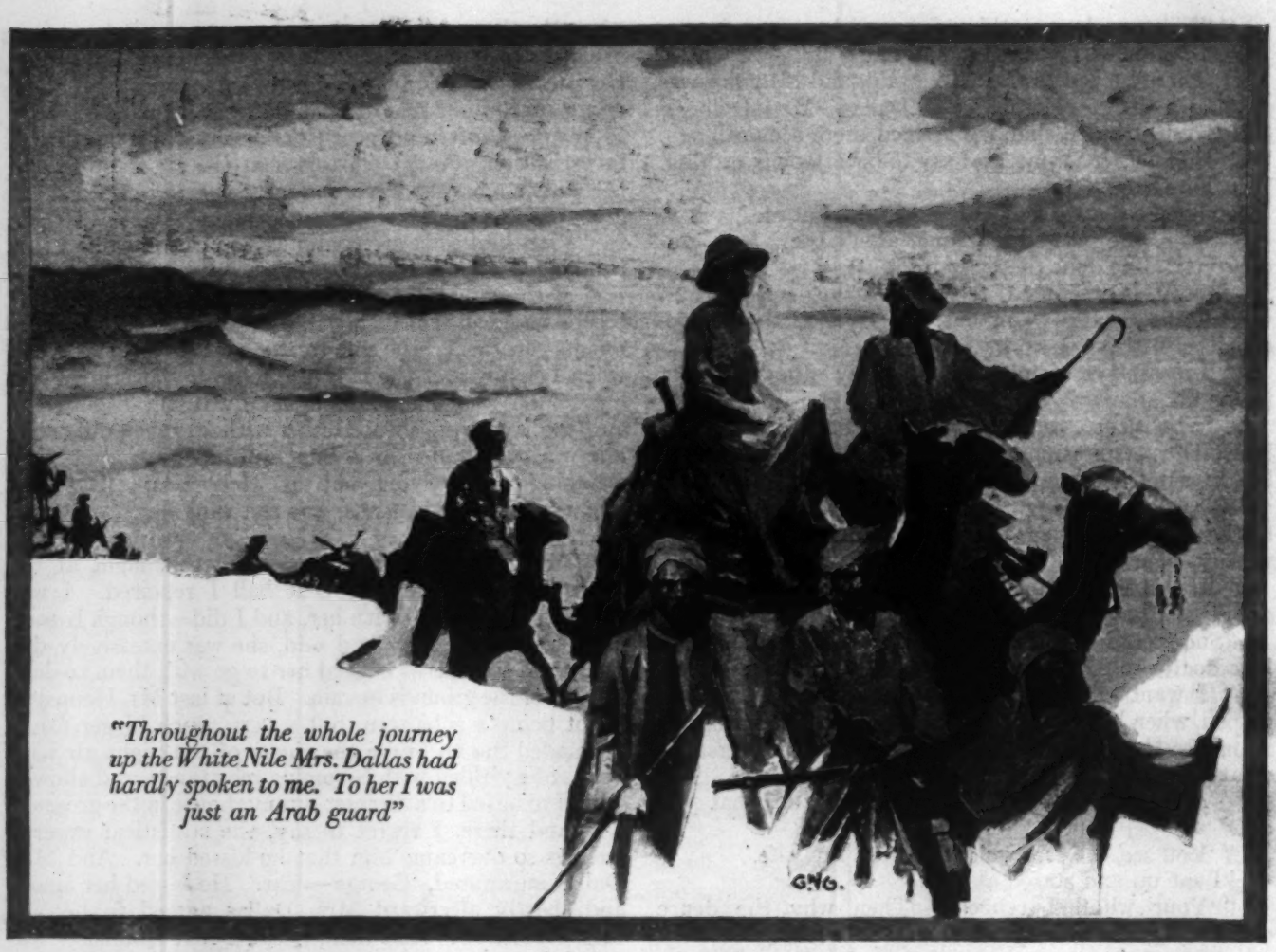
"'Where is he?' she cried. 'Tell me where he is.' She was clutching my arm feverishly.

"'Many days' march up the White Nile,' I answered gravely. 'You will go to him?'

"'But don't you see it's impossible!' she almost screamed.

"And then what little pity I had for her went. As long as she had believed that her husband was dead—and, to do the woman justice, I have no doubt that she really had believed it—I had nothing to say on the matter. The mere fact that I fully shared Toby Bretherton's opinion of her was beside the point: we don't all think alike. But now the thing was on a different footing altogether.

"'Why is it impossible for a woman to go to her husband?' I demanded.



"Throughout the whole journey up the White Nile Mrs. Dallas had hardly spoken to me. To her I was just an Arab guard"

"She literally sprang at me. 'You're not to say that!' she exclaimed. 'You're not to mention that word, do you understand?'

" 'It is the truth,' I answered, and she began pacing up and down like a caged tigress.

" 'How am I to get to him?' she asked, snatching at the straw.

"But I wasn't going to let her off that way.

" 'I will take you to him,' I told her.

"THERE came the sound of approaching footsteps, and she seized my arm.

" 'Where can I see you again?' she whispered. 'I must have time to think.'

"I arranged a meeting place out beyond Mana House for the following day, and then I disappeared to make room for dear George."

Jim smiled a little grimly.

"I don't profess to know what she said to him, or how she accounted for her sudden determination to go up the White Nile. As I said before, she was a rotten woman and she was an unscrupulous woman—but she certainly was not a fool. And whatever may have been the secret which had caused the man called Brown to bury himself—at the time, of course, I didn't know it—his charming wife was not unacquainted with the law on bigamy. She had to go, and she knew it; and she had to go without arousing dear George's suspicions. She certainly succeeded. The poor boob was eating out of her hand when I met them near the Sphinx on the following day.

"It appeared that Toby Bretherton had been consulted as to my reliability, and I smiled inwardly as I wondered what he had thought about the matter. But, true to the instincts of all those who play the Game, he had not given me away. And to Mr. George Hounslow and his fiancée I was still Ibrahim—a thoroughly reliable Arab.

"The next day we started by train for Khartum. There I got the necessary boys and a fortnight later we came to the place where the man called Brown was awaiting his wife. Throughout the whole journey she had hardly spoken to me save to ask how much farther it was. To her I was just an Arab guide, and when we arrived that was all I was to the man. I don't think he even recognized me; he had eyes for no one but his wife. She—this wonderful woman—had not failed him! His dreams had come true. And with his arms outstretched he went to her, heedless of every one else.

" 'Oh, my dear, I can hardly believe that it's true!' I heard him say."

Jim paused for a moment, then he went on very gravely:

"HAVE you ever seen a dog jump up suddenly to welcome his master, and get a biff over the head for his pains? Ever seen a child run up to kiss some one and get rebuffed? Of course you have. And you've seen the light—the love-light die out of their eyes. Just so did the light die out of the eyes of the man who called himself Brown. You'd have thought that she might have acted a bit—Heaven knows, she was a good enough actress when it suited her book. You'd have thought that she might have had the common decency to pretend she was glad to see the poor devil, even if her plans *had* been knocked on the head. But I suppose it wasn't worth her while to act in front of a bunch of Arabs.

" 'What on earth have you done this for?' she snapped at him. 'They told me you were dead a year ago.'

"There was no mistaking her tone of voice, and the

man called Brown looked as if some one had hit him.

"'But, my dear,' he stammered, and then suddenly he began to cough. A dreadful, tearing cough that shook him from head to foot; a cough that stained his handkerchief with scarlet. And into the eyes of the woman there came a look of shrinking fear, which was replaced almost at once by something very different. Her husband, doubled up in the paroxysm, saw nothing—and a bunch of natives didn't count. Hope, triumph, the way out, replaced fear in her eyes. She knew the poor brute who had been waiting for her for four years was dying. Her path was clear—or would be very soon.

"'JACK—you're ill!' she said solicitously, as the attack spent itself, and he looked pathetically grateful for the change of tone. He snatched at it—the one crumb of comfort he'd had, and, putting his hand through her arm, he led her toward his bungalow. He didn't see the hand away from him clench convulsively; he didn't sense the strained tension of her whole body as she tried not to let him draw her too close; he didn't notice the horror that had come into her eyes again."

Jim laughed savagely.

"'Was it possible to do too much for the sick and suffering?'" he mimicked. "Great heavens! Dick, I tell you that woman was wild with terror at the thought of getting infected herself. She knew it was consumption—no one could help knowing it. And, as I say, the soul of the philanthropic lady who opened our hospital this afternoon was sick with fear.

"Then they disappeared—she and the man called Brown. What happened at that interview I cannot tell you, but it lasted about an hour. And then she came out of the bungalow alone, and walked toward me.

"'Ibrahim,' she said, 'we will start back tomorrow.'

"Then she went to her tent, which the boys had just erected. I waited till she had disappeared, then I walked across to the bungalow. The man sitting there seemed suddenly to have grown old, and he stared at me for a while uncomprehendingly. Then he recognized me, and his shoulders shook a little.

"'Thank you for all you've done,' he said tonelessly. 'I'm sorry to have troubled you uselessly.'

"'Why uselessly?' I asked.

"'It would have been better if I had let her think I was dead,' he went on. 'I *shall* be pretty soon. I realize now that I was asking too much of any woman. It's exposing her to too great a risk; it was selfish of me—selfish. But you see it was for her sake that I defrauded the firm I was employed with in London of several thousand pounds, and I thought, somehow, that——' He broke off, and buried his face in his hands. 'Jove, Maitland—what that woman has meant to me these four years! I got away—out of the country; I buried myself here. And I used to picture the time when she would join me. When I saw her arrive today, I thought I'd go mad with joy.' He raised his head and stared at me somberly. 'Of course I ought to have known better——'

"'And what does Mrs. Dallas propose?' I inquired.

"He looked at me with a strange smile. 'She proposes to join me,' he remarked quietly, 'as soon as I am well again—in some other country, under some other name. So, if you would be good enough to escort her back to Cairo tomorrow, we will await that happy day.'

"I looked at him quickly, but his face was inscrutable.

"'There comes a time, my friend,' he went on, 'when one ceases to see through a glass darkly.'

"And that time had come to the man called Brown. At the moment I didn't realize the full meaning to him of the quotation—later I did. For I hadn't gone ten steps from his bungalow when I heard the crack of a revolver in the room behind me. It's not much good waiting to die of consumption in the back of beyond, when the woman you've built your life on turns out to be rotten to the core.

"I took her to see him," went on Jim after a while. "I dragged her there—whimpering; and I held her there while she looked on the man who had blown his brains out. She stood it for about five seconds. Then she fainted."

Jim Maitland gave a short laugh.

"That is very near the end of the story—but not quite. I have sometimes wondered whether I would have told Hounslow if I hadn't gone down with fever at Khartum. If I'd gone straight back to Cairo with her—well, I might have, and I might not. The situation, in parliamentary parlance, did not arise. It only arose considerably later when Ibrahim the Arab emerged from the hospital in European clothes, with eyeglass complete. Astonishing how quickly the color fades away when you're indoors; astonishing how an eyeglass alters a man! So Ibrahim went in with fever, and yours very truly came out—a little sunburned, perhaps, but otherwise much as usual—and hurried to Cairo.

"I went to see Toby Bretherton as soon as I arrived, and the first thing he said to me was, 'Pity you had your trip in vain, old man.'

"I grunted noncommittally.

"'Dashed plucky thing on her part, going off to see her brother like that.'

"'Dashed plucky!' I agreed.

"'And then to find he'd blown his brains out! Bad show. Glad you were there, Jim. By the same token—you kept your identity pretty dark. She has no idea who you are. Why not dine with me tonight, and I'll ask her and Hounslow. She's going tomorrow. It will be rather interesting to see if she recognizes you.'

"'It undoubtedly will,' I remarked. 'Eight o'clock?'

"SHE didn't recognize me. As I say, a boiled shirt and an eyeglass alter a man. But she was very charming and very sweet, and quite delightfully modest when Hounslow told me of her trip at great length.

"'It was nothing,' she said. Ibrahim—the wonderful Ibrahim had made everything easy. And she would rather not talk about it—it was all too horrible.

"'I do hope he's better, Major Bretherton,' she said gently. 'He looked so ill when he went into the hospital at Khartum. If only I wasn't going tomorrow, I would so like to have thanked him again.'

"Toby Bretherton smiled. 'You can thank him tonight, Mrs. Dallas,' he remarked.

"She gave a little gasp and stared at him.

"'You surely don't suppose, do you,' he went on 'that I would ever have allowed you—ignorant of the country as you are—to go on a long trip like that alone with an Arab?'

"His smile expanded; it really was a jolly good joke. It was such a good joke, in fact, that her tortoise-shell cigarette holder snapped in two in her hand.

"'There is your Ibrahim.' He waved his hand at me.

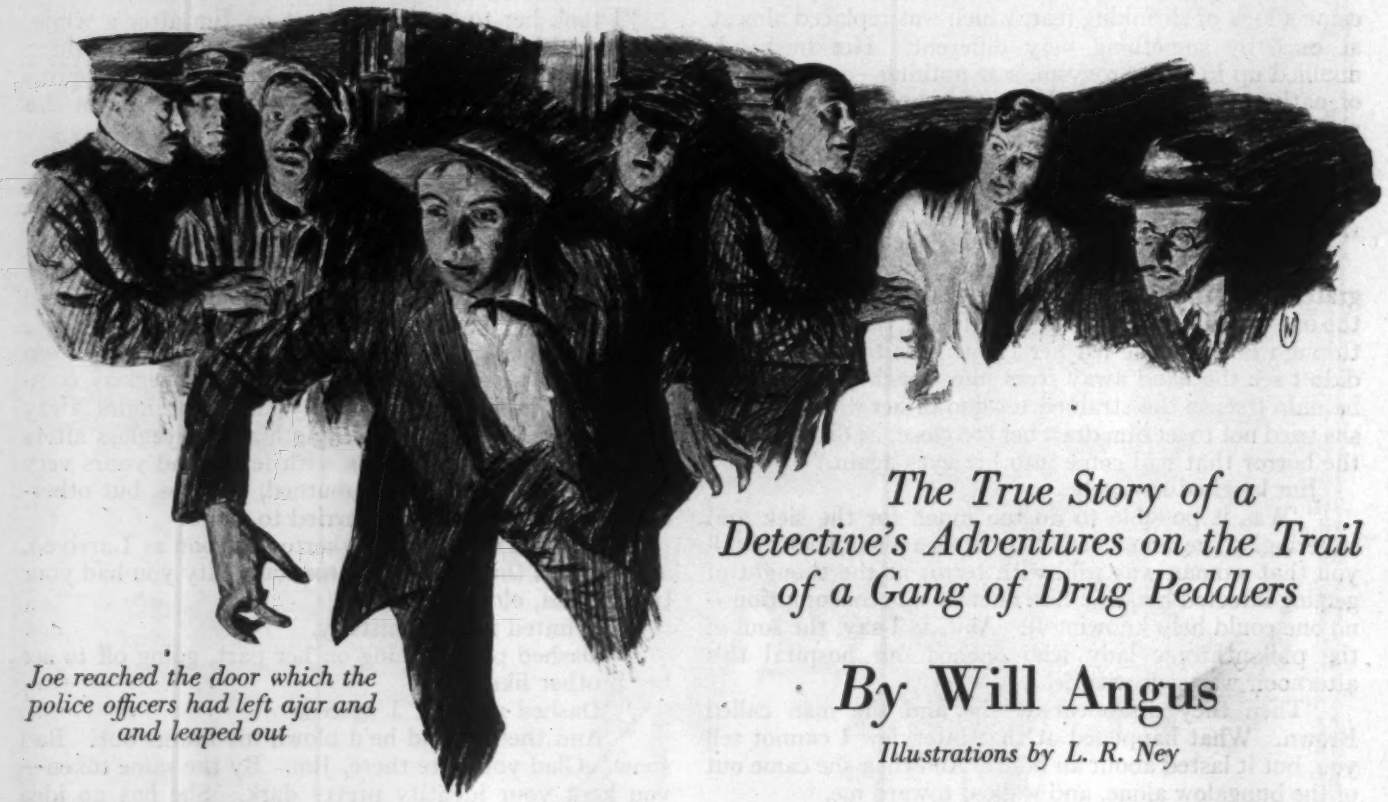
"As a situation it had its dramatic possibilities, you'll admit, and I've sometimes wondered how one would have ended it if one had been writing a story. The actual truth was almost banal. George had turned to speak to a man passing the table; Toby was giving an order to the waiter. She leaned toward me and spoke.

"'What are you going to do?' she whispered.

"And my answer was—'George is waiting. It is quite safe. And may God help George!'

"I haven't seen her from that day till this afternoon."

The Intercepted Message



Joe reached the door which the police officers had left ajar and and leaped out

The True Story of a Detective's Adventures on the Trail of a Gang of Drug Peddlers

By Will Angus

Illustrations by L. R. Ney

CARSON smoothed out the bank notes which the Western Union clerk had just handed over to him, tucked them in a bill-fold and thrust the wallet in his hip pocket. It was "evidence money" that the Department had wired him for use in making "buys" from dope peddlers.

"Careless habit for a man of your vocation—toting money around in your hip pocket," remarked the clerk, with the liberty of an old friend. "You'd make easy pickings for a dip!"

Carson grinned indulgently. "Say, kid," he retorted, "if a dip ever woke up and found himself in Waynesboro, he'd beg the police to lock him up till his mother could come after him!"

Not waiting for the anticipated repartee, the narcotic inspector turned to leave the office, when a dark-skinned man of slightly less than medium build stepped in, walked up to the counter and began to write a message. Something in the stranger's manner impelled Carson to pause instinctively on his way out of the office. Stopping before a map that hung on the wall, he furtively watched the man out of the corner of his eye.

He was unmistakably Italian, apparently about thirty, with jet-black hair and eyes, and intelligent features. He was neatly dressed in a light gray suit and wore a light cap and spats. While Carson, more from habit than motive, was mentally registering the stranger's features he had a fleeting "hunch" that he had seen him before—not in the ordinary course of observation, but in connection with some particular circumstance. However, his life was so filled with strange faces and uncommon situations that he would have dismissed the matter from his mind had the clerk not called him back to the counter when the man left.

"I'm breaking the rules," he said, as he handed the telegram to Carson, "but I think you should see this."

Carson took the proffered message and read it silently.

Then, handing it back to the clerk, Carson leaned his elbows on the counter and dropped his chin in his hands while he racked his brains in the effort to recall where or when he had seen that man's face before. The translation of the message was easy to one of his experience with dope traffickers. What he had read was:

CARLOS MONFREDO,
1304 WILLOW ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rush fifty muslin, twenty calico, express.

JOE.

And Carson knew that this was merely an underworld code for fifty ounces of morphine and twenty of cocaine. "Joe" might have used any other misleading term in place of "muslin" or "calico" with the same effect. The character of the message was sufficient.

AN ELUSIVE MEMORY

CARSON groped diligently in his memory for the elusive incident that would connect up with this fellow Joe, but without success. The clatter of the telegraph instruments and other office noises confused him. He decided to seek the quiet of his room where he could think clearly.

He made his way up the street toward his hotel, dropping into a cigar store for a package of cigarettes. While he was standing at the counter two men entered and passed through to the pool room in the rear. They were talking as they passed and did not notice him. One of them was "Baldy" Thomas, a ne'er-do-well young scapegrace of the town whom Carson had kept under surveillance for some time, under the suspicion that he was peddling dope. The other was the man who had sent the message a few minutes before.

Carson's first impulse was to loiter around in the pool room for a while and keep an eye on the two suspects; but deciding it would be wiser, for the present, to keep out of sight of them as much as possible, he proceeded to his room, where he resumed his effort to locate the Italian. But he could not place the fellow; yet the more he reviewed the dark features of the stranger the stronger became the conviction that he had seen him somewhere, connected in some manner with a criminal act.

Carson Identifies the Italian

MECHANICALLY he opened his brief case and drew out a large Manila envelope marked: "For Investigation and Apprehension." The contents consisted of letters received from time to time from the Department describing suspects, fugitives from justice and criminals of both sexes who were wanted for various offenses, particularly the illicit traffic in drugs.

He went through the file in a rather purposeless manner, briefly examining each communication and returning it to the envelope. Suddenly he paused. One of the letters still remained in the envelope just as it was received some two or three months before, and, in pulling it out, an unmounted photograph dropped from it and fell, face up, in his lap. It was the Italian—Joe!

This, then, was where he had seen the man.

Having solved the problem of identity, Carson proceeded to "rub up" on his history. One of the letters was from the Department, dated Washington, March 11, 1920, and read as follows:

This office is in receipt of information from the Narcotic Agent in Charge, Philadelphia, Pa., that an Italian, giving the name of Joe Parambelos, was arrested November 14, 1919, and arraigned before the United States Commissioner for violation of the Harrison Anti-narcotic Act in having in his possession for purpose of sale fifty-two ounces of morphine sulphate. He was released under bond of three thousand dollars. When his case was called at the December term of Federal Court he failed to appear.

From the attached correspondence just received from the U. S. District Attorney at Louisville, Ky., it appears that this party is charged with a series of criminal offenses and is at the present time a fugitive from justice.

In this connection you are requested to lend any assistance you can with a view to the apprehension of this criminal and in the event he is located to communicate the fact to the district attorney at Louisville and to this office. Photograph of Parambelos and copy of the letter above referred to are inclosed herewith.

The letter from the district attorney was attached. It was dated at Louisville, Ky., November 8, 1919, and read:

There is pending in the United States District Court, for the Western District of Kentucky, an indictment against Joseph Parambelos—with numerous aliases—alleging violation of the Harrison Anti-narcotic Act, on or about September 27, 1919, at Lexington, Ky.

The defendant had in his possession when arrested four packages, each containing five ounces of morphine sulphate. He escaped from the prison at Lexington while being held for trial at the February term of Federal Court and is now a fugitive from justice.

The police records show that he has served prison sentences in the Reformatory at Rochester, N. Y., the New York State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., and the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, for grand larceny, burglary, highway robbery, etc.

He was employed as driver of a mail truck at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the alias of Joseph Parrema, from May 1, 1918, to July 11, 1918, and is wanted there for theft of a registered mail pouch containing thirty-five thousand dollars in currency.

He is wanted at Chicago, Ill., for burglary; at Buffalo, N. Y., for larceny and burglary and at Toledo, Ohio, for highway robbery.

He is accompanied by a young, good-looking woman with light hair and blue eyes, of medium build, who is a drug addict and also has a criminal record. They pass as man and wife.

Parambelos is an Italian, thirty-one years of age, height five feet six inches, weight 135 pounds, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, small build, no marks, dresses neatly.

He is a dangerous man to have at large. Several cities are offering rewards for his capture. It is believed that he is now engaged in the illicit traffic of narcotic drugs.

Instruct your officers to be on the lookout for him and if found arrest him and wire this office.

Carson returned the papers to the brief case and sat for a long time gazing thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he looked at his watch. It was nearly four o'clock. Leaving the hotel, he proceeded to the express office and had a talk with the manager. When he left there was a definite understanding between them.

Then he continued his leisurely walk down the street. He came at length to the Union Station, where he leaned against a column under the shed, watching the passengers getting on and off a train that had just pulled in. A young woman, with light hair and blue eyes, becomingly dressed and carrying a brown handbag, paused as she was passing him.

"Where is the taxi stand, please?" she inquired.

"Go through the station, madam—taxis are on the other side," directed the inspector politely. His eyes followed her until she disappeared through the station entrance and became lost in the crowd. As he turned again toward the fast-thinning group around the train, he noticed a man elbowing his way through the crowd and hurriedly scanning the faces of those he passed, as if looking for some one. He stood a moment on the outer rim of the crowd, swept his eyes around in a final survey of the faces, then turned toward the station. As he passed through the entrance Carson was only a few paces behind him. It was the Italian.

They emerged on the opposite side just as the woman who had spoken to Carson was entering a taxicab. Joe reached the curb before the car started, jumped in, and they drove off.

The Gang's Lair is Discovered

CARSON watched them out of sight, then turned back into the waiting room and took a seat. He was awaiting the return of the driver—Mike Potter, a reliable young fellow whom he had employed often in the capacity of chauffeur.

An hour passed. Dark had fallen and Carson was getting impatient. He walked to the door every few minutes, glanced across at the taxi stand, and resumed his seat. At last he saw Mike's car drive up and park in its accustomed space. He crossed over, crawled up on

DRUG peddlers are plying an underground trade in many communities. Procuring drugs through many ingenious avenues of supply, they are selling to confirmed addicts and corrupting new victims. When trapped by detectives they often become outright desperadoes.

As the drug problem becomes increasingly grave in the nation, the work of the government narcotic squad grows more thrilling. It is an endless detective drama of real life.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE publishes this month the first of several narratives by a former member of the government narcotic squad, describing his actual experience in trailing drug peddlers. He writes, in self-protection, under an assumed name, and has changed the names of other characters and places. But his stories are of actual facts never before disclosed in detail to the public.

the seat beside Mike, and, lighting a cigarette, made himself comfortable.

"Who was the jane, buddy?" he asked.

"Never saw her before," Mike replied.

"How about the man?"

"He's been hangin' around here two or three weeks."

"What does he do?"

"Peddles women's togs."

"Where'd you take 'em tonight?"

"To the 'round house'."

Carson straightened up. "The 'round house'! You're spoofing, kid. That place isn't habitable—hasn't been occupied in years!"

"It's occupied now, all right enough—by a bunch o' Italians an' a negro—an' I guess this skirt has arrived to preside over the cul'nery department," chuckled Mike.

"How did you learn all this?" Carson asked.

"From little scraps I picked up on the way out an' usin' my eyes an' ears after I got there," Mike replied.

"Good boy!" said the inspector.

The "round house" was an old, dilapidated structure on the river shore about a mile from the town. It was a relic of ante-bellum days and had once been a fine old place, the ancestral home of an old, aristocratic family. But now there were only a few acres left on which stood the old shell of former grandeur. The present owner, the last of the heirs, had moved away years before and the house had not been occupied since. The main part of the building was octagon-shaped—hence the local appellation, "round house."

Carson had visited the place merely from curiosity about a year before and explored its numerous rooms from cellar to attic. It had been deserted so long and was so dismal and eerie-looking that the native population shunned it and the superstitious spoke of it as being haunted.

"How many are quartered out there, Mike?" he asked presently.

"Five—since the woman blew in," Mike replied. "Three Italians, a darky and the skirt."

"What do the other Italians and the negro do?"

"Nothin'—as I know of. I think the negro's just a handy man around the joint. One o' the men—bigger 'n this little fellow I took out tonight—drives a Cadillac round consider'ble—p'tends to run it as a taxi. But it's my opinion he's up to some deviltry—bootleggin' more 'n apt."

"Well," said Carson, as he was getting out of the car, "keep your eyes open, old top, and if you see anything suspicious—tip me off."

"I got you," nodded Mike.

Carson Finds Another Clew

WHEN Carson arrived at his room he sat until a late hour studying the situation and formulating his plans. There was no doubt in his mind as to the nature of their "business." They were a migratory gang of dope peddlers and he wanted the whole "outfit." In order to get them, he knew he must proceed with the utmost caution, for Joe was an old bird and would take flight at the slightest false move.

While he waited for the dope that Joe had wired for to arrive at the express office Carson kept his eyes open, as he had instructed Mike to do. On Thursday morning, as he stepped out of a café after breakfast, Joe passed him on his way up the street. This was the first glimpse he had had of the Italian since Tuesday night when he had driven off from the station with the woman. Dropping behind, Carson "tailed" him at a safe distance. Turning a corner, Joe continued down the intersecting street and entered a garage about midway down the block. Carson crossed the street and stepped into a drug store immediately opposite the garage, where he watched through the window until Joe emerged and again proceeded down the street.

When he was out of sight, the inspector crossed over and entered the garage. The bookkeeper there—a man named Simpson—was a drug addict. He suffered with chronic rheumatism and a local physician had assured Carson that his condition was incurable. The regulations promulgated under the Harrison Act provide that an addict who is suffering from a chronic or incurable disease may, under the personal supervision of a responsible physician, be allowed the minimum quantity of a narcotic drug which, in the physician's opinion, is necessary to allay pain or sustain life.

Simpson Tells His Story

CARSON had investigated this man's case just two weeks before, and, believing it to be a justifiable one, had arranged with a physician to take him under his care and furnish him with the amount of morphine necessary to keep him comfortable. Now it appeared that Simpson was supplementing his legal supply with surreptitious purchases from drug peddlers, which was forbidden under the arrangement provided for him.

Carson now resolved to make this occasion work to his advantage. Entering the garage, he walked straight up to Simpson who was standing at a high desk. He was a thin, pale, nervous man of about thirty whose manhood had been destroyed by the continued use of drugs. As Carson strode in with an angry scowl—affected for the occasion—Simpson's startled expression betrayed his guilt.

"Good morning, Mr. Carson," he ventured in a timid, whining voice.

"Good morning," truculently grunted the inspector. Reaching the desk, Carson unceremoniously pulled open a shallow drawer under the top. Lying in plain view on top of some papers was a small, oblong package wrapped in a piece of newspaper and secured with a rubber band. When he removed the wrapper an ordinary druggist's powder box of about one-ounce capacity was revealed. Placing the box on the desk, Carson removed the lid. The box was level full of tiny cubes of morphine.

Carson was overstepping his authority in searching without a warrant, but there are times when a bluff is necessary and he was so certain of the outcome in this instance that he did not hesitate to bluff. Turning to the cringing man, who had not uttered a word of protest, but appeared ready to collapse from fright, Carson demanded sternly:

"You know what this means for you, don't you?"

"Y-yes," stammered the man. Then he began to plead hysterically. His wife and child—his job—— It would ruin him if his boss found out——

Though this poor wreck had actually violated the law in having in his possession a narcotic drug, illegally obtained, ordinarily, in the absence of criminal intent, Carson would have ignored the technical infraction and admonished the offender against repetition. But in this instance there was an object to achieve and for the present he must temporarily stifle his real inclination.

"Where did you get this—from that Italian I saw in here a minute ago?" he now asked, sternly.

Simpson still exhibited symptoms of fear and distress, but in spite of that he attempted to evade the question. Carson, however, promptly checked him.

"Talk straight to me, Simpson," he warned, with a threatening look. "I've got you dead to rights and I

won't bandy words with you a second. It's my duty to put you in jail without any fuss about it; but I'll give you one chance and if you attempt to string me—you won't get another!"

Simpson evidently realized that he couldn't trifle with the inspector, for he said, promptly:

"I'll tell you everything I know, Mr. Carson."

"Get busy then. Did you get the dope from the Italian?"

"Yes," he mumbled.

Just then the proprietor of the garage entered. Not wishing to expose Simpson and thereby jeopardize his job, Carson slipped the box of dope in his pocket and in an undertone instructed the addict to come to his room after office hours. Simpson nodded assent and the inspector took his leave.

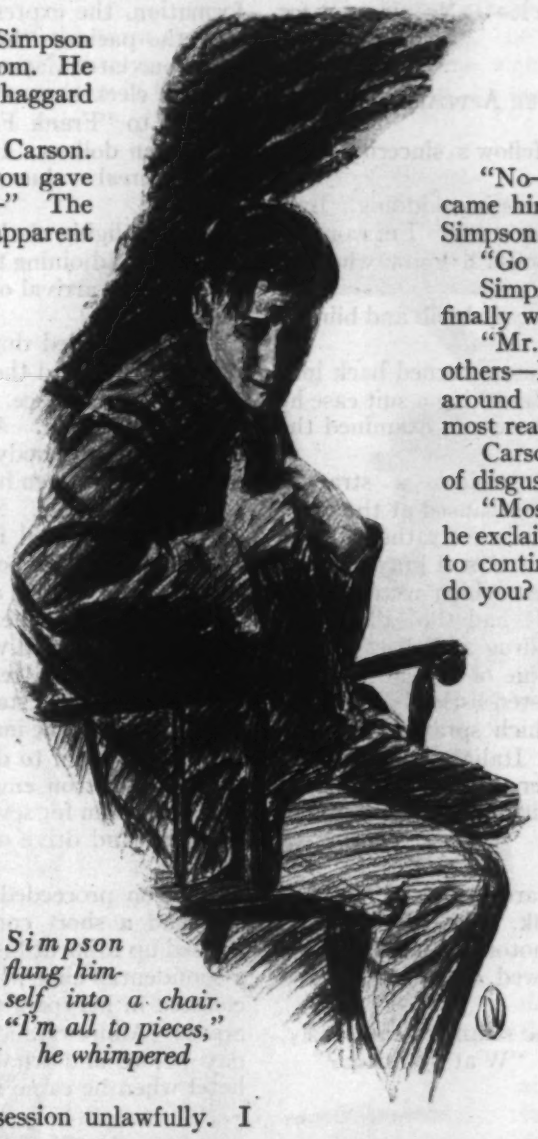
A few minutes after six Simpson knocked at the door of Carson's room. He flung himself into a chair, looking haggard and spent.

"What's the matter?" asked Carson.

"I'm all to pieces—that jolt you gave me this morning—my nerves——" The man paused irresolutely, then in apparent desperation continued: "Mr. Carson—er—w-won't you please give me th—er—just one shot out of that you—er—took from me?" Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His face was drawn and he appeared to be suffering intensely.

Carson knew these poor slaves of the hellish drug like a book. He knew when to humor them and when to be tyrannical. Just now he wanted this man's help and he held the means of procuring it—in the little pasteboard box in his pocket.

"Simpson," he said, coolly contemplating the trembling wretch before him. "I'm not going to give your dope back to you. You are not entitled to it. You are under promise to me, to the Government and to the doctor, to limit yourself to the amount prescribed for you. You have broken your promise and forfeited your right to any further consideration, and furthermore you have laid yourself liable to criminal prosecution for having dope in your possession unlawfully. I ought to put you in jail."



Simpson flung himself into a chair. "I'm all to pieces," he whimpered

"Mr. Carson—" Simpson began, shaking with fear.

"Hold on!" snapped Carson. "I'm not going to lock you up—just yet. I am going to give you a chance, as I told you this morning. If you play fair with me, I'll see that you get a square deal. If you try to fool me—you'd better wish the wolves had stolen you from your cradle!"

Carson's ferocious look amply supported his threat.

"I'll do anything in my power for you, Mr. Carson," Simpson whimpered. "You've been mighty kind to me—making it easy for me with the doctor and——"

"All right—here," Carson interrupted and drew the box of dope from his pocket. Simpson's countenance brightened perceptibly.

"How much do you take at a shot?" asked the inspector, as he lifted the lid of the box and exposed the fascinating little white cubes to Simpson's hungry gaze.

"Why—er—it'll take about eight cubes—nervous as I am now," he suggested eagerly.

"Hold out your hand," ordered Carson and shook eight of the tiny cubes into Simpson's trembling palm. A few moments afterward the drug began to manifest its palliative effect. Carson waited for Simpson to arrive at the talkative stage, then cautiously began to lead him toward the subject of his quest.

"How long have you been buying junk from the Italian?" he asked.

"Oh, not long—about ten days, I guess," replied the addict.

"How did you run in with him?"

"He looked me up—he had my name on his list."

"Does he always bring it himself?"

"No—this was the first time he ever came himself. I got it before from——" Simpson paused abruptly.

"Go on," urged Carson.

Simpson squirmed, stammered, and finally whined:

"Mr. Carson, I'll squawk on any of the others—I can get it from a dozen places around town—but these fellows are the most reasonable in their prices——"

Carson rose impatiently, with a gesture of disgust.

"Most reasonable in their prices, eh?" he exclaimed sarcastically. "So you intend to continue sneaking it from the outside, do you? There's just one way to handle you. Let's go!"

He turned toward the door. Simpson rose feverishly and caught his sleeve.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Carson," he implored. "I'll tell you—everything!"

Carson resumed his seat with apparent reluctance.

"Show some speed, then," he growled.

"Well, sir," Simpson began, "I got it from another Italian."

"Same gang?"

"Yes."

"Go on — talk fast," prompted the inspector.

"Well, there's five—counting a woman who joined them the other day. Three Italians, a negro and the woman. Good looker, too, she is. They've got a Cadillac—nearly new—and they sell it mostly out of the car."

"Go on."

"Well, there's always a line of cars for hire parked out in the street in front of this hotel, you know."

"Yes"

"Well, you just get in this Cadillac—one of the Italians always drives it—and he takes you around a block or two and slips the junk to you and you pay him. Then he puts you out and drives back to his stand."

"Where does he keep it—on his person or hidden in the car?"

"In the pocket of the door by the steering wheel."

"Does he always have plenty of it?" Carson asked.

"Never saw him without it."

"How does he get it?"

"Oh, express, parcel post and—underground. Got a bunch that way the other day."

"How?"

"The woman brought it."

Carson's mind reverted to the brown handbag carried by the woman he had seen at the station. Suddenly he bent his gaze searchingly on Simpson and his words whipped out like the crack of a lash as he asked:

"Simpson, *are you in collusion with this gang?*"

For a moment Simpson was speechless with astonishment; then he blurted out:

"No, man—*no!* It's bad enough, Heaven knows, to use the cursed stuff; but to peddle it——No, sir—not for a million dollars!"

A Mysterious Stranger Appears

CARSON, convinced of the fellow's sincerity, said lightly:

"That's all right, Simpson. I was just kidding. But, say—you want to keep mum—understand? I'm working the case and if they get tipped off I'll know where it came from."

"You needn't worry, sir. I'm deaf, dumb and blind," the man assured him earnestly.

Simpson took his leave and Carson turned back into the room with a satisfied smile. Unlocking a suit case he took out a small leather-covered case and examined the contents. It was his make-up box.

Next morning about eleven o'clock a stranger emerged from the Kenton Hotel and paused at the curb. He wore a drab, ill-fitting suit that lent a rather hollow, attenuated appearance to his form. A soft gray hat was pulled slightly down over his eyes, which were shaded with a pair of amber glasses. He had the sallow face and bloodless lips of a confirmed drug addict.

As his eyes slowly swept the line of taxicabs parked in the middle of the street they rested listlessly on a new Cadillac, on the front seat of which sprawled a dark-skinned man who looked like an Italian. Making his way across to this car, the stranger climbed in and took his seat by the driver, who rose with alacrity and asked, in bad English:

"W'ere you wan' go?"

"Why—up Center Street—toward the park," drawled the stranger, with a significant wink. The driver nodded understandingly and started his motor. When they had driven a couple of blocks he slowed down and looked questioningly at his fare.

"Anything doin'?" inquired the stranger, cautiously.

"Yep," came the ready reply. "W'at you wan'?"

"Snow."

"How much?"

"Depends on your price."

The driver reached in his pocket and drew out a small bottle containing ten grams of the crystalline powder. He held it toward the stranger.

"Feefty dol'," he stipulated briefly.

The stranger's face fell and he shook his head gloomily. Then he produced a Manila pay envelope which he tore open, displaying three ten-dollar bank notes. "That's all I've got—till tomorrow night, and I gotta pay five dollars room rent out o' that," he wheedled.

"That leave twenty-fi'——" The driver broke off, then with affected reluctance he grunted: "A' right—but dat too leetle. You haf to pay mo' nex' tam—see?" Stuffing the bills in his pocket, he turned the next corner and headed back in the direction of his stand. Within a block of it he stopped to let his passenger out. As the stranger rose, he asked:

"You got plenty o' junk, bo—all the time?"

The driver observed him a moment, as if appraising his financial possibilities, then replied rather indifferently:

"Yeh—much as *you* wan' I spec'."

"I might want a bunch of it—for a friend, see? Plenty o' dough," the stranger insinuated. The Italian caught the allusion and his expression changed.

"Oh, yeh," he nodded, with sudden interest. "Plan-ty—all time. Jus' come to da car!" Then, waving a friendly farewell, he drove off.

The stranger slowly made his way to his room at the hotel, where he became again the crafty and resourceful narcotic agent. Just after he had completed the transformation, the express agent telephoned to inform him that the package they were expecting had arrived. A half hour later Carson was at the express office.

The clerk showed him the package, which was addressed to "Frank Ferrari." The valuation placed on it was ten dollars. If it contained the dope ordered by Joe, its real value should be around three thousand dollars!

The obliging clerk placed a comfortable chair in the stockroom adjoining the office, and Carson seated himself to await the arrival of Joe, or whoever might call for the package.

No one called during the afternoon. The next day was Saturday and the inspector was at his post with the opening of the office. He sat patiently waiting throughout the long day. At a quarter to six Carson rose to stretch his tired body preparatory to leaving—the office closed at six—when he heard a voice addressing the clerk in broken English. Stepping to a small aperture in the wall that was used for a peephole when the clerk was back in the stockroom, he raised the slide cautiously. He could not repress a slight thrill of elation as he beheld Joe standing at the counter. He had just paid the express charges and was placing the package in a brown handbag. Carson recognized it as the one the woman had carried at the station.

He checked the impulse to arrest the man on the spot, and allowed him to depart unchallenged. When he left the office Carson emerged a short distance behind him and tailed him for several blocks until he saw him enter a Ford car and drive off. Obviously the car was waiting for him.

Carson proceeded immediately to the police station and had a short conference with the chief. He then hunted up Mike at his stand down by the station and had a confidential chat with him. A few minutes later he was closeted in his room with two associates of the Narcotic Squad—Andrews and Tucker—whom he had wired the day before and who were waiting in the lobby of the hotel when he came in.

A Ride to the "Round House"

AT nine o'clock that night our whilom friend with the drab suit and melancholy countenance stood again at the curb in front of the hotel, gazing listlessly at the row of taxicabs parked in the middle of the street. The space occupied that morning by the Cadillac was vacant. The stranger waited patiently for probably ten minutes when the car came into sight around the corner and parked in the vacant space. Then he crossed over, greeted the driver familiarly, and got up beside him. Without questioning him this time, the driver backed out and started up the street. When they had driven a couple of blocks he asked:

"Wa't yeh wan' dees time?"

"How much stuff you got on hand tonight?" queried the stranger.

"Oh, fo'—five ounce," replied the driver indifferently, remembering the stranger's lack of funds.

"Not enough," returned the supposed "snow-bird," with a pompous air. "I want twenty ounces o' snow and ten of 'M'."

"You got da mon'?" asked the Italian a bit dubiously.

For answer, Carson produced a roll of bills and held it under the light on the instrument board. At sight of this display of the "long green" the Italian's attitude changed perceptibly. He raised the flap of the door pocket and drew out six ounce bottles of cocaine, and three of morphine.

"Dat enough?" he asked. "I get mo'—plan-ty—tomor'."

They had reached the outskirts of the town and the city street had evolved into the county highway. Carson managed to steal a look through the window in the back and saw the dim glow of headlights on the road behind them.

"I thought you had plenty," he grumbled. "I want it tonight."

The Italian eyed him a moment, then said:

"I get mo'—all you wan'. You go wit' me?"

"How far?" asked the "passenger" doubtfully.

"Oh, jus' li'l way—out dis road."

"Bring me right back?"

"Yah—few minute."

"Let's go, then," Carson acquiesced and settled back in the seat. The speed was increased and they drove in silence for nearly a mile. Then they turned off into a straggling, bumpy road that skirted a fringe of woods on the edge of a field. Following this road a few hundred yards, they came to a stop in the shadow of a large, octagon-shaped building that appeared to loom up suddenly out of the darkness. Carson peered out and asked in feigned surprise:

"What place is this?" He recognized the old round house, which he had figured would be their destination tonight.

"Thees—oh, I live here," the Italian replied, as he alighted from the car and turned toward the house. A feeble light glowed through a window at the rear. The rest of the house was cloaked in darkness.

Carson remained seated until the driver reached a door near the lighted window. In response to a light tap the door was immediately opened by—*the Italian, Joe!*

The driver entered and the door closed behind him. Producing a flashlight, Carson leaned out and flashed it three times down the road back of him. An answering flash cut the darkness for an instant and disappeared. Carson smiled grimly and settled back in his seat.

Everything was silent while Carson waited for the return of the driver. Presently the Italian appeared in the yellow light of the door. Carson caught a fleeting glimpse of a woman in the room and then the door closed. In another moment the driver had climbed into the car. He laid a package on the seat and reached forward to turn the switch. Carson laid a hand on his arm and said:

"Wait a minute, partner—let's see the stuff."

The Italian straightened up with a jerky laugh.

"Sure—sure," he said in a half-apologetic tone. "Betta da time right now, eh?" Lifting the package to his lap, he opened it and Carson examined the contents under the rays of his flashlight. He counted thirty-one ounce bottles, all properly labeled and sealed. He also noted the absence of revenue stamps and that the labels were foreign. It was smuggled goods.

"Twenty ounce 'C' an' ten 'M'—dat right?" asked the Italian.

"Yep — that's just what I ordered," said Carson evenly. The next instant the Italian started from his seat with bulging eyes, but as quickly subsided as he felt the cold circle of an automatic press against his temple, while Carson snapped in a low, tense voice:

"Stick 'em up! You're under arrest!"

The Italian's hands involuntarily went up and while Carson held him with his gun he droned:

"Now let 'em down—easy—and don't forget this gat's quicker than dynamite!"

Realizing the futility of resistance, the Italian sullenly submitted to being handcuffed. Having secured his prisoner, Carson again flashed his light in the direction of the road and immediately two figures appeared silently out of the darkness and stood by the car. They were Andrews and Tucker.

"Bring a cop," whispered Carson. Andrews disappeared and returned quickly with a police officer, who took Carson's place beside the prisoner. "Keep him quiet," said Carson to the officer. The officer nodded and Carson turned to Tucker.

"Surround the house—quick!"

Carson watched the woman with the brown handbag until she disappeared

he whispered. "Andrews and I are going inside now."

When he reached the house Carson knocked boldly on the door, while Andrews flattened himself against the wall on one side. There was a moment of silent suspense during which they heard the muffled scurrying of feet inside; then the door was cautiously opened and a woman with light hair peered out.

"What is it?" she snapped.

Before she could sense the move Carson brushed by her and stood inside with drawn gun. With a stifled exclamation, the woman started to slam the door, but it brought up against the intruding form of Andrews who seized her and snapped handcuffs on her wrists.

She stamped her foot and demanded:

"What does this mean? What do you want?"

"You are under arrest, that's all," Andrews replied.

"Under arrest—for what?" she stormed.

Carson Searches the Premises

ANDREWS shrugged his shoulders. "You are wanted in Lexington, Kentucky," he said briefly, and added: "Where are the others?"

She appeared to ignore the question.

"All right," said Carson, indifferently. "I've got a warrant to search this house and if they are in here we're going to find 'em."

He stepped to the door and gave a low whistle. Tucker instantly appeared.

"Take care of the woman, buddy," said Carson. "We're going through."

After making a careful examination of the room they were in, Carson and Andrews began a systematic search of the house. At length they completed the round of the lower floor and stopped in the big, empty hall.

"I'm going upstairs," said Carson. "You stand here and keep your eyes open."

Carson made his way up the creaking old stairs to the floor above. Arriving at the top, he explored every room of the musty old place, even climbing a rickety ladder to the attic and throwing his flashlight into every nook and crevice of the gloomy loft. Nothing but empty silence rewarded his search.

He descended to the lower floor and joined Andrews.

"Beats me," he muttered, in perplexity.

"Rum go," briefly acceded his companion.

"There's a basement in this old barn," said Carson suddenly. "Let's go."

Leading the way, he entered a back room opposite the one the woman was in. A stove and a few cooking utensils indicated that it was used as a kitchen. At the farther end was a trapdoor which, upon being raised, disclosed a rough stairway leading down.

Reaching the bottom, they threw their flashlights around through the inky darkness. The basement extended the full length of the house, but only half the width across. Under the other half there was a space of about twelve inches between the floor of the house and the ground. Rubbish of all kinds littered the floor. Empty barrels and boxes were piled in corners and against the walls. These were pulled down and searched carefully. But nothing of a suspicious nature was revealed.

They completed the circuit of the walls, then halted irresolutely. While they stood cogitating as to the next move Carson shoved a box against the wall, and, mounting it, reached over the top and played his flashlight under the floor of the farther side. Presently he said:

"There's some new dirt by the chimney—see?"

"What do you make of it?" Andrews asked.

"Something's been dug there."

"How about crawling under?" suggested Andrews.

Carson shook his head. "Too tight a fit. Besides, I have a better plan. That chimney goes up through the room we first entered, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"And there's a closet on this side of the chimney."

"But we searched the closet."

"We'll search it again," said Carson, as he turned toward the stairway. Mounting rapidly, they entered the room in which they had left the woman. They found her seated, with Tucker standing near her, alert and watchful. Making his way over to the closet by the chimney, Carson stooped down and carefully examined the floor. It was a small closet, the floor space about five feet in width by three in depth. The flooring appeared smooth and unbroken. There was nothing to indicate a trap. The planks ran lengthwise and a small quarter-round molding extended around the bottom edge, broken only by the space taken up by the door. Along this space the crack where the closet floor joined that of the room was distinct.

Carson opened the large blade of his pocket knife and ran it into the crack and across from one side of the door space to the other. He then tried the blade between the molding and the wall. Instead of stopping at the floor it went on through!

He stood up with a satisfied smile. With the aid of his flashlight, he examined every square inch of the ceiling, running his hands carefully over the walls, pulling at every hook and nail and pressing against every knot or suspicious-looking spot. Then he backed out of the closet and examined the wall of the room on that side.

The Criminals Are Captured

FINALLY he stooped down and thrust his head and shoulders into the wide, open fireplace under the old-fashioned mantel and played his light around the blackened mouth of the chimney. On the side next to the closet, just clearing the top of the fireplace, hung a short, black wire. He gave it a pull. There was a slight click and the next instant Andrews shouted:

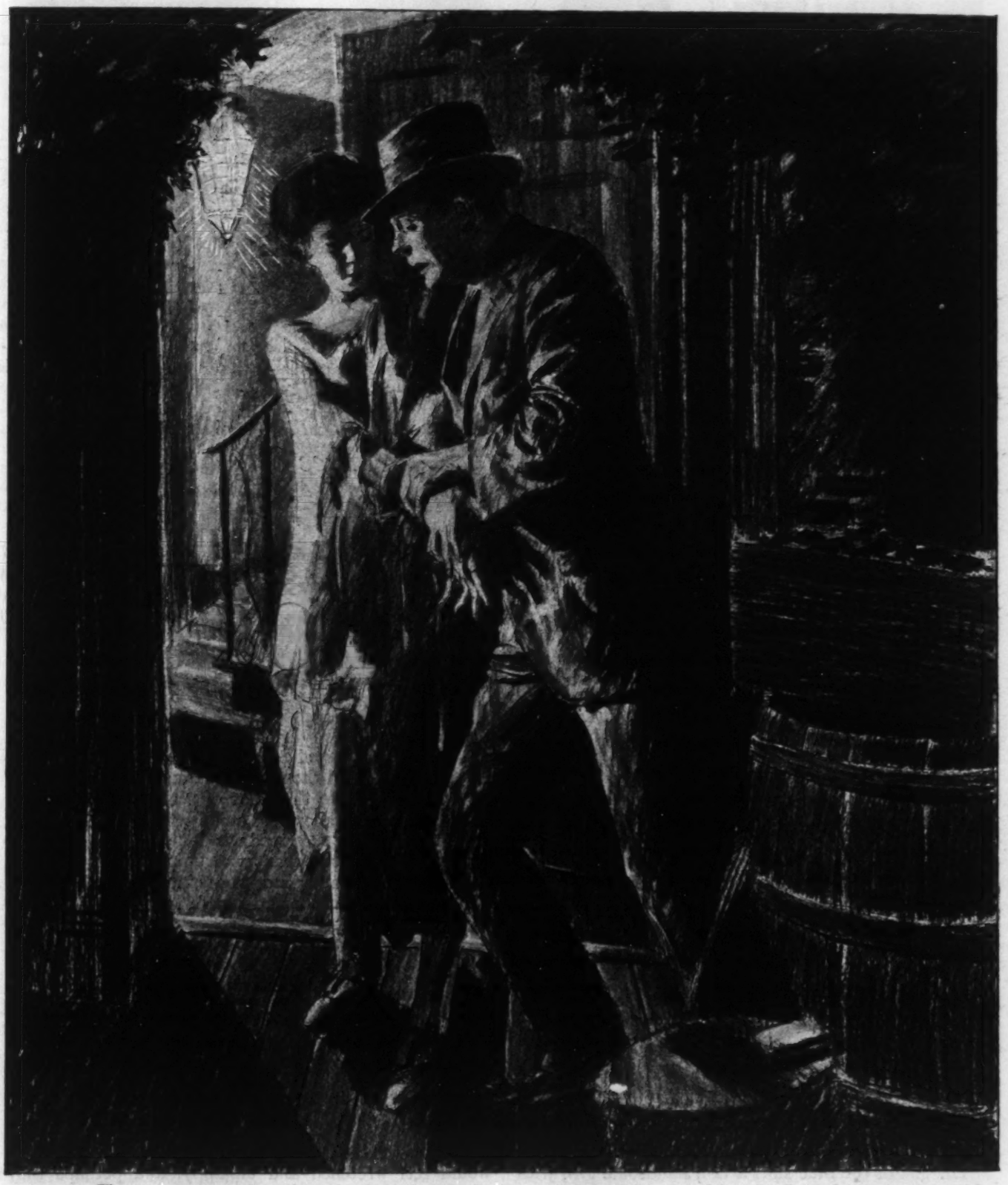
"Come on, buddy—you've got it!"

Carson was instantly at his side and they peered at the closet floor. When Carson pulled the wire it released a catch or bolt that held the floor down. The floor formed the lid of a trap and when the bolt was released a spring underneath forced it up.

Andrews reached down to pull the trap up while Carson, covering the opening with his gun, threw his flashlight into the cavity. The light revealed three men huddled in a crouching position at the bottom of the shallow pit—two Italians and a negro. Carson recognized one of the Italians as Joe. They all had guns, but the two inspectors had the drop on them and they made no effort to use them.

"Drop those guns and come out of there!" roared Carson. The negro, whose eyes were bulging with fright, lost no time in complying and was taken in charge by three police officers who had been summoned by Tucker.

The Italians rose sullenly. Joe's companion, whom Carson had not seen before, came first. As he emerged Carson and Andrews grabbed him. The next instant Joe vaulted out of the pit with amazing swiftness, wriggled between the legs of the officers, reached the door—which the police officers had left ajar when they entered—and leaped out. Carson fired at the disappearing form of the Italian, but the bullet struck only empty space. Quickly relinquishing his prisoner to Andrews, he sprang through the door in hot pursuit. Ignoring the steps, he landed on the ground and almost stumbled over two forms rolling over and over in the darkness.



The woman started to slam the door, but Andrews seized her and snapped handcuffs on her wrists

Hastily throwing his flashlight on them, he lost all sense of official dignity and uttered a yell of delight. Joe was writhing in the bear-like grip of the faithful Mike!

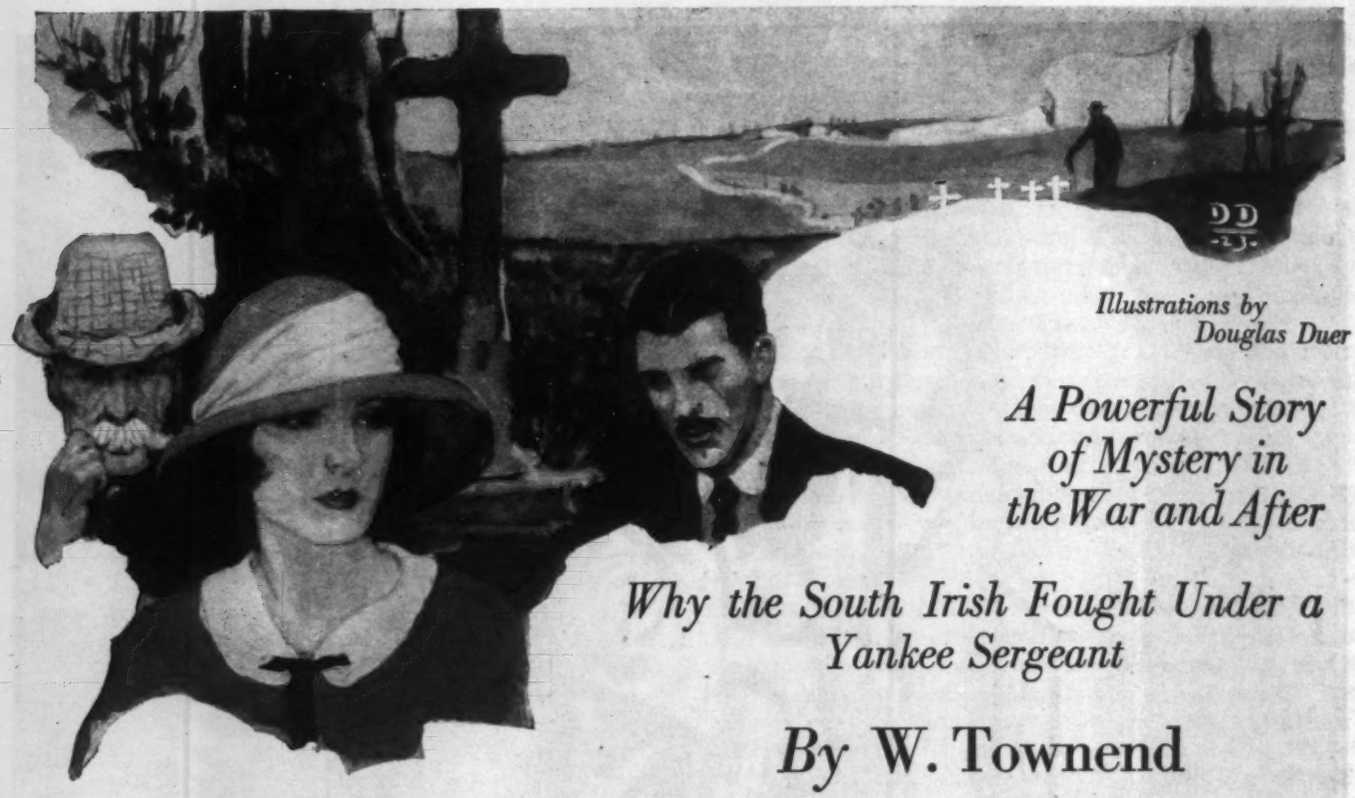
"Hold tight, Mike!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Don't worry," panted Mike, as he freed his arm with a superhuman effort, and got the Italian's throat in his powerful clutch. With his breath cut off, Joe quickly began to weaken and in a moment they had him on his feet and handcuffed.

Fortunately, Mike happened to be standing just outside the door, ready to help if called, when the form of the Italian catapulted by him. Not waiting to examine his passport, Mike tackled—with the results just described.

An examination of the hiding place beneath the closet revealed a pit four feet deep and about five feet square boxed up with rough boards. In one corner was an old sea chest in which was found nearly a hundred ounces of cocaine and morphine, which were seized.

The culprits were lodged in jail until the preliminary hearing next day when they were all bound over to federal court under heavy bonds. Joe and the woman were later extradited and sent to Lexington to answer the charges there.



Illustrations by Douglas Duer

A Powerful Story of Mystery in the War and After

Why the South Irish Fought Under a Yankee Sergeant

By W. Townend

The Thirteenth Officer

THE afternoon was very hot. No sound broke the stillness except the sleepy clucking of hens close at hand, and the far-off mutter of a train. The June sun beat down on fields where men and women toiled to build anew the countryside of France, ravaged by years of torment. With the breeze there came the scent of blossoms and things growing and the good earth. Poppies, red as blood, and blue cornflowers nodded in the young wheat, roses, white and pink, topped the broken walls, daisies spangled the grass that would soon be hay. The dust lay thick on the white highroad that ran between the sawed-off stumps of poplars. The French chauffeur with the hired car slept in the shade.

In the little cemetery with its rows of white headstones, each the symbol of a man's life given to a cause, an old gentleman and a girl in shabby blue and a blind man, with scarred, disfigured features, walked slowly along one of the paths, seeking a grave among the flowers.

A tired, brown-faced man, lean and muscular and wiry, came limping toward them. He, also, was seeking a grave.

The girl in the blue suit, a tall, handsome girl, with golden hair and a complexion tanned by sun and wind and sea, and deep blue eyes that held in their depths a world of suffering, halted with a little, strangled cry.

"Look!" she said. "Oh, look! They're here—the twelve graves, side by side!" Then she shivered, as though what her deep blue eyes had seen had frightened her. "And *he's* here, too!"

"Where?" said the old gentleman. "Where, Doreen?" He was trembling, trembling and plucking at the girl's sleeve impatiently. "I can't see, Doreen. I can't see."

And at that the blind man who stood bareheaded, at attention, like the headstone that marked the grave, smiled grimly.

"There," said the girl in a whisper. "There, right in front of you. He's lying there. Captain J. S. Raymer First Battalion, Royal South Irish Fusiliers!"

And as she said the name, choking, with lips quivering—lips that were the color of pink rose petals—the lame man stopped short and cast a quick glance at her, in astonishment, and then read what she had read.

He, too, had come many weary miles across land and sea, a continent, and then an ocean, from the West, to find the grave that she had found.

He must speak, he knew, yet he was afraid to speak. For the girl with the sad eyes and the man with no eyes and the old gentleman with the white mustache, the three of them, were English, while he was American, and their ways were not his ways, and what might pass at home, in California, might give offense here, in this cemetery in France, where they had met by chance by the grave of the man who had been his friend, but had died, a stranger whom he did not know.

And if he spoke, would they speak to him, these English? Why should they? They would resent his presence, even. They would stare at him coldly and he would feel wretched and unhappy, and perhaps they would tell him to go away.

Yet speak he must. The chance that he had prayed for had come at last.

THE old gentleman had taken off his hat and stood, like the blind man, bareheaded, staring with grim countenance at the little headstone that marked the spot where Captain J. S. Raymer, of the South Irish, slept. The blind man raised his face to the sunshine and drew a deep breath. The girl turned away with a sigh and glanced haughtily at the man with the limp, as if—just as he had thought—she wondered how he dared intrude at such a time, in such a place.

"It's true, then," said the old gentleman. "He's

buried here! Here, with the South Irish! And why? How did it happen? Does nobody know?" His voice was the voice of a man who fights sorrow and pain; a lonely, heart-broken man; a proud man struggling against circumstance.

No one spoke.

And then the American, no longer afraid, limped nearer the girl.

And he, too, like the others, had bared his head to sun and sky.

"I heard you," he said huskily. "I couldn't help but hear you. You were talking of Captain Raymer, of the South Irish!"

The resentment faded from the dark blue eyes.

"Did *you* know Captain Raymer?" the girl asked.

"Yes," said the American. "I did. In a way, I did. In a way, too, I didn't. There are things I don't understand—things I never will understand, unless there's some one will tell me!"

THEY waited, the three of them, the old man and the girl and the blind man, in the blaze of sunlight, their shadows blue on the white path between the graves.

"What do you mean exactly?" asked the girl. "There are things we don't understand, either."

"Captain Raymer," said the American, his tongue slurring the name, "was my friend. He's buried here—one of a regiment that went into battle with twelve officers living, and came out with thirteen dead!"

"No," said the blind man suddenly. "No, that's where you're wrong. We went into action with twelve officers living and came out with twelve dead and one survivor." He laughed harshly. "I'm the survivor. Look at me!"

The girl patted the blind man's hand softly and spoke once more to the brown-faced man who limped.

"Aren't you an American?"

"I am," he said. He added, with a strange little touch of pride, "From California."

"What are you doing here?" said the old gentleman, as if rousing himself from a daze. "Do you know this part of France?"

Did he know this part of France! Did he know! When, night or day, asleep or awake, the picture of the ridge as he had last seen it, the ridge with the chalk lines of trench, and the shattered brewery, and the ruined village, was never absent from his mind!

"Yes," he said in his low, deliberate voice. "I know it!" He pointed. "It ain't easy to pick up landmarks now, things are different, but that's where we were, sir, between here and the ridge, when the Germans came over at us!" He turned once more to the girl. "It was that grave brought me across from America, just to make sure—to see with my own eyes. I was wounded yonder near where those men are building a barn."

"And you mean to tell me *you* were in the South Irish?" said the blind man.

"No," said the Californian. "I was with the A. E. F."

"But how did you, an American soldier, know that Captain Raymer, of the South Irish, was buried here?" asked the girl.

THE Californian was staggered by the passion in the girl's tone.

"I knew," he said. "Yes, ma'am, I knew. I guess I know more about it than any one else, *but*—there's lots I don't know. And that's what I've been worrying about ever since I was wounded. There's no explanation possible. I'm in the dark."

"Like I am," said the blind man wearily. "All the time!"

"Don't, dear!" said the girl. "Please! Perhaps he can help us!"

The old gentleman squared his shoulders and something in his manner and the way he carried himself told the Californian that he, too, like the blind man, had been a soldier.

"So you knew Captain Raymer, did you!" he said fiercely. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell us, then, whether he was really in the South Irish or not!"

The Californian leaned heavily on his stick. He was very tired—more tired than he had thought.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "was Captain Raymer in the South Irish, or wasn't he?"

"No," said the Californian. "He wasn't. How could he have been!"

"Why did they bury him here, then, with the other eleven?" asked the blind man. "Tell me that!"

"That's what *I* want to find out! They stole him, the Irish did. What else could it have been? They stole him! Maybe you'll tell *me* why!"

"It's early yet," said the girl. "You're tired, aren't you? We can sit over there, on the side of the hill, and talk."

"And smoke," said the old gentleman, with a shade less gruffness. "You're lame, sir! Is that from your wound? Does the leg hurt?"

"No," said the Californian, "it's cork, as far as the knee."

"Did you lose your leg here?" said the girl.

He nodded.

They sat on the worn leather cushions from the car under a shattered oak tree on a grassy slope, where four years before men had died and the splintered chalk still marked the falling of the shells.

THE Californian, lost in a whirl of speculation and amazement, studied his new friends cautiously, and he read in their faces impatience, anxiety and an intolerable fear that puzzled him. Yet neither by hints nor open words did they hurry him, or urge him to speak a minute sooner than he was minded.

"Shall I tell you how I came to know Captain Raymer?" he asked. "The Captain Raymer who's buried here!"

"Please," said the girl. "If you'd be so good! You weren't in the South Irish; he died with the South Irish; you're here on purpose to see his grave!" Her hands fluttered. "Tell us everything. We must hear what you know. It seems so strange and wonderful!" She gazed at him frankly. "Who are you? What are you? Where do you come from?"

"Brack's my name," said the Californian. "Steve Brack, but mostly they call me Broncho."

He smiled and waited.

"My name's MacHeile," said the girl quickly. "And now, do you mind going back to the beginning? You can't imagine quite what it means to us to learn you were Captain Raymer's friend! And you won't leave anything out, will you?"

The old gentleman said nothing, but sat, leaning back against the tree trunk, the brim of his soft hat pulled down over his forehead, his face a mask, grim, inscrutable, hard, with only a gleam in his fierce eyes to show he listened to every word.

The blind man, his head still bare, the breeze ruffling the dark hair streaked with gray, kept his scarred, twisted face turned to the sun and smiled his bitter smile.

"And you live in California, soldier?" he said.

"La Nuca, California, by the Mexican line. I own a ranch—horses, cattle, and hogs. Up in the mountains in San Diego County."

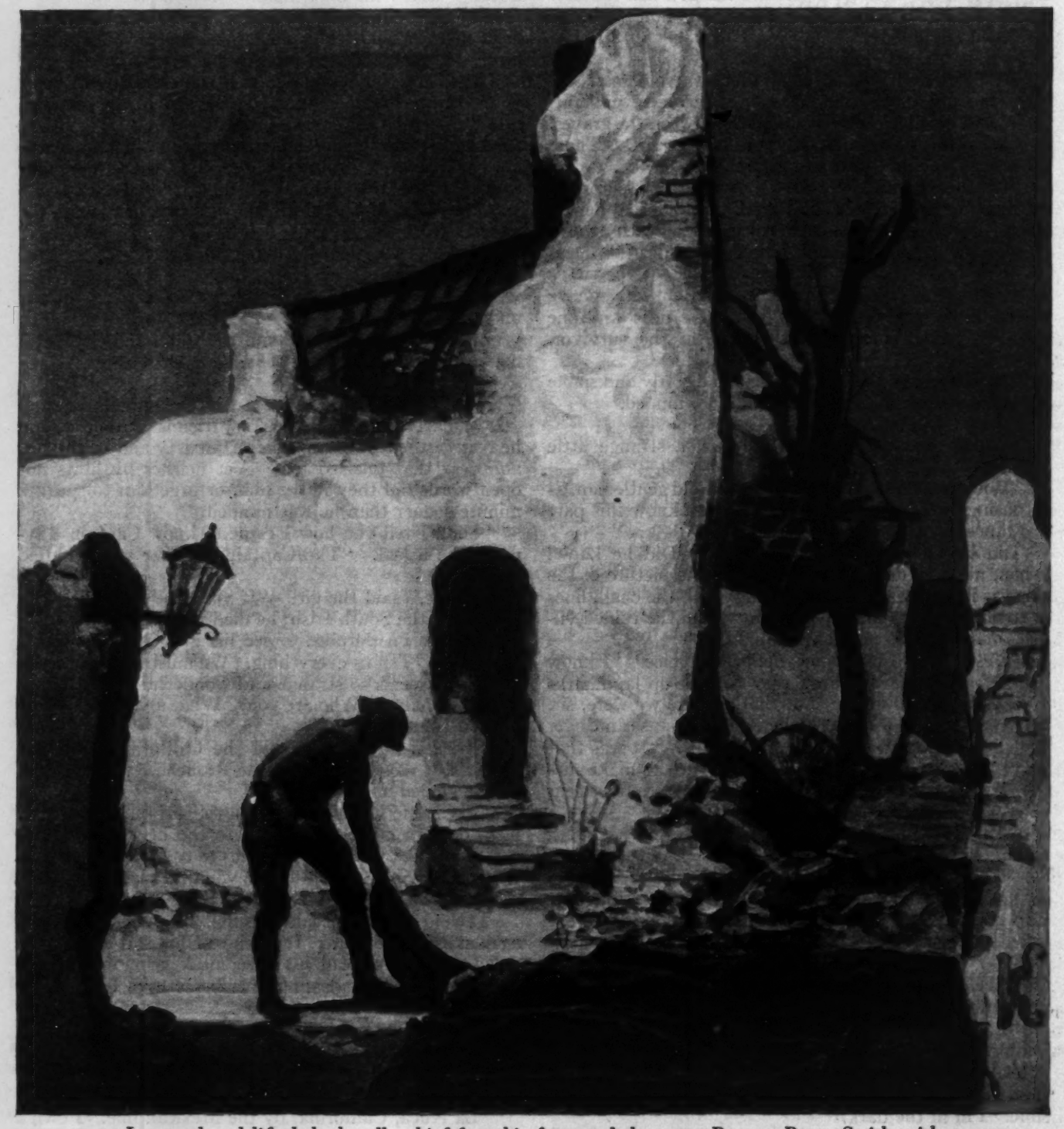
"And when did you meet Captain Raymer?" asked the old gentleman.

"Wait!" said the girl. "He must tell the story in his own way. Mr. Brack, take your time. We won't interrupt, I promise."

The Californian nodded. And then he began to speak, talking in a low, conversational tone of voice, very deliberately, at first choosing his words with care, later dropping into the slang of the ranch and Army, and from time to time glancing at the faces of his hearers, in order that he might, if possible, judge what impression his tale was making. For, if there was much that would please them, there was much, much more that would bring them pain, and yet he must, if he would learn their side of the story, tell them all he knew, leaving nothing out, avoiding nothing, hiding nothing.

"It goes back as far as nineteen hundred and eleven. One night in May when I was out after a heifer that was lost in the sagebrush I found a man, his head bound up in part of an old shirt, blood all over his cheek, and a bullet wound in his foot. He was just able to stand, and no more. He wanted to know if he'd reached the United States. I said he had and he said: 'Thank God for that!' He'd been fighting with a rebel outfit, it seemed, around Tia Juana, but the game was up and he was lucky to be across the line and alive, and not in Mexico, dead. And could he get something done to his wounds!

"His voice, the way he spoke, puzzled me. And then I remembered. 'You're English, aren't you?' I said. He was angry at once. Wounds or no wounds, he was angry. No, he said, he wasn't English, nor Scotch either, nor yet Welsh or Irish. He was pure American, never



I stooped and lifted the handkerchief from his face, and there was Rusty—Rusty Smith, with his eyes shut, his lips set in a smile

been across the water in his life, and his home was in Massachusetts. What was more, if there was any nation he hated under the face of Heaven it was the British."

The Californian stopped, looked quickly at each of the three grave faces, and then, as nobody spoke, continued:

"He was lying, of course. You know that, don't you? But we believed what he said. Smith his name was. And we called him Rusty."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because of his hair. That was its color. He was a tall, thin feller, with a clean-shaven face and blue eyes and a big nose, and his teeth showed white when he grinned. I liked him the minute I saw him, and as I never said anything more about him speaking or looking English we were friends. He lay up at the house for about a month, and then, as soon as he was able to ride horseback and help with the chores, the old man gave him a job. He stayed with us five or six years, on and off."

"On and off!" said the girl. "What do you mean by that?"

THE Californian hesitated, frowned, and, with a little outward fling of his right hand, explained:

"You couldn't tie Rusty down, ma'am, and you couldn't fire him. He was independent. He'd work for three, four months, steady, and then, all of a sudden, one morning, he'd say, kind of careless, that he'd got to be off; and he'd roll up his blankets and say good-by, and, mebbe, we'd see him the next spring, perhaps, or not till the summer after. He'd come, long about sunset, say, climbing the hill to the ranch, and he'd grin at us and ask did we want any help! There was work for him, always. My father said to me once he didn't know nothing about Rusty, and he didn't care, but he was the only man he'd ever had work for him he could trust to do as he was told without taking it into his head his own way was the best."

The old gentleman cleared his throat.

"And was he"—he looked swiftly at the girl—"was he reliable, then, this Smith?"

"Why, sure," said the Californian.

"And honest, honorable—straight? Was he what one would call straight in his—his dealings?"

"Yes, sir. He was. I never heard any one say a word against Rusty Smith. He was about the best-liked man we had on the place. What he didn't know about hunting or using a rifle or pistol wasn't worth troubling to learn, and, as for horses, we always allowed Rusty could speak to 'em in their own language. Sometimes I thought it was true." He broke off abruptly. "Guess I'm a long time getting to the point, ain't I?"

"No," said the girl. "Not a bit of it. You won't leave anything out, will you?"

The Californian continued once more.

"Rusty wasn't in La Nuca when war came—summer of fourteen—but he dropped in, same as usual, one evening, beginning of that September. Did we need any help? *Did* we? The old man was aiming to sell mules and horses to the armies doing the fighting, and he'd been praying for Rusty Smith for the past month.

"WE had a young Scotch feller working for us at that time who was all on fire to get up to Canada to join the Highlanders, though he'd taken his first papers out. He was going north if he had to walk, so we whipped up the money between us to pay his way to Vancouver.

"Rusty called him every kind of a fool there was. 'What business is it of yours to go putting your head into a noose?' he said. 'Those confounded British will throw you out on the scrap heap when they've done with you, without a word of thanks. I know what they are, if you don't!' He stopped then, and his eyes were hard.

"Jock looked at him, steady. 'You can talk, Rusty,' he said, 'but don't talk too much, because every time you open your mouth you let folks know you're an infernal renegade running your own country into the mud!'

"Rusty was angrier then than I'd ever seen him, and he told Jock if he hadn't been about to get licked by the Germans, he'd have licked him himself. He was an American, he said, and about the worst insult a man could fling at his head was to say he was British. America was his country; it always had been and always would be, and the war in Europe had nothing to do with him or any other American citizen!

"And here comes the part of the story, ma'am, you mightn't believe, if you didn't know in advance there was something to connect Rusty Smith with the grave in the cemetery back yonder. That night I had to go fetch something out of the barn. Through a chink in the planking I saw a light. I opened the door, without making no noise, and there was Rusty Smith, his head on his knees, crying. 'Rusty!' I said. He looked at me, like he was scared to death, his eyes red. 'What do you want?' he asked. 'What's wrong with you, Rusty?' He got to his feet. 'Clear out of here, Broncho,' he said, 'or you'll be sorry!' He was ready to fight, more ready than he'd been with Jock, the Scotchman, even; only I wouldn't, of course. 'I'm going, Rusty,' I said. 'You'll put the candle out when you've finished, won't you?'

"I went out of the barn and left him alone with his trouble. I never mentioned it again. No more did he. And what did it mean? I didn't know. I didn't want to know. Rusty was my friend, and I left it at that! But—I ought to have guessed. Because, you see, on the floor was an English newspaper Rusty'd been reading!"

"Poor Jim!" said the girl under her breath. "Poor, poor Jim!" Her eyes glistened in the sunlight as she turned to the Californian, who was watching her. "And then?"

"AND then, why, in La Nuca we went on in the same old way, working, raising mules and horses, and talking about the war, some taking one side, some the other, only less and less backing the Germans, till at last there was only Rusty had a decent word to say for them. He had one or two rows over the views he held, but the boys liked him too well to worry much what he thought about what was happening thousands of miles from the ranch.

"Long about the spring of seventeen we knew for sure we were going to fight. Rusty came to me one day and said: 'Broncho, I'm thinking of enlisting. Coming with me?' 'I thought you wanted to see the Germans win!' I said. He looked at me in a queer kind of way with his eyes screwed up—a trick of his."

The girl nodded her head and spoke.

"It's he, I know. I remember now."

The Californian went on with his story.

"He looked at me with his eyes half shut. 'Broncho,' he said, 'it wasn't so much that I wanted to see the Germans win, as the English licked. They're no good. But now it's different. The States are in. I'm in, too. We're going to clean up the mess those European nations have got themselves into!'

"Say, it was worth hearing him! The folks wouldn't listen to any talk of me leaving 'em, of course, but I got round my mother and the rest was easy. I could go, if I wanted, without waiting home for the draft to fetch me. Next morning I said good-by.

"Rusty and I joined the same outfit, naturally, and then——Well, ma'am, all the suspicions I'd buried deep in my mind came to the surface. It seemed everything

there was to be learned about soldiering, Rusty Smith knew already a little better than any one else. It was the horses again. He knew it all. Where had he learned it? If he was asked that once, he was asked it a thousand times. He told us he'd done a heap of rough fighting in Mexico, but that was all.

"HE was made sergeant before most of us had found out we were in the Army. They wanted him for an officer, but he said he'd rather be as he was. I asked him why. 'I'd look fine, wouldn't I?' he said. 'A ranch hand, mixing with my betters in an officers' mess! I'm a ranker—an old sweat from the feet up!'

"We had a guy in the same crush as ourselves, from Portland, Oregon, who'd been a sailor aboard ship in Liverpool, in fourteen, when war broke out. He'd joined the British Army, and been wounded and gassed at 'Wipers,' in fifteen, and invalided out. He'd come back to the U. S. A. then, having had enough of fighting to last him the rest of his life. When the war came spreading itself our way, however, he was feeling fine, so he reckoned he'd have another whack at it. Jones, his name was, Crabapple Jones—a dry kind of feller without much to say for himself.

"One day when he'd been listening to Rusty talking, he asked him a question. 'Are you an American, Rusty?' 'I'd like to meet with the man who said that I wasn't!' said Rusty. 'I'm from State o' Massachusetts.' 'Are you?' said Crab Jones. 'Mebbe you are, but you've got the most amazing collection of British Army talk I ever heard! Chew on that, soldier, and let's hear from you!'

"Rusty peeled off his shirt. 'Any one like to argue the point?' he said, stretching out his arms and watching the muscles ripple. 'You, Crab Jones, would you like to say that I'm lying—or what?' Crabapple shakes his head and grins that dry grin of his. 'Look at your right arm, Rusty! Look at your right arm, before you start anything here!' Rusty turned red in the face and slid into his shirt once more, and he said: 'Crab, the fault with you is you've been mixing too much with the confounded English!' After that he went out, and Crabapple, who kept himself to himself, grinned and wouldn't say what he meant by that crack about look at his right arm!"

"Who are you?" said Rusty. "What are you running away for?"

The girl roused herself.

"And what *did* he mean?" she asked. "What had his right arm to do with it?"

"I'll come to that later, ma'am," said the Californian. "It don't fit in yet—quite. I went home to La Nuca and said good-by to my father and mother. I never saw them again, after. They were dead, both of them, by the time I was back from the war.

"And then we went to France. And the biggest shock Rusty had since he joined the Army was when he learned we were going to be broke in by the British! He wasn't pleased. No, ma'am, he certainly wasn't pleased one little bit. He grieved considerable. 'Why in thunder,' he said, 'don't they put us with real soldiers?' "

The Californian looked quickly at the girl, and coughed.

"That ain't what I think, myself, ma'am, of course. But I'm saying just how it all come about, what Rusty thought and said, like!"

"Go ahead!" said the blind man. "Say what you want to! We're hardened by now, anyway!"

"Rusty told us if they'd let us go into the line for the first time with the French we'd have learned something about our job. I guess, ma'am, about the worst enemy the British Expeditionary Force had in Europe was their own side of the wire, Rusty Smith.

"He needn't have kicked. We went in to the trenches, south of this sector by miles, with a battalion of Highlanders. A good-enough crowd, but not easy to get on with till they got to know you. Fighters, every last one of 'em, but fed up on war and mud and bully beef and everything else. If you took what they said as fact, you'd have thought they were ready to throw up their hands and march over to Fritz, just to help finish the war and get back to their football and whisky. You'd have been wrong, at that. You'd only to say one word, no more, about other crowds being as good as they were, and then hear 'em! By their own account they'd been holding the line all by themselves for more'n three and a half years without any support!

"Well, ma'am, now, after just about tiring you to death, I guess I've reached the part where I ought to have begun. Here, where we are now, just over four years ago.

"DO you see that ridge there, ma'am?" Again the Californian flung out his arm and pointed beyond the little cluster of newly-built houses to where the fields sloped gradually up toward the chalk of the old front line, still visible in the sunshine. "It don't look much, does it? It ain't, either, not now; but it was four years ago, ma'am, I'll tell the world. Yes, four years ago, ma'am, that ridge was like the Rocky Mountains when you first see 'em, coming across the plains. The Germans were there; we were this side, in the dip, beneath 'em, with no more than twenty, thirty, forty yards of wire and dead men separating us. We were on the extreme left of our Division. On our left were the British.

"Guess I won't go too deep into details, ma'am. I don't know any, to start with. But before we'd been in the line twenty-four hours we got what we'd come out to France for! A fight. War's all right, mebbe, if you can't feel, and if you don't imagine things. If you've got to fight—well, you've got to. You can't quit, once you're in. You stay where you are and grin. That's what we did. More or less.

"We stayed where we were, anyhow; with the front line going up in showers of chalk, and great shells crashing

down on us, out of the sky, like runaway trains, and the black smoke drifting over us. And we'd have given twenty-five years of our life, if we'd had it to give—which most of us hadn't—just to be back for another day, in the sun and the fresh air, so we could close our eyes for a sleep and try to forget. And then, after a time, orders came to withdraw from the front line and hold the support trench. It had been done on our left; we had to do it, too."

THE quiet, level voice of the Californian ran on and on, neither rising nor falling, expressing nothing of the horror stamped on his memory, but talking as placidly, as easily, as if the story he told were no more than an episode of contentment in a peaceful life.

"I thought I knew Rusty. I didn't. There was something in him, some strength or power, that none of the rest of us had. You'd have imagined, just to look at him, that he was happy. Now and again he'd break into a little laugh, and he'd walk to and fro, talking, telling us all we could do was to hang on; the best troops in the world, which was us, couldn't do any more; all we could do was to hang on in that inferno and not worry what was to happen next. The time was coming, he said, when we'd be given our chance to kill Germans by the hundred.

"That's what Rusty told us, while we crouched on the fire step, waiting for what was coming after the shells had gone. All that day, waiting, and him walking to and fro, doing his best to show us he wasn't scairt. I always admired Rusty, from the day I met him, but I never knew how much there was to admire till then. He was like a rock in a cloudburst, when everything else is sliding. A brave man, Rusty. The bravest and best man that I ever knew, and I met a-plenty that day yonder.

"Seems like I'm getting mixed. When was it now the Germans came over? That day or the next. Heaven knows! I lived in a nightmare, not able to breathe or think, half choked by high explosive and just about dead from being buried when the trench caved in on top of me. And then, all at once, in the midst of the shelling, there were no shells, just a sudden calm, though the racket was just as loud over our heads. 'Up!' sez Rusty. 'Every mother's son of you! They're on us!' And sure enough, coming across the open, across No Man's land and the broken wire and the shell holes where our front-line trench had been blown in, coming across at the double we saw the Germans, gray masses of Germans, and we opened out at 'em, rapid fire, machine guns, rifles, everything.

"I don't remember very much about that, but they reached us, some of them. They reached us, but they stayed with us. I went down in the crush, and I might as well have been dead but for Rusty. He dragged me out from under a pile of Germans, red in the face, blood on his cheek, like the first time I saw him, grinning, and his bayonet red to the sight of his rifle.

"'THEY'RE going, Broncho! They're going. And next time you pin your man, same as you did him, give your bayonet a twist and clear before he's on top of you.' And then I saw my own bayonet was where I'd driven it home, and I laughed and laughed, and that was because if I hadn't I'd have gone stark crazy, for the man I'd killed was not much more than a boy. I guess to every man in a fight there comes a time when he's just about half out of his mind!"

"Yes," said the blind man. "Yes, soldier. But tell us what happened then."

"Something went wrong on our left," said the Californian.

"Something went wrong on your left!" said the blind man. "And that——"

"We heard that the crowd on our left had broken. Had took to their heels and run. The British."

"No," said the old gentleman. "No, no, no! I won't hear of it! Doreen, they didn't!"

The girl had taken her hat off and was sitting, her hands clasped about her legs, her chin on her knees, her blue eyes gazing at the ridge where the men had fought.

"Let him go on!" she said. "Please!"

"It was late afternoon. The guns were still hammering away at us. If the British had gone, same as they said, our flank would be in the air. We'd have to go, too, to take up another line.

"A little man, with blood all over his jacket, and his face gray, and his eyes half out of his head, came hurrying down our trench. 'Who the devil are you?' said Rusty. 'You're one of the British! What are you running away for?' 'Let me be,' said the little man. 'Can't you see that I'm not able to hold a rifle? Let me be!' 'What are you running away for, then?' said Rusty. 'Would it be any good if I stopped there by myself?' said the little man. 'What Regiment do you belong to?' said Rusty. 'First Battalion, South Irish Fusiliers!' said the little feller, in a kind of screech. 'And now will you let me go find a doctor or will I die standing?' And away he went, half crying, and talking to himself, and the blood dripping down over his belt. And Rusty——"

THE Californian wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and the girl gave a little sigh, and there was bitterness and agony in the old man's eyes, and the blind man no longer stared at the sun, but sat with his hands over his scarred face.

"And Rusty!" said the girl softly. "Tell us, soldier, what did Rusty do?"

"I didn't know him, ma'am, when I looked at him. He'd aged ten years, or twenty, in the minute he'd had that little man from the South Irish in the trench with him. The shelling, the fight, the waiting, nothing had touched him, but that little man from the South Irish had aged him years. His face was the color of the chalk parapet, his eyes were wild, and his smile had gone. 'It's the South Irish, the First South Irish, and they're breaking!' he said hoarsely. And as he said that, two more men from the South Irish came stumbling along our trench, without their rifles, making for safety, dazed and broken, and not knowing what they were doing, but leaving us in the air, same as I said.

"Then—and this is almost the end, ma'am—before we could stop him, before we could ask him what madness had got him, Rusty clambered out of the broken trench. He clambered out of the trench, ma'am, to the top, and there he stood, in full view, dark against the sky, with the captain calling him all the names he could lay his tongue to. He stood there a second, and he let out a yell, and then he ran, his rifle over his shoulder. He ran from us, not back—no, ma'am, that wouldn't have been possible! He ran toward the Irish.

"And that was the last I saw of Rusty, Rusty Smith—like he was then, in his dirty, muddy khaki, his sergeant's chevrons on his arm, his rifle with the bayonet fixed over his shoulder, his helmet on the back of his head, running along the top of the broken trench, where you can see the dip there beyond the village. What happened to him after that, there's no accounting for, no explaining. No one would tell me. I met with shut mouths, shaking heads, lies. That's all I know that amounts to anything. The part that I don't know comes next.

"Rusty Smith was posted as missing, and that's what you'll see now, if you hunt his name in the lists of casualties or the Regimental roll. Sergeant Smith, J., Missing, reported killed. But that's not the truth. He

Then the Yank climbed out of the shell hole and strode along in front of us, covered with chalk dust, waving

wasn't missing. I saw him, dead; one of twelve laid out in a row. And the name they gave him was not Smith, but Raymer—Captain Raymer, of the South Irish. And if there's any one here, ma'am, who can explain how that came about, my trip to France won't have been wasted time and money."

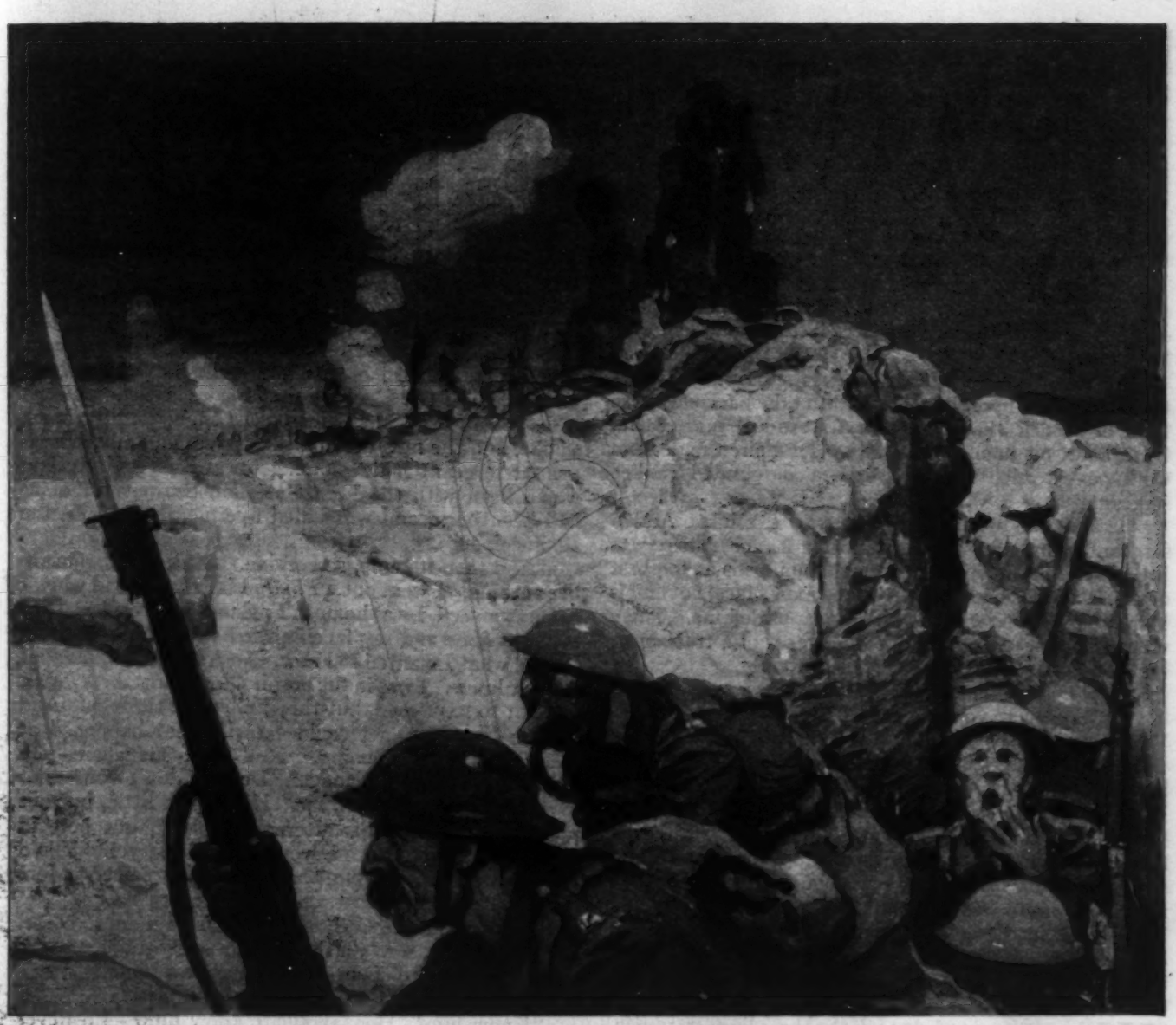
The blind man held out his hand.

"I'LL tell you some more of it, soldier. Not much, but a little. You were with that crowd on our right. I was in the South Irish, First Battalion, Royal South Irish Fusiliers, and the only officer that came out of the scrap, alive. I ought to have been killed, but I wasn't. We were over there, to the left of the ridge. You can see it, can't you? I can't. It's different now. The day you were talking about, there was death in the air, death and decay, phosgene, chloride of lime, and wet sandbags. Now, there's the sun and the birds singing and the scent of roses. It's clean and pure. And we're alive, you and I, and Jim Raymer's dead, and happier now than he ever was in his lifetime, I suppose, for he's home again. Don't understand, soldier, do you? No, but you will soon. You've told us your part of the tale, and it fits—yes, it fits. Everything. A piece here and a piece there, and Jim Raymer's back where he belonged.

"There's been a good deal told about that fight, one way and another, but never the truth, quite. They weren't fair to us. We got orders to withdraw from the front line, soldier, as you did. Then we were shelled out of the support and reserve trenches. Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. But we didn't run. What you had, soldier, we had, too, but ours was worse and harder to bear. How was that? I'll tell you. We held what was no more than a salient, in the dip, nosing up to the north of the ridge, in a point like the bend of a hairpin. Hell Point we called it. The front you held was straight. No, I'm not excusing, only explaining.

"We lost three lines of trench, and word came we must get them back. The South Irish would advance at such and such a time, zero, after artillery preparation, and retake the trenches they had lost! Right! We'd take 'em! But we didn't!

"They said that we ran. It's a lie. If they'd said we were too tired and heartbroken to go over, it would have been the truth. It's easy to talk afterward—so easy to say why didn't you do this, or that! And so hard to do it! Doreen, imagine it! But you can't! It's not possible. Men crouching in shell holes, and bits of trench, cut off from each other, not knowing how many of the Battalion still lived or what had become, perhaps, of their officers, with the shells smashing down on 'em! No wonder we couldn't get them to follow! Some climbed out into the open—but what was the use? What could they do? They went back to their shell holes. Those of the officers



his yellow and green flag and yelling: "Up, the Tigers! Up, the Tigers! Come on, South Irish, follow along!"

and sergeants who were still alive went, too. And the shells and the smoke blotted everything out, and we knew that we'd failed to do what they thought we could do.

"Yes," said the blind man, with a strange wistfulness in his deep voice, "and that was more hellish than anything. We'd failed. And it was then that some of the men, wounded and broken, began to go back. A man here and a man there, two or three at a time, crawling out of their holes, away from the shells. Yes, it was hell!

"And then I heard Flanagan, my platoon sergeant, say: 'The Saints help us, what's this!' I looked over my shoulder and there was a man, a tall, thin man, lean like a grayhound, carrying a rifle with the bayonet fixed, running along the open, as though no such thing as an eight-inch shell had ever entered his mind. And as he ran, he kept shouting: 'What's come to you, South Irish! Turn and face it! Turn and face it, like men!' He came nearer to where the sergeant and I and five or six men were crouching, and I saw him raise his rifle to his shoulder and heard him call to a man whom I couldn't see. 'Turn and face it, you, or I'll shoot you! You won't find County Cork the way you're headed now! Turn and face it, you coward!'

"HE reached the fire bay where we were—what was left of it. 'You, sir,' he said, sharply, 'you're an officer! What the devil's come over the South Irish? Are you letting your men go back, sir, without trying to stop them?' I wanted to ask him who he was, talking to me like that! I didn't. I said we'd had orders to take back three lines of trenches we'd been shelled out of, but the men wouldn't follow or face the shelling. 'I've tried,' I said, 'but they won't follow.' He stood there and laughed out loud. 'By Jove!' he said. 'Here's an officer of the South Irish who says that his men won't follow him!' I'd have beaten him over the head with the butt of my rifle, but I was long past caring then. He could say what he liked. I'd tried my best. I'd failed.

" 'You've been ordered to take the trenches you lost!' said the tall man. 'Then take 'em you will!' He stood there, on the top—a target for Heaven knew how many machine guns!—as calm and as straight as a man on parade. He asked how many officers were left. I told him I didn't know. 'Three of them are here, dead,' I said. 'But what are you worrying about officers for?' 'We're going to take back those three lines of trench,' said he. 'I suppose officers of the South Irish are not above leading their men, are they?' 'If you knew anything about the South Irish at all,' I said, 'you'd know that there'd never yet been an officer hold back when it came to a charge!' 'I'd heard that of the men, too,' he said, 'but look at 'em now!' And then he added: 'We're going over in five minutes, sir. Round up your men. If you handle 'em right, play on their feelings, humor 'em, they'll go with

you to hell and back!' I didn't argue. He was like a man possessed of a spirit—how do they call it?—exalted! Ready to dare and do what in cold blood couldn't be done! Ready to try miracles and bring 'em off!

"He ran, then, to where the next fire bay was, and he told the crowd there that they had to take back the three lines of trench that they'd lost. And a man there, O'Halloran his name was, a big, black-haired man from Cork, gave a yell. 'Why, he's only a confounded Yankee sergeant!'

"O'Halloran was right. He was a Yank. And a sergeant. And why hadn't I spotted it, eh? There was little enough difference between the uniforms at the best of times, and I'd had my eyes on the man's face, not on his badges. And this was the part that puzzled me. There was no American accent. Not the ghost of a trace of it. He talked like one of my own Mess, exactly.

"And O'Halloran shouted: 'Don't listen to the Yank, boys! Stay where you are! Be off back to your own lines, Yank, and leave us be!' And the Yank reached down into the trench, what was left of it, and dragged O'Halloran into the open by main force. 'You confounded Sinn Feiner!' he said. 'You're not fit to live with decent men! I'm going to take you with me!' And, as he said that, a big shell came screaming down on top of us, and burst with a roar like the crack of doom, and when I lifted myself up, there was the Yank, scrambling to his feet, a little whiter in the face, covered with chalk, and without his rifle, but alive, and O'Halloran had gone—there wasn't a sign of him seen again.

"WE went over and we took the three lines of trench. You knew that, soldier, didn't you? You saw us, eh! Perhaps you did. Yes, perhaps you did. It was the Yank who worked the miracle. I can see him now, as plain as I could then, striding along in front of us, bare-headed, covered with chalk dust, and carrying one of the battalion flags. We had four of them—yellow flags with a green tiger in the center. And this Yank, who knew more about the South Irish than I knew myself, after three years in France with them, yelled at the top of his voice: 'Up, the Tigers! Up, the Tigers! Come on, South Irish, follow along!' And goodness knows what spell he put on them, but they came swarming out of their bits of trenches and shell holes, like corpses on the Day of Judgment, and away they went, stumbling through broken wire and deep shell holes and great, black shell bursts, after the Yank with the yellow and green flag. And Heaven help the German who stopped to meet them!

"We took the trenches, three lines; and when we were back in Hell Point where we'd been that morning, the Yank came to me. 'Are you the senior officer left?' I had my two stars, but that was all. 'I don't know,' I said. 'I can't see any one else at all.' 'They'll be coming back before you know where you are,' he said. 'Dig in! And send a runner to Brigade Headquarters to tell them we've got the trenches again.'

"They were shelling as hard as ever, and somehow it seemed we were being shelled from four sides and not from three, as usually happened at Hell Point. And we were. 'Those are our own guns!' said the Yank. 'They don't know that we're here! We've got to tell 'em!' And then he climbed out of the shell hole where we were and stood in the open again, waving his yellow and green flag. He worked another miracle. The sun broke through the clouds, low down in the west, and the Yank stood there in the glow, his face and tunic golden against the black smoke, holding his yellow and green flag high in the air above his head, and some artillery observer spotted him and presently the guns lifted."

THE blind man paused and frowned and turned his head once more toward the ridge, as if he were listening for something the others could never hear.

"That was the last time that I saw," he said quietly. "The golden sunlight shining on the Yank, and the black smoke, and the men digging themselves in, and the regimental sergeant major coming toward us—old Keelan, who'd been with the First Battalion before most of us had been born, and was killed five months later in the advance.

"And then it came, screeching. After that I remember nothing. I went out. *Phut!* Like that! And when I came to myself, I was home in England, in a hospital, with my eyes gone and my face finished. And nobody could tell me what I wanted to know. I asked and I asked, but nobody knew. I was in the hospital for nearly three years. I ought to have died, but they pulled me through. And no one I've ever met could explain what happened at Hell Point that evening. Not even Flanagan—you remember Sergeant Flanagan, Doreen, don't you?—not even Flanagan could tell me. He knew a little, but not much. And now, this afternoon, soldier, out here in France, I've met you. D'you see daylight yet? You'd better finish the story. There's more to come? More miracles!"

"Yes," said the Californian, "there's more to come. But when you saw that American sergeant come up, running along the open, didn't you know him?"

The blind man shook his head.

"Know him! How should *I* know him? I'd never seen him before in my life. He was before my time."

"And you'd never seen a picture of him, either," said the girl gently. "Had you?"

"There weren't any to see," said the old gentleman, with a sigh. "And after the war——"

"After the war, I couldn't see anything," said the blind man. "Go on, soldier, tell us some more about Rusty Smith!"

THE Californian, though puzzled, asked no questions. He was content to wait. By slow degrees, the mystery was being made clear to him.

"Well, same as I said, the last I seen of Rusty he was beating it full-tilt for the South Irish. He never came back. And then, about the time he must have been heading that charge to retake the lost trenches, we moved up into our old front line, which had been blown just about flat. And all that night we worked, digging ourselves in again.

"Long about morning Crabapple Jones came up to where I was filling sandbags, and sez: 'Rusty Smith ain't here! D'you know where he's at, Broncho? He's a deserter. D'you understand?' 'You say that again, Crab,' I said, 'and I'll kill you!' 'No, Broncho,' he said, 'Rusty's gone. He heard the call and he went. I knew when I saw him go he wouldn't come back!' And then some one spoke to me and there was the captain watching. 'What's that about Sergeant Smith?' he said. Crabapple said nothing. 'Is he killed?' said the captain. 'He must

be,' I said, 'or it's a cinch he'd have been here by now!' A Very light showed me the captain's face in the darkness. He looked tired, and gray, same as the rest of us. He scribbled a few lines in his notebook and tore out the page. 'If any one asks you what business you have away from your own lines, show them this. Now go and ask the first officer of the South Irish you come to if anything's been seen of Sergeant Smith!'

"I found Rusty. It wasn't easy. Another battalion was taking over the line from what was left of the South Irish, and they told me to get out and not make a something nuisance of myself. Guess they thought I was crazy. How could I find Rusty Smith in the midst of them smashed-in trenches, full of dead men, in the dark? Madness! A sergeant I asked told me as much. 'Man,' he said, 'you might look for a year and you'd never set eyes on him!' I said I must keep on trying. And then he told me he'd passed some of the South Irish at the old brewery, digging graves. They might be able to tell me. If they couldn't, nobody else could, anyhow.

"Day was breaking by the time I came out of the communication trench in the brewery yard. A private of the South Irish was sitting on a pile of bricks. I asked him was there any officer of his battalion I could have a word with. There was, he said; twelve of them on the other side of the wall. I said I was much obliged and I went through a doorway into a garden and it was there I found Rusty Smith.

"There was a long grave dug under the trees, and some privates with spades and picks and a big man with a big mustache and a row of dead men. 'I'd like to speak to one of the officers of the South Irish!' I said. 'Indeed,' said the big man, 'and what may you want with officers of the South Irish?' I saw by the badge on his sleeve that he was a sergeant major. I told him that one of our sergeants had climbed out of the trench and had run across to help the South Irish when they were falling back. 'We didn't fall back,' said the sergeant major. 'We saw no sergeant! What's more,' he said, 'tell your officer, with Regimental Sergeant Major Keelan's compliments that the South Irish can manage their own fights without no confounded Yankee sergeants coming across to help them!'

"I wasn't afraid. Army talk won't kill you. Another thing, it was growing light quick and I could see in the big man's eyes there was something wrong. 'Be off with you back to your own battalion!' he said. And then I saw, too, that the men with the spades and picks were looking at me in a way that got under my skin and set me wondering if the sergeant major had been telling me lies. And, anyhow, where were the officers I'd been told I'd find there? 'Sergeant major,' I said, 'may I speak to one of the officers?' He spun round on me. 'Officers!' he said. 'Officers! We've no officers! They're dead, all of them!'

"SURE enough, he was right. Side by side on the gravel were the officers of the South Irish, their faces covered. That was what the little private had meant. And again the sergeant major told me to be off to my own battalion.

"I turned to go. And there, flung on some bushes, was a United States Army khaki jacket, all covered with blood, and with sergeant's chevrons on the sleeve. I picked it up. 'What's this?' I asked. Nobody spoke. I looked at the dead men. Rusty had torn the knees of his breeches that morning, or the morning before, on barbed wire. There was one of the dead officers that had the knees of his breeches torn like that. What's more, his breeches and puttees was different from what the others were wearing, and in his right hand was a pole with a yellow and green flag on it.

"I stooped before they could stop me and lifted the handkerchief from his face, and there was Rusty. Rusty Smith, with his eyes shut, his lips set in a smile, like he was amused by all that had come to him. And he was wearing a British tunic, like an ordinary private's, but with two stars on each of the shoulders."

"THAT'S what became of it, then!" cried the blind man. "They'd brought me down with the others. I was dead, of course, or so they thought, just from the look of me! When they found I was still breathing they shipped me off to the dressing station, but they must have taken my tunic first. I never knew why till now. They gave it to Jim Raymer. A terrible crowd to look after their own affairs, the South Irish! Go on, soldier! We're listening."

"Well," said the Californian, "there was Rusty Smith, dead! There was no mistaking him. I spoke to the sergeant major. 'This is the sergeant I'm looking for!' He shook his head. 'That's Captain Raymer, of the South Irish!' 'But look here,' I said, 'that's Rusty Smith. And here's his jacket! Do you mean to say that I don't know my own friend when I see him?' 'I don't know about that,' said the sergeant major, 'but you certainly don't know Captain Raymer!' 'If that's Rusty,' I said, 'you'll find tattooed on his right forearm a lynx, inside a three-leafed clover, and a motto!'

"I pulled up his sleeve and showed I was right. The sergeant major laughed at me. 'Man,' he said, 'that's the badge of the South Irish. A Bengal tiger set in an Irish shamrock!' And I knew then what Crabapple Jones had meant way back in seventeen. 'Be off with you now,' said the sergeant major, 'or you'll be getting yourself into trouble. You're keeping the chaplain waiting.'

"But I didn't stir. 'That's Rusty Smith,' I said, as stubborn as an old mule, 'and I want him.' The sergeant major clapped his big hand on my shoulder. 'Listen,' he said, 'if you want a scrap, say so, but it 'ud take more than the whole United States Army, guns and all, to make what's left of the South Irish give up the body of one of their officers! And now you know!' "

"Did Keelan say that?" said the old gentleman. "He would, of course! It's what he would say!"

"He said more than that," said the Californian. "He said: 'Captain Raymer was an officer of the South Irish, and he'll be buried as such, and not as a confounded Yankee sergeant just to oblige you!' And then they began to lift the bodies into the grave, the yellow and green flag still in Rusty's hand, and a chaplain came up and began to read the service over 'em, and that was the end of Rusty. The man they'd buried was Captain Raymer. The jacket! They knew nothing about the jacket. I could take it and welcome. I did, as far as the first trench I came to. And then I thought: What was the good? Was I going to take that jacket back to the crowd and say what I'd seen! They wouldn't

Allied Airmen and German Spies

FOR many weeks while the British army was struggling for its very existence in Flanders, a mysterious spy reported its movements almost hourly to the Germans.

The true inside story of his capture is revealed for the first time in McCLURE'S next month by Major "Tom" Vigors, participant in this remarkable drama of the World War.

believe me! What proof had I? None. The only proof was buried with twelve dead men! I flung the jacket over the top of the trench and went back to my own lines. I told the captain that Rusty was dead, killed by a shell. I'd met eyewitnesses who'd seen him go. Which was no more than the truth, anyway.

"Before midday the captain was killed, Crabapple Jones was killed, and I was wounded and had lost my leg. So far as I was concerned, the war ended right there. And I guess that's all. I made up my mind that I'd get at the truth about Rusty, somehow. But it wasn't going to be easy, you bet! Who could I ask?

"Not the South Irish, of course! What would I have learned from them? Not my own regiment! How much did any one know about Rusty but me? And what I knew I kept to myself, without breathing a word to a living soul, till this afternoon. And now I'm through, and I guess I'll ask you to tell me, if you know, why Rusty Smith, an American sergeant, was claimed by a crowd he didn't belong to and buried under another name!"

"But it was his name," said the old gentleman, almost in a whisper. "It was his name!"

"And he did belong to the South Irish," said the girl, gazing across the sloping fields toward the ridge. "Didn't you understand that much, soldier?"

THE blind man smiled to himself and raised his twisted, ravaged face toward the sky where high up against the blue a lark was singing.

"Well," said the Californian patiently, "mebbe you'll tell me. I've been waiting for four long years to find some one who knows the truth! Who was he?"

"My son, sir!" said the old gentleman.

"My brother!" said the girl.

"Gosh!" said the Californian.

"He was an officer in the South Irish," said the old gentleman slowly, "in the battalion that I'd commanded myself when he was a lad. He fought in South Africa, as a subaltern, fresh from Sandhurst, and on the frontier of India. He was a good soldier. They all said so. But he was wild, always—headstrong, willful, and wild. He wouldn't listen to good advice. He went his own way. And then he got into trouble. We'll skip that part. It hurts. He was tried by court-martial and cashiered—dismissed the service. It broke his heart, and it broke mine. It made me bitter and turned me against him—against my son.

"He came to see me once, late at night, and asked for help. I might have been kinder. I blame myself for a lot of things. I told him to try to redeem himself, if he could. I said he'd disgraced his name and his regiment. I never saw him again. I never knew where he went or what had become of him. And now, after all these years——"

THE old gentleman brushed his hand across his eyes and, like the girl, stared out over the fields of young corn toward the ridge where the South Irish had fallen back and his son had led them to victory.

Presently he continued:

"My son's name was not in the casualty lists, sir, of course, but a month ago I received a letter—an extraordinary letter—that said that the writer had heard he was buried in France, at the cemetery here, with the eleven other officers of the South Irish who'd died with him. That's all. Buried in France with the other officers who'd died with him. My son! That was the first word I'd had of him since the night that he went away. I didn't believe it. Queer things happen in war-time, but that was impossible!

"Nevertheless, I investigated, caused inquiries to be made in London, and I learned, unofficially, through a friend, that although eleven names had been reported in April, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when they opened the grave in the brewery yard to move the bodies they found not eleven, but twelve, and the twelfth was my son.

"In the grave was a bottle—a practice I've been told they followed sometimes during the war—a bottle in which was a paper with the soldier's name and his rank and the names of the other dead. But nobody knew how it had come about. Nobody could explain what I wanted to know. It seemed a mystery that would never be solved. And so I determined to come out here and see for myself, before I took any further steps in the matter. And now, I'm satisfied. I'll let things rest. I'm happier than I've been for twelve years. My son has come home again, at last, back to the South Irish, where he belonged!"

"You see," said the girl, "we're proud of the South Irish, all three of us!"

"The finest regiment in the British Army," said the blind man, "and smashed! Smashed to atoms!"

"But they came again," said the Californian, touched by the tragedy in the blind man's voice. "They took the trenches they lost, didn't they?"

"Yes," said the blind man, "we took the trenches, but I didn't mean that, soldier. I didn't mean that. It doesn't much matter where you look, you'll never find better fighters in all the world than the South Irish! But if ever we get another war, the South Irish will not be fighting. They're finished. Like that!" He snapped his fingers. "Poor South Irish! Poor Tigers! Never again will you hear their pipes, soldier; never again will you see their little green and yellow flags!"

"I don't understand," said the Californian.

"DON'T you!" said the blind man. "Don't you!" And he sighed.

"Last Monday," said the old gentleman, "I went to Windsor. I saw the colors of the South Irish carried past for the last time; as many battle honors as any regiment in the Service, and thrown away after a hundred and fifty years of fighting all over the world! I saw their colors carried past; I heard the band of the Grenadiers playing the South Irish Regimental March; and I said good-by to the last of my old regiment!

"And I'd nothing to live for, after that, until this afternoon when I saw that grave and heard how my son had died!"

"Yes," said the blind man. "They're done for, like you and me, soldier! Finished!"

"You see," said the girl, with her hand on the blind man's arm. "we're Irish. Our regiment's gone. We're exiles in England, without a home! Driven out of our own country, because we belonged to the South Irish! But we've got the memory of what's in the past. We always have, we Irish! Memories, that's all. Memories of what will never again be!"

"And the future!" said the blind man. "The future! What have we to look forward to, Doreen? Darkness, nothing but darkness!"

"Each other, husband," said the girl, clasping his hand in hers. "We have each other!"

"And hope," said the Californian, with a sudden catch in his throat. "There's hope for all of us!"

The sun was low in the sky. The fields where the South Irish had fought were mellow in the golden evening. Women with handkerchiefs around their heads and tired, sunburnt men trudged slowly through the clouds of dust toward the village that had risen on the ruins of the war.

"I saw what you were doing, Anderson," says Slum. "You were practicing the wedding march!"

Pigskin and that Schoolgirl Complexion

Hilow's Coach Learns Again that Women and Football Don't Mix

By Eugene W. Nixon

Illustrations by Charles Lassell

SINCE Slum Higgins busted on to the scene at Hilow College they've quit starting football practice the day college opens. Now they open college the day Slum orders the first football practice.

"I have the highest regard and the utmost respect for learning," Slum tells me once. "But you've got to use your judgment about the relative value of different kinds of learning. A man may be able to give all the cases and tenses of a Greek conjunction, but what does it get him? But if a man has learned to knock an opposing tackle for a row of Charlie horses, he'll always be able to take care of himself in any kind of a brawl. So if the regular routine of the college interferes with football, why—change the routine."

Last year I finally came to believe Slum Higgins was the greatest football coach in the world. Before Slum came to Hilow the college hadn't won a football championship for ten years. About the only athletic records the college held were the sitting long cigarette smoke and the cake-eating championship. But Slum hadn't lost a game since his début, and it didn't look like he ever intended to lose one. And Slum had almost totally ruined the reputation of the college as a matrimonial bureau, and done untold injury to the tobacco trust.

Slum was a great coach because he wouldn't compromise. His teams couldn't lose because Slum wouldn't let 'em lose.

"If any of you boys are figuring on losing this game," Slum would say to the team, "you'd better take to the woods now while you're fresh, and not wait till after the game when you'll be fatigued and probably not able to keep ahead of the coaching staff."

The boys would take another look at Slum's forty-four inch chest and his granite jaw, and figure the surest way out was to massecrate the other team without undue delay.

Slum was the same way about training rules, and especially about queening during the season. If there was one thing Slum wouldn't stand for it was love-making. He always made his position clear about the second week

of the season, and he didn't mince his words, either.

"Undoubtedly," Slum would say to the boys, "lovely woman is nature's masterpiece—outside of a tackle with a real charge. But an irrefutable law of the Universe tells us that women and football don't mix. You can't pour out your soul at the whispering hour, and expect to knock a rude, hard-boiled, unmannerly Spanklin full back on his trapezius the next afternoon. You've got to limit your activities. One of the training rules is that you can't engage in two sports at the same time; so, if indoor tackling is your specialty, stick to that. Football ain't going to be a kissing game around Hilow College this semester."

AFTER one of these speeches of Slum's the boys would be so afraid of attracting his attention that they'd have to come to me to get the stiffness rubbed out of their necks from avoiding tender female glances.

"You've got to get 'em mean if you want 'em to play football," Slum would tell me. "No use driving 'em all season, and then come up to the Spanklin game and have 'em trying to kiss Bull Lynch every time he bucks our line." Bull Lynch is the Spanklin football team.

And then this fall when I piles off the rattler at Hilow, all ready for another hard season as trainer for Slum's football champions, the first sight that strikes my optics is Slum Higgins strolling down College Avenue, with a jane in a red dress floating along at his side and smiling up into his camera buster.

My first reaction was to get sore. I must have had a hunch.

"If it's so bad for the players to be in love, what's going to be the outcome of having a coach that's gone to the dogs the same way?" I asks myself, with a scowl.

But just then they spotted me, and in a minute Slum was pounding me on the back with that petrified ham he calls his hand, and Miss Joy Aylsworth was holding my capable mitt and smiling up into my more or less handsome and intelligent features, and I was knocked slant-eyed from both directions.

But finally Miss Joy saved me from Slum's murderous welcome.

"Quit killing Hilow's pride and joy," she says, shoving Slum away and giving me a tender smile. "Of course we admit you are a fair football coach," she says to Slum, "but really our beloved trainer is the man who wins our games for us."

Right away I could begin to feel myself melt. I don't know what there is about that girl's smile, but one exposure to it is enough to ruin a man for life. After you've experienced that smile once there ain't much left in the world worth bothering about—not even how to stop Spanklin's short-end run.

"If we don't get this girl's education completed in the near future she'll ruin us yet," I tells myself, as I finally beats it up the street.

OF course I didn't know how far Slum had fell for Miss Joy. After the close of the previous season Slum had been away from the college. But I knew all about how Slum had saved the day by stepping in and cutting out our two star half backs when they were quarreling about Miss Joy. When they found out they'd both lost her they went into the game and spoiled the Spanklin outfit so bad they had to carry it off the field in baskets.

As I say, I didn't know whether Slum was really knocked for a row of bridesmaids, or whether he just had her on his hands and didn't know what to do about it. But, judging from my personal point of view, if Miss Joy ever put her hand through my haymaker, and smiled up into my handsome, but weather-beaten phiz, like she did to Slum last year, I probably wouldn't care if Spanklin made six touchdowns on us the first quarter.

When Slum finally came to our rooms I tried to kid him a little.

"Congratulations, Slum," I says. "But I'm sorry to disappoint you about being your best man. I ain't going to get a dress suit till after I make the glee club, and I'm afraid that'll be too late for the wedding."

"Say, listen, you inadequately-educated, half-baked horse doctor!" says Slum. "You better start worrying about whether you got anything fit to wear at a funeral."

It's pretty hard to tell sometimes whether Slum is joshing or in earnest, so I didn't press the matter. But it worried me considerable, just the same.

Well, we busted open the season that afternoon with the usual hip, hip, hurrah, and then for the next two or three weeks I was so busy taping up sprained ankles and fitting braces on bum shoulders that I didn't have time to worry about how Slum was handling the team.

But I noticed Slum didn't make his usual speech about love and football. And I couldn't help but know that he called on Miss Joy two or three evenings a week, and that they took a stroll or ride every Sunday afternoon; and every afternoon I could see Miss Joy sitting away up in the top row of the south grand stand watching practice.

That girl was the best football booster and rooter Hilow College ever had. If loyalty to the team is worth anything, that girl was worth a million. But it was hard for the boys to keep their eyes on the ball with her up there in the stand.

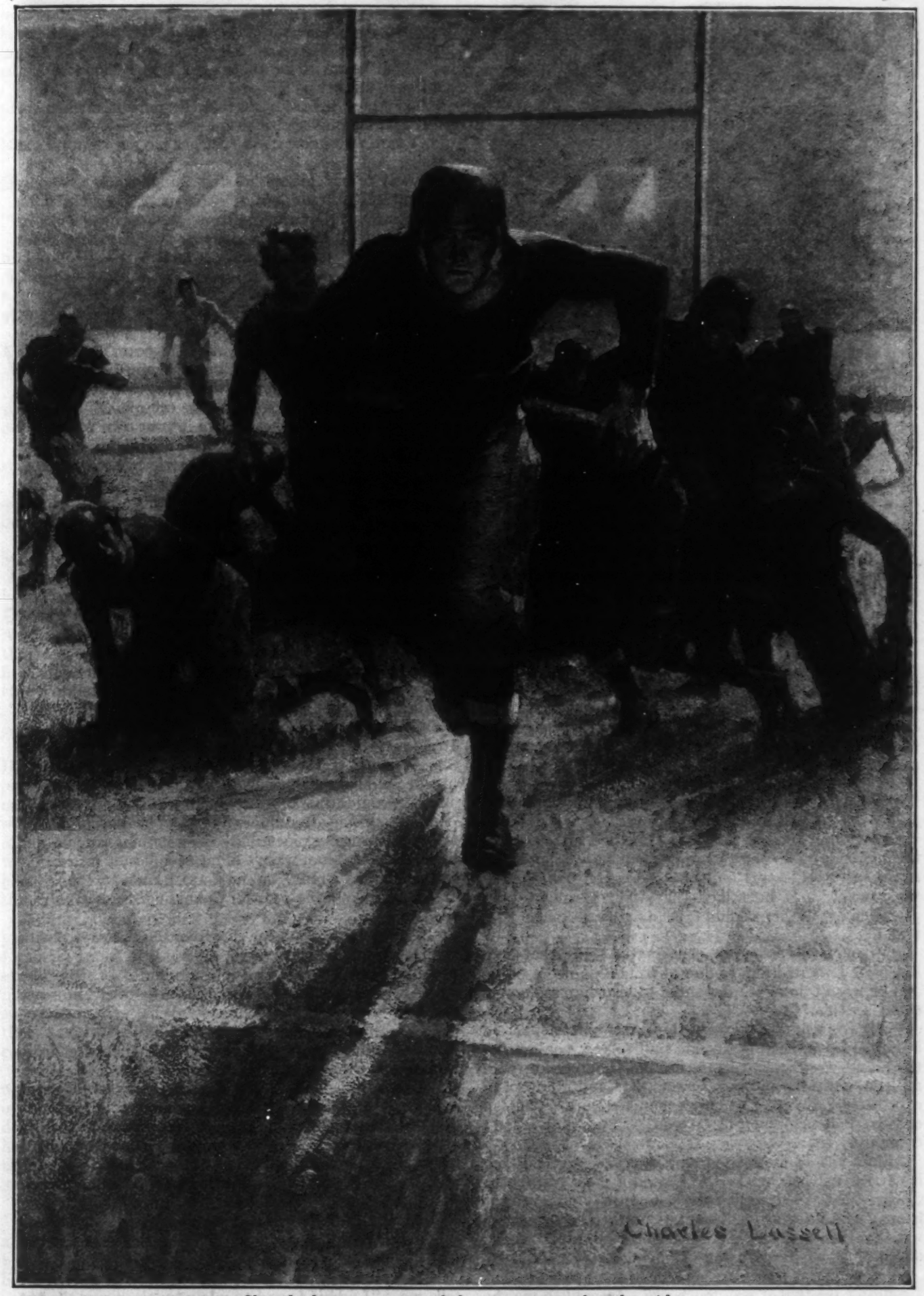
Finally we came to the opening game with Redfield. Redfield is the college that keeps interest alive in football in our conference. As long as we have Redfield, every other college in the league is sure to win one game a season, anyhow. So of course we won that one.

But it didn't seem to me the boys had the pep they'd had the last two seasons at this stage. They played good football, but I didn't see the fight and fire I was looking for. They seemed to take it as a day's work.

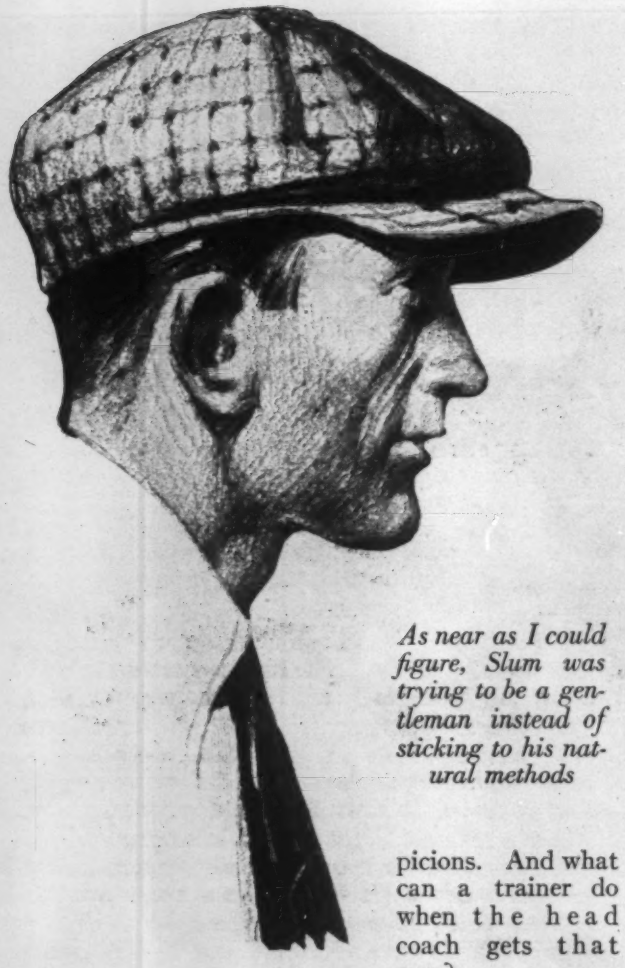
THE next Saturday we played Coldwater, and won that one, too; but after that game I knew something was wrong, and I knew what it was. I could see that if something wasn't done we'd be lucky if we didn't get walloped before the Spanklin game; and if Spanklin didn't beat us five touchdowns they ought to quit football and try for Phi Beta Kappa.

You see, the trouble was the boys were spending too much time and energy in Hilow's old pastime of love-making, and Slum wasn't doing anything about it. Along about five P. M., Slum and the rest of the coaches would maybe get these embryonic cave men of ours worked up to the point where they'd have to muzzle them to keep them from giving each other hydrophobia. And then, along about nine-thirty in the evening, they'd all be sitting out in the park, with their loved ones, while nightmare visions of Bull Lynch's ugly phiz busting out of a black thundercloud turned to pictures of smiling Cupids floating on clouds of purple and old gold. Oh, sugar!

"Why, gosh dang it, I used to get so mad I could chew boarding-house steak. But what could I do? I didn't know for sure what sensation Slum was getting from looking into tender violet eyes, but I had my sus-



Slum had our men so mad they never gave the other side a chance. I guess you heard about the score— twenty-seven to nothing in our favor



As near as I could figure, Slum was trying to be a gentleman instead of sticking to his natural methods

picions. And what can a trainer do when the head coach gets that way?

Another thing I noticed was that Slum had changed his style of handling the boys. As near as I could figure out he was trying to be a gentleman, instead of sticking to his natural methods. Now it's all right to be a gentleman in the off season, but you can't be a gentleman and coach a football team.

Of course a coach might say to one of the players: "Now, Mr. Harrison, will you please kindly practice falling on the ball for a few moments? It is extremely vital for you to know the correct method of recovering the pellet in case one of your team mates should inadvertently be jostled and lose possession of it during the contest." If he talked that way, he might be a gentleman, but he wouldn't be a football coach—not for long.

Of course Slum hadn't degenerated quite that bad, but what I wanted him to do was to talk like he used to, and he wasn't doing it. I wanted to hear him say something like this:

"Listen, son, what do you think this oblate spheroid is, anyhow—an egg, or a cream puff? Now you get out there and wrap your carcass around that pigskin with a little enthusiasm, and forget that imitation of a cake-eater recovering a lady's handkerchief. You fall on that ball before I fall on you!" But Slum wasn't doing it.

Slum has an honest-to-gosh system of football, and it carried us clear up to the Spanklin game without a defeat. But we'd been lucky—especially in our last game. All that saved us from a tie in the Claridge game was that their goal kicker got palsy of the pedal extremity during the try for points.

We had two weeks to get ready for Spanklin, but I couldn't see that it was much use. Seemed to me the team was losing pep all the time, and you can imagine how happy I was.

That afternoon after the Claridge game I met Miss Joy, and I could see she was worried, too. She stopped me.

"What seems to be the matter with the team, Mr. Trainer?" she asks.

I could feel myself begin to melt and soften when she turned on her smile. But I guess I was pretty sore, and didn't care who knew it, so I let her have it right off the bat.

"They're a chicken-hearted gang of lovey-dovey cake-eaters," I tells her. "Darn near every man on that team is playing Romeo to some half-developed Juliet. If they can only steal one more kiss they don't care whether Spanklin beats us sixty points, or only fifty."

For a minute she stood there with her eyes getting bigger and bigger. Finally she begins to talk.

"Why, the very idea!" she says. "You know the girls of this college are as loyal to the team as any man ever could be, and you ought to be ashamed to insinuate that they hinder the men, when they are really only trying to encourage them and urge them on."

"All right," I tells her, "have it your own way. I'm not trying to convince you. You asked me, and I've told you. But that bunch of counterfeit gridiron heroes and would-be bridegrooms are getting so soft they want to be rubbed down with attar of roses instead of horse liniment; and they just can't bear to think of getting all sweaty and spoiling their complexions. I can't tell you any more because all the rest of it comes in cuss words."

So I beat it, leaving her there with something to chew over.

I couldn't see how two weeks was going to help us. I figured the sooner we took our beating and got it over with, the better. Maybe in two weeks a few more of the boys would manage to get engaged, but they wouldn't be any better football players, I could see that.

"This is one time Slum Higgins is in for a beating," I told myself. "If I was only handsome enough to beat Slum's time with Miss Joy, or ugly enough to kidnap her, maybe we'd have a chance. Love sure is blind, all right—and deaf and dumb and feeble-minded, too."

That evening after dinner Slum and I sat around quite a spell smoking our pipes, and saying nothing, and darned little of that. Slum wasn't blind enough not to see that something was wrong, and he knew I knew it, too.

"Looks like a big year for Spanklin," he says after a spell.

"They ought to cop the championship," I says, "with all of us pulling for them."

Slum looked at me steady for a minute.

"All right, Solomon Æsculapius Aristotle," he says. "Spill it—don't hold any of it back! What's the answer?"

I LAYS down my pipe, removes my shapely feet from the top of the table, and lets him have it.

"In a college," I says, "there's two main lines of interest—football and that schoolgirl complexion. And you don't need me to tell you that a man can't dabble in both at the same time. We're great on complexions, but we've forgot all about football."

Now Slum and I had never quarreled, but I figured we would after this speech of mine. But Slum didn't fly off the handle. He just sat there a long time, like he was thinking hard about what I'd said. Finally he comes out with his decision:

"The trouble with you is, you're a woman hater," he tells me. "I admit I used to misjudge them myself, but I've found they are as loyal to the team as any man could be, and I've decided they have a good influence on the

men. I believe you're wrong. We'll win this Spanklin game yet, and you will have to change some of your moth-eaten theories that a man has to be a rough-neck to play football."

Just to show me he meant what he said, Slum stepped to the telephone and called up Miss Joy.

"May I come over?" he asks, giving me a go-to-Heaven look.

But the answer he got seemed to knock him for a fifteen-yard penalty.

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," he says over the phone. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow, anyhow."

But from the expression on his face as he put the telephone down, I figured things weren't as perfectly all right as he let on. He didn't look at me or say a word, but picked up his hat and beat it. I waited up till midnight, but he didn't come in.

WHEN I came into the room from lunch that Sunday Slum was talking over the phone again:

"Well, excuse me," he was saying. "I just thought you might like to take a ride up into the canyon. But certainly it's all right."

He sat around a while, then grabbed his hat and started out of the room.

"If you're going for a walk, you might take me along," I suggests. "You know it is not good for man to be alone."

"Come ahead, if you think you can keep up," he tells me, none too cordial.

Slum set a hot pace up College Avenue toward the hills without saying a word. Pretty soon we came to the Country Club, and started to cut across the golf links. As we passed the second tee a sight struck our optics that left us both with our eyes sticking out about a foot. There was Miss Joy, all dressed up in golfing togs, chatting with a cute little gent in knickerbockers, and smiling into his refined and aristocratic countenance sweet enough to make a man jump through a hoop.

I recognized the gink right away. He was Reginald H. Barrington, Second—Hilow's own unique specimen of all that's elegant and refined and classy. Golf was the only sport Reginald engaged in. All the others were too rough and crude and hard on the finger nails. But Reginald could tease a golf ball something awful, and he was showing Miss Joy just how to do it. Seemed like he had to take her hands in his to show her how to grab the bat.

It sure made me mad to see Miss Joy out with this yap. She pretended to be a great football fan, and Reginald is one of these ginks that never sees a football except at the big game when he brings his haughty mama and a gang of her lady friends. And then Reginald shows them what a sport he is by explaining the game to them and telling them all about where the bone-headed coaches are making their worst mistakes.

Miss Joy happened to look up and see us passing. She smiled, and waved to us with one hand, while she sort of rested the other on Reginald's coat sleeve. Slum didn't wave, but just nodded and set off at a pace that had me in a lope to keep up with him. I didn't say anything for about five miles, but when we came to the mouth of the canyon I sat down on a rock.

"I'll wait for you here," I says.

But Slum never even looked back. He disappeared around a bend in the canyon, still going strong. In an hour or so I strolled back home. I don't know when Slum got in that night.

Monday afternoon Slum was out at the football field early, and he looked honest-to-gosh mean for the first time that season.

After you've experienced Miss Joy's smile once there ain't much left in the world worth bothering about

"I want you to quit pampering these little pets," he tells me, with a scowl. "Put something in that rub-down dope of yours that's got a bite to it. You've been handling them so tender they think they're valuable."

Just then a couple in a classy blue racing car drove in at the west gate, and around the running track. It was Reginald Barrington, Second, and he had Miss Joy with him. A bunch of golf clubs was sticking out of the seat beside them. As they drove past where we were standing, Miss Joy smiled and waved to us. But Slum turned his back and walked over to the tackling dummy. They drove past us and out at the east gate.

When they were gone, Slum called to old Jimmie Ridley, keeper of the grounds.

"Look here, Jimmie," he says. "I want this place locked up for the next two weeks. Don't let anybody in here but the players; and if you let a female in again before the season's over I'll skin you alive."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Higgins," says Jimmy, showing more speed than an All American end.

When the players were all out, Slum blew a blast on his whistle that you could have heard fourteen miles away. The boys seemed to notice something different about the whistle, for they all gathered around *pronto*—all but big Ed Anderson, the left tackle. Ed had to stop to pick up a ball, and then he took his time about getting to where Slum had the boys around him.

I noticed Slum watching Anderson coming up, and I didn't like the look in his eye.

"Did you hear me whistle, Anderson?" Slum asks, slow and deliberate.

"Yes, sir," Anderson says, surprised like.

"Did you understand I wanted you here? Or did you think I was trying to soothe your soul with music?"

"I came when you whistled," says Anderson, looking hurt.

"Don't talk back to me!" says Slum. "I saw what

you were doing—you were practicing the wedding march!"

Anderson was one of the worst cake-eaters on the squad.

"I want to see a little action out of you, Anderson," says Slum. "When I blow this whistle, you sprint down there to where you were; and then when I blow again, you sprint back here. And don't imagine you're keeping step with a dame, either!"

Slum blew a blast on his whistle. Anderson took one fleeting look at Slum's face, and then began to give an imitation of a colored gentleman running a ghost to death.

"Do that again," Slum commands, when Anderson got back. "Put a little life into it—you run like a butler."

BY the time Slum was satisfied with the performance, Anderson's tongue was sticking out so far I was afraid he'd step on it.

"Now," says Slum to the squad, "this team hasn't been beat this season—but that's because you've been lucky. And you are going to get mopped up right by Spanklin if you don't change your style. But the funny thing about it is you're going to change your style."

Slum stopped and looked the squad over for a minute.

"This football squad," he says finally, "is the champion cake-eating outfit of these United States. You gents could take on Spanklin in a love-making contest and beat them seven hundred kisses, nine hundred and fifty-seven hand squeezes, and a thousand amorous glances in ten-minute quarters. I'll bet every cent I've got that the poorest lover in this squad can tell that Spanklin outfit more about how to hypnotize a frail than Rodolph himself."

Slum stops and lets that soak in a while.

"Now you gents have had a lot of fun this season," Slum continues. "But now you're going to quit playing post office and winkums, and try football for a change. And if I catch a man from this squad associating with a lady for the next two weeks, I'm going to make him wish old man Adam had been born without any ribs. Now get out there and give your sweat glands a work-out for a change."

Well, sir, I guess the boys did more work that afternoon than they had done all season. Slum kept jumping around the field, bawling everybody out.

"Look here, Romeo," he'd say to a player who had made a sloppy tackle, "you're not in love with that tackling dummy! It's been false to you and let a lot of other lady-killers fondle it. You're mad at it, see? Now you tackle it again, and remember you're darn sore!"

We'd used the same dummy all season, but before that practice was over there wasn't enough of that dummy left to plug up a rat hole. And that's the way the practice went all week.

Slum didn't telephone Miss Joy any more, and twice I saw her with Barrington. It seemed strange to have practice without that girl up in the stand cheering the boys on.

"I guess Slum knows now why I'm a woman hater," I thinks to myself, the second time I saw Miss Joy with Barrington. "You can't depend on 'em in a pinch—they'll fall down on you every time."

Friday night about nine o'clock Slum grabbed his hat.

"I think I've got these heartbreakers cured," he tells me, "but I'm going to make a little tour, and be sure about it. Better come along."

We walked over to the women's dormitory and looked into the reception room. There were a lot of shiny pompadours buzzing around, but nothing that looked like a football player.

"We'll make a little inspection of the park," Slum tells me. "There's more souls beat in harmony out there than you'd ever imagine."

Blanding Park is a tract of woodland left in its natural state, bordering on the campus. There are many natural retreats for the lovesick. There was some moonlight that night, but not enough so we could make out who people were without getting close to them. We found all the favorite nooks closely occupied. As we'd approach a bench under a spreading oak tree, we'd see a blur and then we'd hear a rustling sound and then there would be two blurs where there had only been one before.

"I hate to do it, but we got to get close enough to see who they are," says Slum, and he bolts up to the first couple. "Pardon me," he says, "but I'm looking for football players. Are there any here?"

The guy under the first tree turned out to be Buzz Johnson, tennis captain and college wit.

"Hello, coach," he says, with a grin. "I'm doing my darnedest to substitute for Captain Wilkins—any suggestions?"

I was close enough to see the girl blush.

"Yes," Slum tells him, "see that you make a thorough job of it."

We stalks on to the next retreat, and the next, but no football players. The boys all seemed to take it good-natured—they'd heard of Slum's ultimatum.

"I guess they're all obeying orders," Slum says finally. "Here's one more couple over here."

We bolted up to this last couple, and right away I saw it was big Ed Anderson. I could see Slum begin to swell, but he walked right on past like he hadn't recognized Ed.

"It's a shame to have to fire Ed from the team," I says. "He's the best line man we've got."

"Fire him!" says Slum. "I never fired a man from the team yet, and I never will. Don't take any brains to fire a man. Maybe I'll make him quit, though."

Monday afternoon Slum called Ed out in front of the squad.

"Anderson," he says, "you disobeyed orders about staying away from the women, and I'm going to punish you. You take this football and go over there on the running track and spend the rest of the afternoon circulating it. Keep it up till I tell you to quit, and if you quit of your own accord you better quit while you're fresh, because you'll need all your speed and endurance. This football is to represent a lady, so you won't feel lonesome. Now go to it."

Anderson wasn't yellow, even if he was stubborn and hard to manage. He looked for a minute like he was going to have it out right there. But I guess he began to see he had it coming to him, and anyhow Slum's discouraging to look at when he's mad. So Anderson beats it for the track and begins his tour. When he quit two hours later his feet were a sight, but he still had a grin.

"Forty-eight laps," he tells me while I swab on the iodine. "I'll make it fifty tomorrow night, and I've decided to remain a bachelor all my life."

WEDNESDAY night, after he'd finished his run, Anderson limped over to Slum.

"Coach," he says, "I deserved what you've been giving me, but I've learned my lesson. If you'll let me rest my arches till Saturday, I'll tear that Spanklin line to corned beef hash with poached eggs—and I'll never break the training rules again as long as I'm on your squad."

"Now you're talking sense, Ed," says Slum, with his hand on Ed's shoulder. "Take it easy till the game, and then show us something."

The morning of the game Slum and I stayed in our rooms to keep out of the excitement. I noticed Slum was packing his trunk.

"My work will be done at five o'clock," he tells me. "I'm starting for South Dakota on the six-o'clock train. I may be a fairly successful football coach, but I'm too rough for this civilized life. I've given it a fair trial, and now I'm done." I knew he was thinking about losing Miss Joy.

There isn't much to tell about the Spanklin game. Slum had our men so mad they never gave Spanklin a chance. He'd rubbed it into them so much about being a gang of cake-eaters and sissies that they were bound to take it out on somebody, and poor old Spanklin happened to be handy. I guess you heard about the score — twenty-seven to nothing in our favor.

While the snake dance and congratulations were going on, Slum slipped away. I had to stick around the training quarters to fix up the cripples and didn't get a chance to tell him good-by. About six o'clock I finally got back to our rooms. I was some surprised to see Slum's trunk still in the middle of the floor.

"I'll have to send it to him," I thinks. "He must have been hard hit to go away and forget his trunk."

I was only hoping he'd get over it before another season. Hilow sure needed to keep Slum Higgins.

"I'll tear that Spanklin line to corned beef hash with poached eggs!" says Anderson

I GOT my supper and started out for a stroll to give my nerves a chance to settle. As I walked through Blanding Park I noticed a blur under the big oak, but such a common phenomenon didn't mean anything in my more or less young life. I was passing on when a sweet voice hailed me.

"It's Hilow's pride and joy," said the voice.

I recognized the voice, but I was sore at her, so I kept right on.

"Come here, Mr. Trainer," said Miss Joy's voice. "You won the championship for Hilow today, and I want to congratulate you."

You can't resist that woman, so I stepped over to the bench. I expected to see Barrington the Second, and you could have knocked me over with a feather when I saw that the happy gentleman was Coach Slum Higgins —none other.

"Hello, you old horse doctor," says Slum. "Congratulate me. I've won my biggest victory—and Miss Joy is my victim."

I GUESS my mouth hung open quite a spell before I could think of anything to say. When I finally did speak, of course I said the wrong thing.

"But I thought that was all off," I says.

"Oh, no!" says Miss Joy. "I just had to make Coach Higgins mean. You know you told me what was the matter with the team. But he almost got away from me after the game—I had to chase him clear down to the railway station."

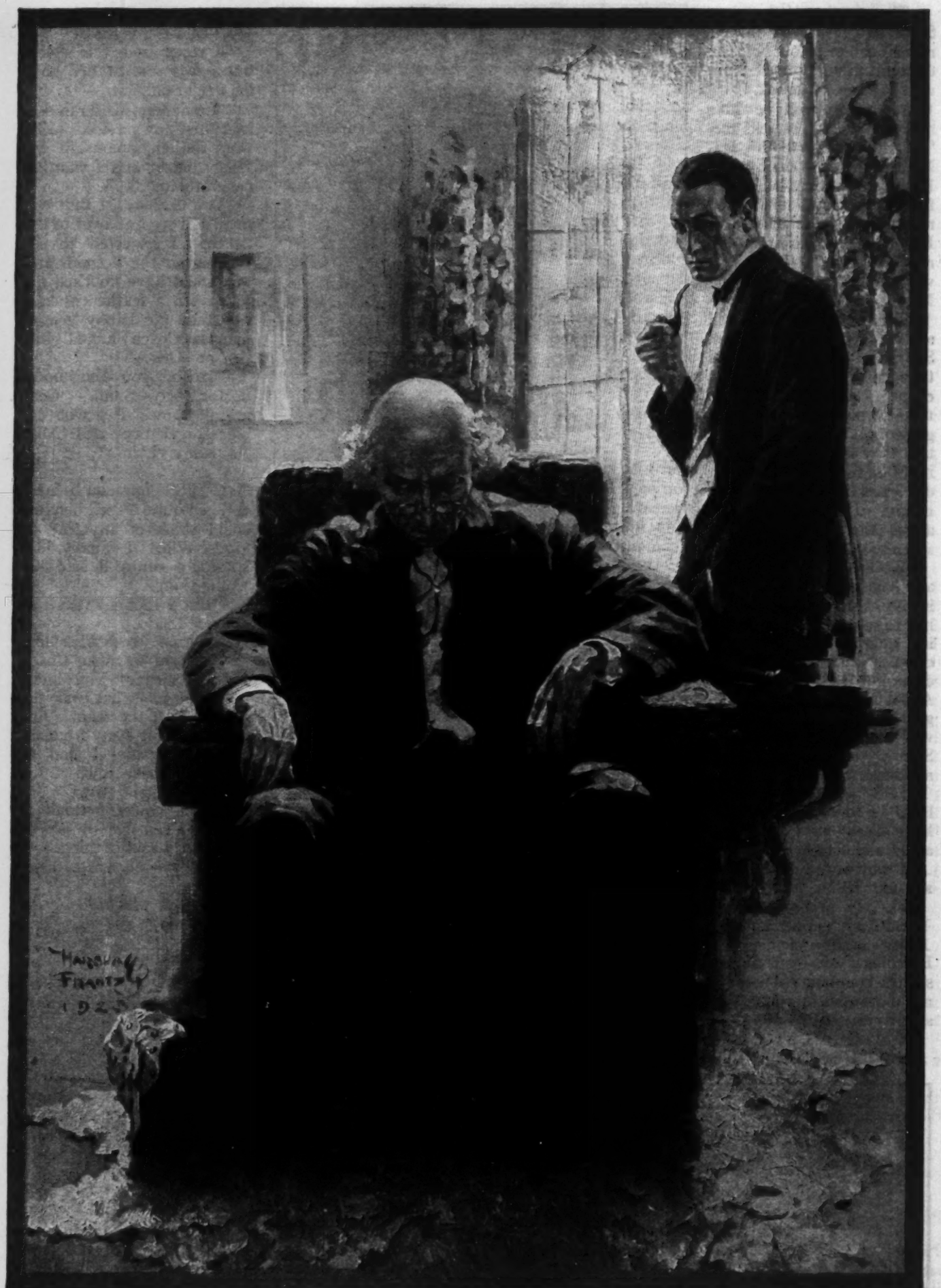
I still couldn't think of anything sensible to say so this time I said nothing.

"But how are you going to make me mean after we're married?" Slum asks her, with a grin.

"After you are married to me you will probably be in that frame of mind permanently," she tells him, smiling at me as she says it.

"Yes I will!" says Slum.

And while he's showing her where she's wrong, I beat it. Football's easy, but this woman question has always been much too deep for me.



Drummond turned and stared at the German, who was apparently asleep. But only apparently. Behind that heavy forehead, the brain was very wide awake

The Third Round

Hugh Drummond Meets Professor Scheidstrun and Loses His Self-control

By Major H. C. McNeile

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

AN hour later Edward Blackton was seated at his desk in the house in the quiet square. Up to date his scheme had gone even more smoothly than he had expected, though there were still one or two small points to be attended to before he could retire from observation and devote himself to the professor. There was bound to be an inquest, for instance, and he was far too big a man not to realize that it might be fatal for him not to attend it. Moreover, there was the little matter of that extra quarter of a million from the Metropolitan Syndicate.

But just at the moment Lewisham was occupying his mind. A note in cipher from Freyder on the table in front of him informed him that Henry Lewisham was a married man, and that he lived in South Kensington. And since the appearance of the late Mr. Lewisham betokened his immense respectability, there was but little doubt that Mrs. Lewisham would become seriously alarmed if her spouse absented himself for the night from the conjugal roof without sending any word to her.

Blackton pressed a bell on his desk twice, and a moment or two later the man who had been staring into the shop window, and to whom he had spoken as he left the Metropolitan Syndicate earlier in the day, entered.

"That man you followed this morning—Lewisham: did he go home to lunch?"

"No, Chief. He had a chop in a restaurant in the city."

"Did he use the telephone, as far as you know?"

"I know he didn't use it. He was never out of my sight from the time he came into the street until he went into Goodman's house."

Blackton nodded as if satisfied.

"Go to Euston, and send a wire to this address. 'Called North on urgent business. Henry.' Then go to the Plough Inn in Liverpool, and wait there for further orders. Draw fifty pounds for expenses"—he scribbled his signature on a slip of paper—"and it is possible that you will have to start for South America at a moment's notice. If you do, it will be necessary for you to make up to an approximate resemblance of Henry Lewisham, and your berth will be taken in his name."

"I didn't have a chance to study his face very closely, Chief," said the man doubtfully.

Blackton waved his hand in dismissal.

"Approximate resemblance, I said," he remarked curtly. "You will receive full instructions later. Go."

HE lay back in his chair as the door closed behind the man, and pulled thoughtfully at his cigar. A merciful fact, he reflected, that it is not a police offense for a man to run away from his wife. In fact, if Mrs. Lewisham was anything like Mr. Lewisham it could hardly be regarded as an offense at all by any disinterested person, but rather as an example of praiseworthy discretion. In due course a letter from Liverpool stating his intention; a resemblance sufficient to cope with a wireless description in case the lady should think of such a thing—and finally complete disappearance in South America. An easy place to disappear in—South America, reflected Mr. Blackton, a fact he had made use of on several occasions, when the circumstances had been similar. And it was better for sorrowing relatives to picture their dear one alive and wandering through primeval forests in Brazil,

The Story from the Beginning

AT the urgent request of Sir Raymond Blantyre and Jabez Leibhaus, diamond magnates, Mr. Edward Blackton—known by various other names during his eventful career—comes to England to prevent the revelation of a recent discovery which will mean utter ruin to the diamond interests. Professor Goodman, a well-known chemist, has succeeded in producing, by artificial means, a diamond worth a king's ransom—at a cost of less than six pounds. And he has refused a vast fortune offered him by Sir Raymond to suppress the discovery. The professor's refusal of the money is a great disappointment to his daughter and her fiancé, Algy Longworth. Algy appeals to his friend Hugh Drummond to reason with the professor.

Later on Drummond meets the professor, who has just received an anonymous letter in which his life is threatened, and discovers that he is carrying around with him the notes on his process. Drummond insists on keeping them for him until they can be put into a safety vault. And then the scientist dashes off to his laboratory to keep an appointment with a German geologist—Professor Scheidstrun.

Meanwhile Blackton has interviewed the members of the Diamond Syndicate and discovered that one of them—Lewisham—had sent the threatening letter. He suggests that Lewisham obtain from the professor the incriminating message. And, later on, disguised as Professor Scheidstrun, Blackton himself waits in the Goodman laboratory, first having made preparations for the carrying out of a cold-blooded plan.

In accordance with this plan, Lewisham meets with instant death on his arrival at the laboratory and Professor Goodman is rendered unconscious by a liberal dose of ether. The clothes of the two men are exchanged and the professor placed in a long coffin-like box which, instead of containing the quartz with which the German professed to be experimenting, held a skillfully-made bomb. Dressed in the professor's clothes, Lewisham's body is propped up behind the table in the laboratory. Then Professor Scheidstrun departs, leaving the bomb to tick away relentlessly, and five minutes later the house is blown up.

or dallying with nitrates in Chile, than for them to realize that the dear one was dead. Incidentally, it was also better for Mr. Blackton.

He dismissed the unfortunate Lewisham from his mind, and produced from his pocket the papers he had taken from Professor Goodman before removing his clothes. To his intense satisfaction, the first thing he saw was the warning typewritten letter, and holding a match under one corner of it he reduced it to ashes and finally to powder. Two or three private letters he treated similarly, and then he came to a dozen loose sheets of paper covered with incomprehensible, scrawled hieroglyphics. These he carefully pinned together and put in his pocket, reflecting again on the extreme goodness of fate.

And then for the second time he took from the drawer where he had placed it for safety the metal retort which apparently played such an important part in the process. He had found it standing on the electric furnace in the professor's laboratory, and now he examined it curiously. It was about double the size of an ordinary tumbler, and was made of some dull opaque substance which resembled dirty pewter. And as Blackton looked at it and realized the incredible fortune that was soon to come to him out of that interesting-looking pot, his hand shook uncontrollably.

He replaced it in the drawer, as some one knocked on the door. It was the man who had spoken to him outside the professor's house.

"They're all humming like a hive of bees, Chief," he remarked. "The police are in, and they've cleared away the débris. I managed to get in and have a look—and it's all right."

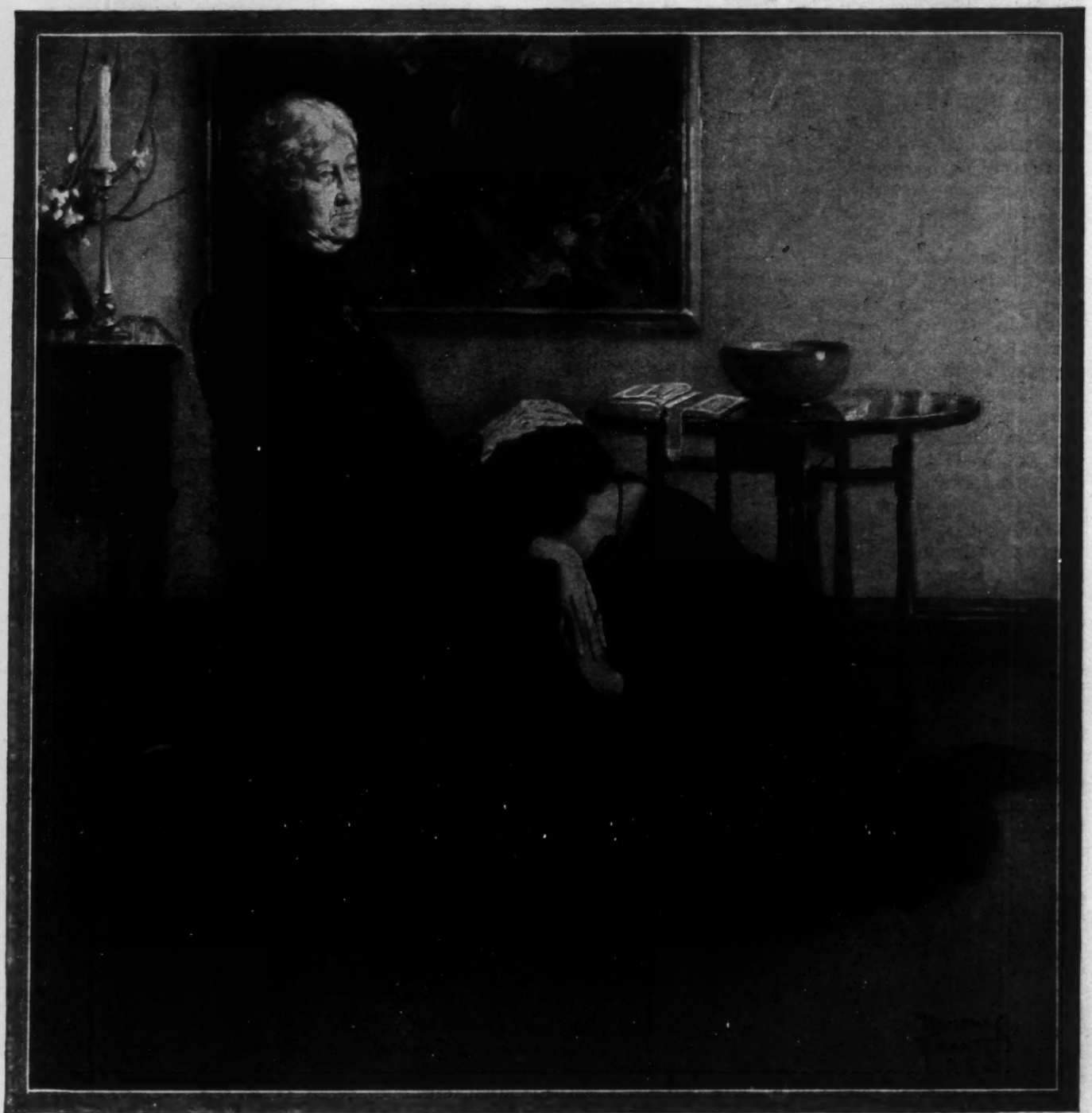
"You're certain of that?" said Blackton quietly.

"There's nothing left of him, Chief, except a boot in one corner."

Blackton rubbed his hands together.

"Excellent! Excellent! You've done very well. Cash this downstairs."

Again he scribbled his initials on a slip of paper, and, pushing it across the table, dismissed the man. Assuredly luck was in, though as a general rule Blackton refused



On the day following the inquest, Mrs. Goodman and Brenda stayed in their rooms, absorbed in grief

to allow the existence of such a thing. According to him, the big man made allowance for every possible contingency: only the fool ever trusted to luck if anything of importance was at stake. And in this case he only regarded his luck as being in because he would be able, as far as he could see, to carry on with the simplest of the three schemes which he had worked out to meet different emergencies should they arise. And though he had employed enough explosive to shatter ten men, no man knew better than he did how capricious it was in its action.

Now he was only waiting for one thing more—a telephone call from Freyder. He glanced at his watch: hardly time as yet, perhaps, for him to have reached his destination and to get through to London. In fact, it was twenty minutes before the bell rang.

"Everything has gone without a hitch."

Freyder was speaking, and with a gentle sigh of pure joy for work well done Mr. Blackton put down the receiver.

And half an hour later he was strolling slowly along Pall Mall toward his club. A newsboy passed him shouting, "'Orrible explosion in 'Ampstead," and he paused to buy a copy. It had occurred to him that it is always a good thing to have something to read in the cooler rooms of a Turkish bath. And he never went into the hotter ones. There were peculiarities about Mr. Edward Blackton's face which rendered great heat a trifle ill-advised.

Chapter IV

THE report made to Mr. Blackton on the condition of the professor's house was certainly justified. It looked as if a heavy airplane bomb had registered a direct hit on the back of the premises. And the damage was continually increasing. The whole fabric of the house had been undermined, and it was only at considerable personal risk that the police pursued their investigations. Frequent crashes, followed by clouds of choking dust, betokened that more and more of the house was collapsing, and at length the inspector in charge gave the order to cease work for the time. Half a dozen policemen kept the curious crowd away, while the inspector retired to the front of the house, which had escaped the damage, to await the arrival of some member of the professor's family. It was not a task that he relished, but it was his duty to make what inquiries he could.

In his own mind he felt pretty clear as to what had happened. The parlor maid, who appeared a sensible sort of girl, had told him all she knew—particularly mentioning the German professor's remark as he left the house. And it seemed quite obvious that Professor Goodman had been experimenting with some form of violent explosive, and that, regrettable to say, the explosive had not behaved itself. When the débris had ceased to fall and it was safe to resume work, it might be possible to discover something more definite, but up to date the sole thing they had found of interest was one of the unfortunate savant's boots. And since that had already been identified by the parlor maid as belonging to Professor Goodman all the identification necessary for the inquest was there. Which from a professional point of view was just as well, since there was nothing else left to identify.

An open automobile drew up outside, and the inspector went to the window and looked out. From the driver's seat there descended a large young man, who said something to the two other occupants of the car, and then came rapidly up the short drive to the front door, where the inspector met him.

"What on earth has happened?" he demanded.

"May I ask if you are a relative of Professor Goodman?" said the inspector.

"No; I'm not. My name is Drummond—Captain Drummond. But if you'll cast your eyes on the back of my car you'll see his daughter, Miss Goodman."

"Well," said the inspector gravely, "I fear that I have some very bad news for Miss Goodman. There has been an accident, Captain Drummond—an appalling accident. The whole of the back of the house has been blown to pieces, and with it, I regret to say, Professor Goodman. There is literally nothing left of the unfortunate gentleman."

"Good heavens!" gasped Algy, who had come up in time to hear the last part of the remark. "Have you caught the swine——"

Hugh's hand gripped his arm in warning.

"How did it happen?" he asked quietly. "Have you any idea?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no doubt whatever as to how it happened," he answered. "The whole thing will, of course, be gone into thoroughly at the inquest, but it is all so obvious that there is no need for any secrecy. The unfortunate gentleman was experimenting with some form of high explosive, and he blew himself up and the house as well."

"I see," said Drummond thoughtfully. "Look here, Algy—take Brenda back to my place, and tell the poor kid there. Turn her over to Phyllis."

"Right you are, Hugh," said Algy soberly. "By Jove!" he exploded again, and once more Drummond's warning hand silenced him.

Without another word he turned and walked away. Brenda, in an agony of suspense, met him at the gateway, and her sudden little pitiful cry showed that she had already guessed the truth. But she followed Algy back into the car, and it was not until it had disappeared that Drummond spoke again.

"You have no suspicion of foul play, I suppose?"

The inspector looked at him quickly.

"Foul play, Captain Drummond! What possible reason could there be for foul play in the case of such a man as Professor Goodman? Oh, no! The parlor maid saw him immersed in an experiment as she was letting some German professor out—a scientific acquaintance of the unfortunate gentleman. They had been having a discussion all the afternoon, and not five minutes after his visitor left the explosion took place."

Drummond nodded thoughtfully.

"DEUCED agile fellow—the Boche. Did the hundred at precisely the right psychological moment. Would there be any objection, inspector—as a friend of the family and all that—to my having a look at the scene of the accident? You see, there are only his wife and daughter left—two women alone—and Miss Goodman's fiancé—the man who took her off in the car—not being here, perhaps I might take it on myself to give them what information I can."

"Certainly, Captain Drummond. But I warn you that there's nothing to see. And you'd better be careful that you don't get a fall of bricks on your head. I'll come with you if you like."

The two men walked around to the back of the house. The crowd which, by now, had largely increased in size, surged forward expectantly as they disappeared through the shattered wall, and the inspector gave an order to one of the constables.

"Move them along," he said. "There's nothing to be seen."

"Good heavens!" remarked Drummond, staring

around in amazement. "This is the sort of thing one used to expect in France. But in Hampstead——"

"I found this, sir, on the remains of the table," said a sergeant, coming up to the inspector with a key in his hand. "It belongs to the door."

The inspector took the key and tried it himself.

"That confirms what the maid said." He turned to Drummond. "The door was locked on the inside. The maid heard him lock it as she showed the German out, which, of course, was a few minutes before the accident took place."

Drummond frowned thoughtfully and lit a cigarette. That was a complication, and a very unexpected complication. In fact, at one blow it completely shattered the idea that was already more than half formed in his mind—an idea which, needless to say, differed somewhat radically from the worthy inspector's notion of what had happened in the professor's ill-fated laboratory.

Drummond swung around to find a monumental woman regarding him with the light of battle in her eyes. "How dare you the nose of my Heindrich pull?" she boomed

"And what of the professor himself?" he asked, after a moment or two. "Is the body much damaged?"

"There is nothing left of the body," said the inspector gravely. "At least, practically nothing."

He crossed to the corner of the room by the door, where the damage was least, and removed a cloth which covered some object on the floor.

"This is all we have found at present."

"Poor old chap," said Drummond quietly, staring at the boot. There was a patch on it—a rather conspicuous patch which he had noticed at lunch that day.

"It has been identified already by the parlor maid as the professor's boot," said the inspector, replacing the cloth. "Not that there is much need for identification in this case. But it is always necessary at the inquest as a matter of form."

"Of course," answered Drummond absently, and once more fell to staring around the wrecked room. Three plain-clothes men were carefully turning over heaps of débris, searching for further traces of the dead scientist. But the task seemed hopeless and after a while Hugh said good-by to the inspector and started to walk back to Brook Street, as he pondered on the awful tragedy.

The whole thing had come with such startling suddenness that he felt shaken. It seemed incredible that the absent-minded old man who had lunched with him only that day was dead—blown to pieces. Over and over again in his mind there arose the one dominant question: Was it foul play or was it not? If it wasn't, it was assuredly one of the most fortunate accidents for a good many people that could possibly have taken place. No longer any need to hand over quarter of a million for the suppression of the professor's discovery—no longer any need.

And then, suddenly, Hugh stopped short, and a thoughtful look came into his eyes.

"Great Scott!" he muttered to himself. "I'd almost forgotten."

His hand went to his breast pocket, and for a moment or two a grim smile hovered around his mouth as he strolled on. Professor Goodman might be dead, but his secret wasn't. And if by any chance it had *not* been an accident—if by any chance this diamond syndicate had deliberately caused the poor defenseless old man's death, the presence of those papers in his pocket would help

matters considerably. They would form an admirable introduction to the gentlemen in question—and he was neither old nor defenseless.

In fact, there dawned on his mind the possibility that there might be something doing in the near future. And the very thought of such a possibility came with the refreshing balm of a shower on parched ground. It produced in him a feeling of joy comparable only to that with which the hungry young view the advent of indigestible food. It radiated from his face; it enveloped him in a beatific glow. And he was still looking like a man who has spotted a winner at twenty to one as he entered his house.

His wife met him in the hall.

"Hugh, for goodness sake, compose your face," she said severely. "Poor Mrs. Goodman is here and Brenda, and you come in roaring with laughter. What on earth has happened?"

"Good heavens! I'd forgotten all about 'em," he murmured, endeavoring to assume a mournful expression. "Where are they?"

"Upstairs. They're going to stay here tonight. Brenda telephoned to her mother. Hugh, what an awful thing to have happened!" she exclaimed.

"You're right, my dear," he answered seriously. "It is awful. The only comfort about it is that it must have been absolutely instantaneous. Where's Algy?" he asked, suddenly remembering his perturbed friend.

"He's in your room. He's most frightfully upset, poor old thing, principally on Brenda's account." She laid her hand on his arm. "Hugh, he said something to me about it not being an accident. What did he mean by that?"

"Algy is a talkative ass," answered her husband quietly. "Pay no attention to him, and don't under any circumstances even hint at such a thing to Mrs. Goodman or Brenda," he cautioned.

"But you don't mean he killed himself!" said Phyllis in a horrified whisper.

"Good heavens, no!" answered Hugh. "But there is a possibility, my dear, and more than a possibility that he was murdered. Now, not a word to a soul. The police think it was an accident; let it remain at that for the present," he added. "We want to be sure of our ground before bringing them in."

"But who on earth would want to murder the dear old man?" gasped his wife, with horror in her voice.

"The professor had made a discovery, darling," Hugh explained gravely, "that threatened to ruin every one who was concerned in the diamond industry. He had found out a method of making diamonds artificially at a very low cost. To show you how seriously the trade regarded it, he was offered two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to suppress it. That he refused to do. This morning he received a letter threatening his life. This afternoon he died, apparently as the result of a ghastly accident. But —I wonder."

"Does anybody know all this?" said Phyllis, endeavoring to grasp the situation.

"A few very interested people who won't talk about it, and you and Algy and I who won't talk about it either—yet. Later on we might all have a chat on the subject, but just at present there's rather too much of the fog of war about. In fact, the only really definite fact that emerges from the gloom, except for the poor old chap's death, is this."

He held out an envelope, and his wife looked at it, puzzled.

"That is the discovery which has caused all the trouble," went on Hugh. "And the few very interested people I was telling you about don't know that I've got it. And they won't know that I've got it either—yet."

"So that's why you were looking like that as you came in!"

His wife looked at him accusingly, and Hugh grinned.

"Truly your understanding is great, my angel," he murmured.

"But how did you get it?" she persisted.

"The professor gave it to me at lunch today," said her husband. "And in the near future it's going to prove very useful—very useful indeed. Why, I almost believe that if I advertised that I had it, it would draw old Peterson himself. Seconds out of the ring—third and last round—time!"

"Hugh, you're incorrigible. And don't do that in the hall—some one will see."

HE kissed her again, and went slowly up the stairs to his own room. Most of the really brilliant ideas in life come in flashes, and he had had many worse than that last. There were times when his soul positively hankered for another little turn with Carl Peterson—something with a real bit of zip in it, something to vary his present stagnation. But he fully realized that a gentleman of Peterson's eminence had many other calls on his time, and that he might be greedy.

After all, he'd had two of the brightest and best, and that was more than most people could say. And perhaps there might be something in this present show which would help to keep his hand in. Sir Raymond Blantyre—the bird with the agitated eyeglass, for instance. He didn't sound very thrilling—a bit of a rabbit at the game, probably—but still something might come of him.

He opened the door of his room, and Algy looked up from his chair.

"You don't think it was an accident, do you, Hugh?" he remarked quietly.

"I don't know what to think, old man," answered Drummond. "If it was an accident, it was a very remarkable and fortunate one for a good many people. But there is one point that is a little difficult to explain, unless it was an accident. Hannah or Mary or whatever that sweet woman's name is who used to breathe down one's neck when she handed you things at dinner, saw the old man at work through the open door. She heard him lock the door. Moreover, the key was found in the room—on the floor or somewhere. It was found while I was there. From that moment no one else entered the room until after the explosion. Now *you* haven't seen the appalling mess that explosion made. There must have been an immense amount of explosive used. The darned place looks as if it had had a direct hit with a big shell. Well, what I'm getting at is that it is quite out of the question that the amount of explosive necessary to produce such a result could have been placed there unknown to old Goodman. And that rules out of court this German bloke who spent the afternoon with him."

"He might have left a bomb behind him," said Algy.

"MY dear boy, you'd have wanted a bomb the size of a wheelbarrow!" exclaimed Hugh. "That's the point I've been trying to force into your skull. You can't carry a thing that size about in your waistcoat pocket. No, it won't work. Either the maid is talking through the back of her neck, or she isn't. And if she isn't, the old chap was dancing about in the room after the German left. Not only that, but he locked himself in. Well, even you wouldn't lock yourself in with a land mine, would you? Especially one you'd just seen carefully arranged to explode in five minutes. Besides, he knew this German; he told me so at lunch today."

"I suppose you're right," grunted Algy. "And yet it seems so deuced suspicious."

"Precisely. It *is* deuced suspicious. But don't forget one thing, old boy. It is only suspicious to us because we've got inside information. It is not a bit suspicious to the police."

"It would be if you told 'em about that letter he got."

Hugh lit a cigarette and stared out of the window.

"Perhaps," he agreed. "But do we want to arouse their suspicions, old boy? If we're wrong—if it was a bona fide accident—there's no use in doing so; if we're right, we might have a little game all on our own. I mean I was all in favor of the old boy going to the police about it while he was alive, but now that he's dead it seems a bit late in the day."

"And how do you propose to make the other side play?" demanded Algy.

"Good heavens! I haven't got as far as that," said Hugh vaguely. "We might biff your pal with the eyeglass on the jaw, or something like that. Or we might get in touch with them through these notes on the professor's discovery, and see what happens. If they then tried to murder me, we should have a bit of a pointer as to which way the wind was blowing. Might have quite a bit of fun, Algy; you never know. Anyway, I think we'll attend the inquest tomorrow; we might spot something if we're in luck. We will sit modestly at the back of the court, and see without being seen."

But the inquest failed to reveal very much. It was a depressing scene, and more in the nature of a formality than anything else. The two young men arrived early, and wedged themselves in the back row whence they commanded a good view of the court. And suddenly Algy caught Hugh's arm.

"See that little bird with the white mustache and the eyeglass in the second row?" he whispered. "That's the fellow I was telling you about, the one who put up the offer of quarter of a million."

HUGH grunted noncommittally; seen from that distance he seemed a harmless sort of specimen. And then the proceedings started. The police gave their formal evidence, and after that the parlor maid was put into the box. She described in detail the events of the afternoon, and the only new point that came to light was the fact that another man beside the German professor had been at the house for a short time, and had left almost at once. First, the German had arrived. No, she did not know his name—but his appearance was peculiar. Pressed for details, she mentioned that his clothes were dirty, and his hands stained with chemicals. Oh, yes—she would certainly know him again if she saw him.

A box had come with him which was carried into the laboratory by two men. They had brought it in a car, and had waited outside part of the time the German was there. Yes, she had talked to them. Had they said anything about the German? Surely they must have mentioned his name. No, they didn't even know it. The witness paused, and, having been duly encouraged by the coroner, was understood to say that the only thing they had said about him was that he was a bit dippy.

The laughter in court having been instantly quelled, the witness proceeded. Just after the German had arrived another visitor came. No, she didn't know his name, either. But he was English, and she had shown him into the laboratory, too. Then she went down to finish her dinner.

About ten minutes later the front door bell rang again. She went upstairs to find the German dancing about

in the hall in his excitement. He wanted to know when Professor Goodman was returning. Said he had made an appointment, and that unless the professor returned shortly he would go as the other visitor had gone.

She knew the second visitor had gone, she said in answer to the coroner's question, as the only people in the laboratory when she passed it were the two men already alluded to. And just then Professor Goodman came in, apologized for having kept the German waiting, and they disappeared into the laboratory. For the next hour and a half she heard them talking whenever she passed the door. Then the laboratory bell rang. She went up to find that the German was leaving. Through the open door she saw Professor Goodman bending over his bench hard at work: then, just as she was halfway across the hall, she heard the key turn in the door. And the German had waved his arms in the air, and said something about the house going sky-high. The motor had gone by that time, and the box and the two men. It was just before then that she'd spoken to them. And it was about four or five minutes after the German had disappeared down the road that the explosion took place.

THE witness paused, and stared into the court.

"There he is!" she cried. "That's him—just come in."

Drummond swung around in time to see the tall, ungainly figure of Professor Scheidstrun go shambling up the courtroom. He was waving his arms, and peering short-sightedly from side to side.

"I haf just heard the dreadful news!" he cried, pausing in front of the coroner. "I haf it read in the newspaper. My poor friendt has himself blown up. But that I had gone he would myself have blown also."

After a short delay he was piloted into the witness box. His evidence, which was understood with difficulty, did however elucidate the one main fact which was of importance — namely, the nature of the explosive which had caused the disaster. It appeared that Professor Goodman had been experimenting for some time with a new form of blasting powder which would be perfectly harmless unless exploded by a detonator containing fulminate of mercury. No blow, no heat would cause it to explode. And when he left the house the professor had in front of him numerous specimens of varying quality of this blasting powder. One only was the perfected article—the others were the failures. But all were high explosives of different degrees of power. And then some accident must have happened.

Professor Scheidstrun waved his arms violently in the air, and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that had once been white. Then, like a momentarily dammed stream, the flood of verbosity broke forth again. The partially-stunned court gathered that it was his profound regret that he had only yesterday afternoon called the deceased man a fool. He still considered that his views on the atomic theory were utterly wrong, but he was not a fool. He wished publicly to retract the state-

"But who on earth would want to murder the dear old man?" gasped Phyllis

ment and to add further that as a result of this deplorable accident not only England, but the world had lost one of its most distinguished men. And with that he sat down again, mopping his forehead.

It was then the coroner's turn. He said that he was sure the bereaved family would be grateful for the kind words of appreciation from the distinguished scientist who had just given evidence. It was unnecessary, he considered, to subject Mrs. Goodman to the very painful ordeal of identifying the remains, as sufficient evidence had already been given on that point. He wished to express his profound sympathy with the widow and daughter, and to remind them that "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than War."

AND so with a verdict of "Accidental Death caused by the explosion of blasting powder during the course of experimental work," the proceedings terminated. The court rose, and with the court rose Algy, to discover to his surprise that Hugh had already disappeared. He hadn't seen him go, but that was nothing new. For, as Algy and every one else connected with Hugh Drummond had discovered long ago, he had a power of rapid and silent movement which was almost incredible in such a big man. Presumably he had got bored and left. And sure enough, when Algy got outside he saw Drummond on the opposite side of the street staring into the window of a tobacconist. He sauntered across to join him.

"Well, that's that," he remarked. "Doesn't seem to have advanced things much."

"Get out of sight!" snapped Drummond. "Go inside and stay there. Buy matches or something."

With a feeling of complete bewilderment, Algy did as he was told. He went inside and he stayed there, until the proprietor began to eye him suspiciously. There had been two or three cases of hold-ups in the papers recently, and after he had bought several packets of unprepossessing cigarettes and half-a-dozen boxes of matches the atmosphere became strained. In desperation he went to the door and peered out, thereby confirming the shopman's suspicions to such good effect that he ostentatiously produced a dangerous-looking life preserver.

Hugh had completely disappeared. Not a trace of him was to be seen, and, feeling more bewildered than ever, Algy hailed a passing taxi and drove off to Brook Street. Presumably Hugh would return there in due course, and until then he would have to possess his soul in patience.

It was two hours before he came in, and sank into a chair without a word.

"What's all the excitement?" demanded Algy eagerly.

"I don't know that there is any," grunted Hugh. "I'm not certain the whole thing isn't a false alarm. What did you think of the inquest?"

"Not very helpful," said Algy. "Seems pretty conclusive that it really was an accident."

Once again Hugh grunted.

"I suppose you didn't notice the rather significant little point that your diamond pal Blantyre knew the old German."

Algy stared at him.

"I happened to be looking at him as the German appeared, and I saw him give a most violent start. And all through the professor's evidence he was as nervous as a cat with kittens. Of course there was no reason why he shouldn't have known him—but in view of what we know it seemed a bit suspicious to me. So I waited for them to come out of court. Sir Raymond came first and hung about a bit. Then came the old German, who got into a waiting taxi. And as he got in he spoke to Sir Raymond—just one brief sentence. What it was I don't know, of course, but it confirmed the fact that they knew one another. It also confirmed the fact that, for some reason or other, they did not wish to have their acquaintance advertised abroad. Now—why? That, old boy, is the question I asked myself all the way down to Bloomsbury in a taxi. I had one waiting, too, and I followed the German. Why this mystery? Why should they be thus bashful of letting it be known that they had met before?"

"Did you find out anything?" asked Algy.

"I found out where the old German is staying. But beyond that nothing. He is stopping at a house belonging to a Mr. Anderson—William Anderson, who, I gathered from discreet inquiries, is a gentleman of roving disposition. He uses the house as a sort of pied-à-terre when he is in London, which is not very often. Presumably he made the German's acquaintance abroad, and invited him to make use of his house."

"Doesn't seem to be much to go on, does there?" said Algy disconsolately.

"Deuced little," agreed Hugh cheerfully. "In fact, if you boil down to it, nothing at all. But you never can tell, old boy. I saw a baby with a squint this morning and passed under two ladders, so all may yet be well. Though I greatly fear nothing will come of it. I thought vaguely yesterday that we might get some fun by means of these notes of the old man's, but 'pon my soul—I don't know how. In the first place, they're indecipherable, and even if they weren't I couldn't make a diamond in a thousand years. In the second place, they don't belong to us, and in the third, it would look remarkably like blackmail. Of course, they're our only hope, but I'm afraid they won't amount to much in our young lives."

He sighed profoundly, and replaced the envelope in his pocket.

"'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,'" he murmured. "Carl—my Carl— it cannot be that we shall never meet again! I feel, Algy, that if only he could know the position of affairs he would burst into tears and fly to our assistance. He'd chance the notes being unintelligible if he knew what they were about. Once again would he try to murder me with all his well-known zest. What fun it would all be!"

"Not a hope," said Algy. "Though I must say I do rather wonder what the blighter is doing now."

To be exact, he was just putting the final touch on the aquiline nose of Edward Blackton, and remarking to himself that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Replaced carefully on their respective pegs were the egg-stained garments of Professor Scheidstrun; the gray wig, carefully combed out, occupied its usual head rest.

AND not without reason did Edward Blackton—alias Carl Peterson, alias the Comte du Guy, etc., etc.—feel pleased with himself. Never in the course of his long and brilliant career had a coup gone with such wonderful success. It almost staggered him when he thought about it. Not a hitch anywhere; not even the suspicion of a check. Everything had gone like clockwork from beginning to end, thereby once again bearing out the main theory of his life, which was that the bigger the coup the safer it was. It is the bank clerk with his petty defalcations who gets found out every time; the big man does it in millions and entertains Royalty on the proceeds.

But in his line of business, as in every other, to get big results the original outlay must be big. And it was on that point that Mr. Blackton felt so particularly pleased. For the original outlay in this case had not only

been quite small, but, in addition, had been generously found by the Metropolitan Diamond Syndicate. This tickled his sense of humor to such an extent that once or twice it had quite interfered with the delicate operation of face building.

But at last he had finished, and, with his cigar drawing to his entire satisfaction, he locked up his inner sanctuary and stepped into the room which served him as an office. At three o'clock he was to meet Sir Raymond Blantyre and receive from him the remaining quarter of a million in notes; at three-fifteen he would be on his way to the house Freyder had acquired for him to begin business in earnest.

A note from Freyder received that morning had stated that Professor Goodman, though a little dazed, seemed in no way to have suffered from his uncomfortable journey, which was eminently satisfactory. For it was certainly no part of his play to treat his prisoner with anything but the utmost care and consideration unless, of course, he should prove foolish. For a moment Blackton's eyes narrowed at the thought; then he gave the faintest possible shrug of his shoulders. Sufficient unto the day, and he had dealt with such cases before.

So, after a final look around the room, he carefully pulled down the blinds and went downstairs. Mr. William Anderson was leaving London for another of his prolonged visits abroad.

His anticipations that there would be no trouble over the second payment were justified. Sir Raymond Blantyre and three other members of the syndicate were awaiting his arrival, and the expressions on their faces reminded him of young girls being introduced to a man who mother has told them is very wicked, and not at all a nice person to know.

"Well, gentlemen," he remarked affably, "I trust you are satisfied. This—er—fortunate accident has settled things very pleasantly for all concerned, has it not?"

"It really was an accident?" said Sir Raymond, and his voice shook a little.

"Surely, Sir Raymond, your pitiable agitation in court this morning was not so great as to prevent your hearing the verdict? And that, I think, is all that concerns any of us; that, and the fact that Professor Goodman will not deliver his address to the Royal Society—which was the *raison d'être* of our meeting. And so shall we terminate the business?"

IN silence Sir Raymond handed over the notes, which Blackton carefully folded and placed in his pocket-book.

"Delightful weather, is it not?" he said courteously. "My—ah—daughter tells me that Montreux has never been more lovely."

"You are going back to Switzerland at once?" said Sir Raymond.

"Who knows?" answered the other. "I am a man of moods." He picked up his hat, and a faint smile hovered around his lips. "But I certainly feel that I have earned a holiday. Well, gentlemen—I will say good-by. Possibly we may meet again, though I doubt if I shall still be Mr. Blackton. A pity, because I rather fancy myself like this. It is my best-looking rôle, so I am informed by competent judges. But change and novelty are essential in my work, as doubtless you can understand."

He strolled toward the door, still smiling gently.

"One moment, Mr. Blackton!" cried Sir Raymond. "What about Mr. Lewisham? His wife rang me up on the telephone this morning to say that he had not returned last night, and that she'd had a wire from Euston saying he'd been called north on business."

For a moment Blackton studied the ash on his cigar.

"Really?" he murmured. "You don't say so. However, I don't know that I'm greatly interested. He wasn't a very interesting man, was he?"

"But that note!" cried Leibhaus. "The threatening note."

"Destroyed by me personally. You may rest assured of that. And when next you see Mr. Lewisham please give him my kind regards. Doubtless an excellent man, though I thought him very quiet the last time I saw him. Dull—and overburdened with conscience. A depressing mixture. Well, gentlemen, once again—good-by. Or shall I say—*au revoir?*"

THE door closed behind him a little abruptly. Just at the moment the topic of Mr. Lewisham was not one he wished to go into in detail. Once he was on his way to Valparaiso it wouldn't matter so much, but at the moment—no. The subject failed to commend itself to him and he dismissed it from his mind as he entered his waiting motor car. It still remained the one weak link in the whole business, but nothing more could be done to strengthen it than he had already done. And that being the case, there was no object in bothering about it further. There were other things of more immediate importance to be decided, and it was of those he was thinking as the car spun smoothly along toward the luxurious house Freyder had acquired for him on the borders of the New Forest.

After mature thought he had decided to add a completely new character to his repertoire. At first he had considered the possibilities of being an ordinary English country gentleman, but he had very soon dismissed the idea. The gentleman part he could do—none better; even the English, but not the country. And he was far too clever not to realize his own limitations. Yet it was a pity, since no type is more inconspicuous in its proper place, and to be inconspicuous was his object in life. But it was too risky a rôle to play in the midst of the genuine article, and so he had reluctantly decided against it.

And his intention now was to assume the character of an elderly recluse of eccentric habits and great wealth, devoted to all sorts of scientific research work—particularly electrical and chemical. Most of his life had been spent abroad, and now, in his declining years, he had come back to the country of his birth—particularly from feelings of sentiment, but more particularly to look after his only brother whose health and brain had been failing for some time. A part of the house was set apart for this brother, who was subject to delusions and saw no one.

Six months was the period he gave it before—in a last despairing effort to restore his brother's health—he took him for a cruise on a private yacht, and buried him quietly at sea. Possibly less; a great deal would depend on the rapidity with which the invalid produced the diamonds. For though he had no doubt as to his ability to learn the process in a very short time, the thought of mixing chemicals and getting electric shocks bored him excessively. Having got the dog, he had no intention of barking himself. No, six months was the period he had in his mind; after which the real game would begin.

Again would an eminent savant approach Sir Raymond Blantyre and his syndicate, and make diamonds artificially; again would the services of Mr. Edward Blackton be requisitioned to deal with the situation. And as the gorgeous possibility of being paid a vast sum to kill himself dawned on him, as the endless vista of money, money all the time, stretched out before his imagination in all its wonderful simplicity, the charm of

the countryside took on an added beauty for Mr. Blackton.

A glow of sublime benevolence flooded his soul; for one brief moment he took up the speaking tube to stop the car. He felt that he wanted to hear the birds sing, to put buttercups in his hair and dance with the chauffeur on the green sward. And since such a performance might have perplexed that worthy mechanic more than it enthralled him, it was just as well that at that moment the car swung through a massive gateway and entered the drive of a large house, which could be seen in the distance through the trees.

Mr. William Robinson had reached his destination. For quite rightly realizing that shibboleth of our country life which concerns itself with whether a stranger belongs to the Leicestershire or the Warwickshire branch of the family, he had decided against calling himself De Vere Molyneux.

Chapter V

HE was met at the front door by Freyder, who led him at once to the room which he had set apart for his chief's own particular and private use. In every house taken by Mr. William Robinson—to adopt, at once, his new name—there was one such room into which no one, under any pretext whatever, might enter without his permission, once he was in residence. Freyder himself would not have dreamed of doing so; and even the girl, who was still enjoying the sunshine at Montreux, invariably knocked before she went into the holy of holies.

"Capital, Freyder," he remarked, glancing around the room with a critical eye. "And how is our friend?"

"Getting jolly angry, Chief," answered the other. "Talking about legal proceedings and infamous conduct. The poor old bloke was wedged up against a nail in the packing case, and it's made him infernally mad."

"A pity," murmured Mr. Robinson. "Still, I don't know that it matters very much. It would have been pleasanter, of course, if we could have kept the proceedings on an amicable basis, but I always had grave doubts. A pig-headed old man, Freyder; but there are ways of overcoming pig-headedness." He smiled genially; he still felt that he wanted to hear the birds sing. "And now I will just make one or two alterations in my personal appearance. Then I will interview our friend."

"Very good, Chief. By the way—the dynamo is installed, also the most modern brand of electric furnace. But, of course, I haven't been able to do anything with regard to the chemicals as yet."

"Of course not. You've done extremely well, my dear fellow—extremely well. He will have to tell me what chemicals he requires this evening, and you will go up to London first thing tomorrow to buy them."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed his subordinate, and then for over an hour he occupied himself in front of a mirror. Mr. William Robinson was being created. It was his first appearance in public, and so a little license was allowable. There would be no one to point an accusing finger at his nose and say it had grown larger in the night or anything awkward of that sort. This was creation—pure and simple—giving scope to the creator's artistic mind. He could make what he would.

Once made, a series of the most minute measurements with gauges recording to the hundredth of an inch would be necessary. Each would be entered with mathematical precision in a book kept especially for the purpose, along with other details concerning the character. But that came later, and was merely the uninteresting routine work. The soul of the artist need not be troubled by such trifles.

And since the soul of the artist was gay within him, he fashioned a genial old man with twinkling eyes and mutton-chop whiskers. His nose was rather hooked; his horn spectacles reposed on his forehead as if they had been absent-mindedly pushed up from their proper position. His scanty gray hair was brushed back untidily—it was the ruthless thinning out of his normal crop with a razor that he disliked most; his clothes were those of a man who buys good ones and takes no care of them. And finally his hands were covered with the stains of the chemist.

At length he had finished, and, having surveyed himself from every angle, he rang the bell for Freyder, who paused in genuine amazement at the door. Accustomed as he was to these complete metamorphoses of his chief, he never ceased to marvel at them.

"How's that, Freyder?" demanded Mr. Robinson.

"Wonderful, Chief," said the other. "Simply wonderful. I congratulate you."

"Then I think I'll go to see our friend—my dear, dear brother. Doubtless a little chat will clear the air."

With a curious shambling gait he followed Freyder up the stairs to the top of the house. Then, rubbing his hands together genially, he entered the room which Freyder had pointed out to him, and closed the door behind him.

Professor Goodman rose as he came in and took a step forward.

"Are you the owner of this house, sir?" he demanded angrily.

"Yes," said the other. "I am. I hope my servants have made you comfortable."

"Then I demand to know by what right you dare to keep me a prisoner. How dare you, sir! How dare you! And where am I, anyway?"

With a sudden little gesture of weakness, Professor Goodman sat down. He was still bewildered and shaken, and Mr. Robinson smiled affably.

"That's better," he remarked. "Let us both sit down and have a friendly talk. I feel that one or two words of explanation are due to you, and I trust, my dear professor, that you will receive them in a friendly and—er—brotherly spirit. Brotherly, because you are my brother."

"What do you mean, sir?" snapped the professor. "I haven't got a brother; I've never had a brother."

"I know," murmured the other sadly. "A most regrettable oversight on your parent's part. But isn't it nice to have one now? One, moreover, who will surround you with every care and attention in your illness."

"But confound you!" roared the unhappy man. "I'm not ill."

Mr. Robinson waved a deprecating hand.

"I implore of you, do not excite yourself. In your weak mental state it would be most injurious. I assure you that you are my partially insane brother, and that I have taken this house entirely on your account. Could altruism go further?"

PROFESSOR GOODMAN was swallowing hard and clutching the arms of his chair.

"Perhaps you'll say what you really do mean," he muttered at length.

"Certainly!" cried Mr. Robinson benevolently. "It is for that express purpose that we are having this interview. It is essential that you should understand exactly where you are. Now perhaps you are unaware of the fact that you died yesterday."

"I did—what?" stammered the other.

"Died," said Mr. Robinson genially. "I thought you might find that bit a little hard to follow, so I've brought you a copy of one of the early evening papers. In it you will find a brief account of the inquest—*your* inquest."

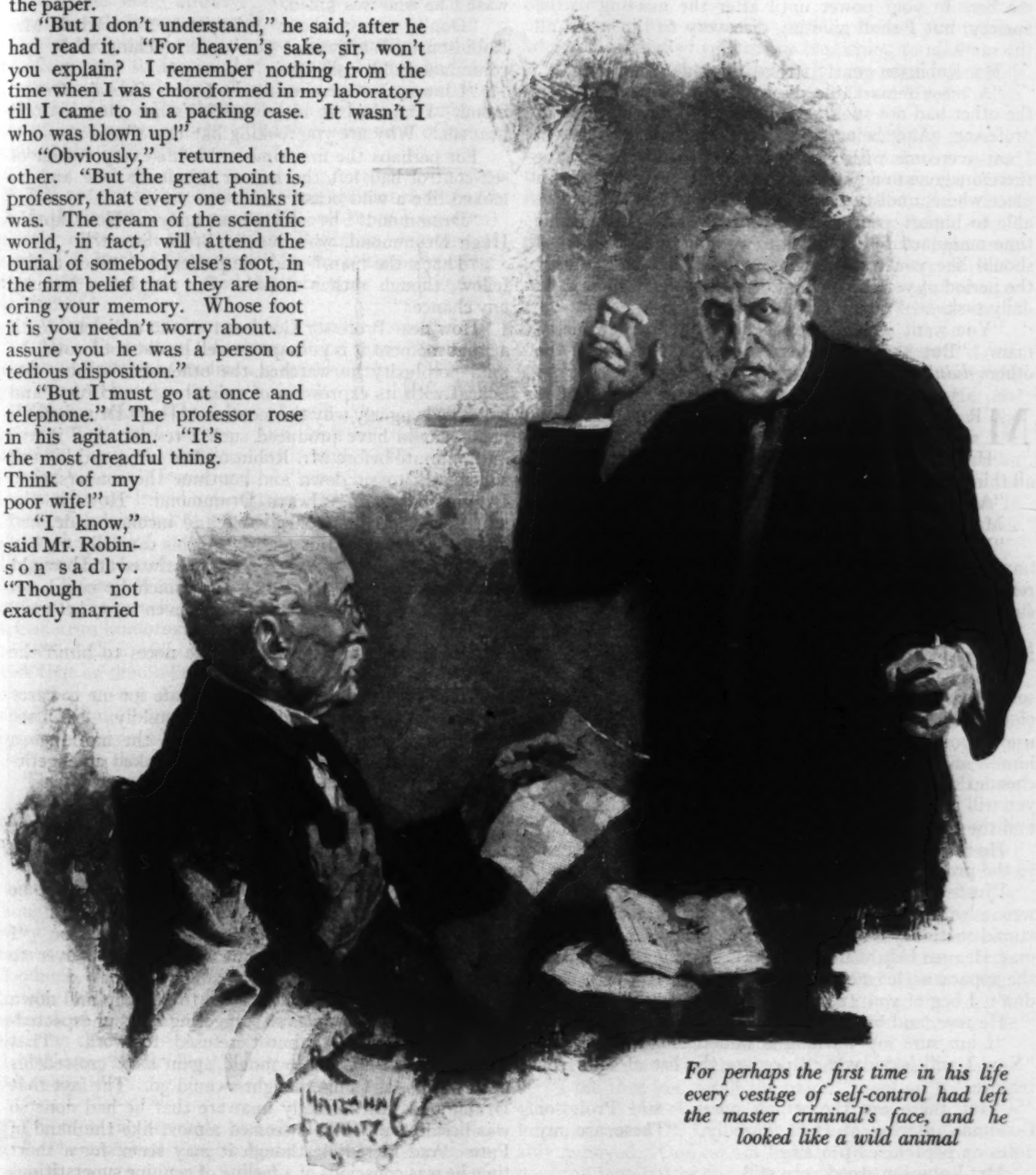
With a trembling hand, the professor took the paper.

"But I don't understand," he said, after he had read it. "For heaven's sake, sir, won't you explain? I remember nothing from the time when I was chloroformed in my laboratory till I came to in a packing case. It wasn't I who was blown up!"

"Obviously," returned the other. "But the great point is, professor, that every one thinks it was. The cream of the scientific world, in fact, will attend the burial of somebody else's foot, in the firm belief that they are honoring your memory. Whose foot it is you needn't worry about. I assure you he was a person of tedious disposition."

"But I must go at once and telephone." The professor rose in his agitation. "It's the most dreadful thing. Think of my poor wife!"

"I know," said Mr. Robinson sadly. "Though not exactly married myself, I can guess your feelings. But I'm afraid, my dear brother, that your wife must remain in ignorance of the fact that she is not a widow."



For perhaps the first time in his life every vestige of self-control had left the master criminal's face, and he looked like a wild animal

Professor Goodman's face went gray. He knew now what he had only suspected before—that he was in danger.

"Possibly things are becoming clearer to you," went on the other. "The world thinks you are dead. No hue and cry will be raised to find you. But you are not dead—far from it. You are, as I explained, my partially insane brother, whom no one is allowed to see. I admit that you are not insane, nor are you my brother—but *'qu'importe?'* It is not the truth that counts, but what people think is the truth. I trust I make myself clear?"

Professor Goodman said nothing: he was staring at the speaker with fear in his eyes. For the mask of benevolence had slipped from Mr. Robinson's face—the real man was showing through the assumed rôle.

"From your silence I take it that I do," he continued. "No one will look for you as Professor Goodman; no one will be permitted to see you as my brother. So—er—you will not be very much disturbed."

"In plain language, you mean I'm a prisoner," said the professor. "Why? What is your object?"

"You have recently, my dear professor, made a most remarkable discovery," began Mr. Robinson.

"I knew it," groaned the other. "I knew it was that. Well, let me tell you one thing, sir. If this infamous outrage has been perpetrated on me in order to make me

keep silent about it—I still refuse utterly. You may detain me here in your power until after the meeting of the Society, but I shall give my discovery to the world all the same."

Mr. Robinson gently stroked his side whiskers.

"A most remarkable discovery," he repeated, as if the other had not spoken. "I congratulate you upon it, professor. And, being a chemist in a small way myself, I am overcome with curiosity on the subject. I have therefore gone to no little inconvenience to bring you to a place where, undisturbed by mundane trifles, you will be able to impart your discovery to me, and at the same time manufacture diamonds to your heart's content. I should like you to make hundreds of diamonds during the period of your retirement. In fact, that will be your daily task——"

"You want me to make them?" said the bewildered man. "But that's the very thing Blantyre and the others *didn't* want me to do."

MR. ROBINSON stroked his whiskers even more caressingly.

"How fortunate it is," he murmured, "that we don't all think alike."

"And if I refuse?" said the other.

Mr. Robinson ceased stroking his whiskers.

"You would be unwise, Professor Goodman—most unwise. I have methods of dealing with people who refuse to do what I tell them to do, which have always succeeded up to date."

His eyes were suddenly merciless, and with a sick feeling of fear the professor sat back in his chair.

"A dynamo has been installed," went on Mr. Robinson after a moment or two. "Also the most modern type of electric furnace. Here I have the retort which you use in your process"—he placed it on the table beside him—"and all that now remains are the necessary chemicals. Your notes are a trifle difficult to follow, so you will have to prepare a list yourself of those chemicals, and they will be obtained for you tomorrow."

He took the papers from his pocket and handed them to the professor.

"Just one word of warning. Should anything go wrong with your process, should you pretend out of stupid obstinacy that you are unable to make diamonds—may Heaven help you! If there is anything wrong with the apparatus, let me know, and it will be rectified. But don't, I beg of you, try any tricks."

He rose, and his voice became genial again.

"I am sure my warning is unnecessary," he cooed. "Now I will leave you to prepare the list of salts you require."

"But these are the wrong notes," said Professor Goodman, staring at them dazedly. "These are my notes on peptonized proteins."

Mr. Robinson stood very still.

"What do you mean?" he said at length. "Aren't those the notes on your process of making diamonds?"

"Good gracious—no," said the professor. "These have nothing to do with it."

"Are the notes necessary?"

"Absolutely. Why, I can't even remember all the salts without them—let alone the proportions in which they are used."

"Do you know where they are?"

THE professor passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"I was lunching with some one," he murmured. "It was just before I went to meet Professor Scheidstrun, and I gave them to him to take care of. And, by the way—what has happened to Scheidstrun? Surely it wasn't he who was killed."

"Don't worry about Scheidstrun!" snarled Mr. Robinson. "Who was it you were lunching with, you confounded old fool?"

"I know; I remember now. It was Captain Drummond. I lunched at his club. He's got them. Good heavens! Why are you looking like that?"

For perhaps the first time in his life every vestige of self-control had left the master criminal's face and he looked like a wild beast.

"Drummond!" he shouted savagely. "Not Captain Hugh Drummond, who lives in Brook Street?"

"That's the man," said the professor. "Such a nice fellow, though rather stupid. Do you know him by any chance?"

How near Professor Goodman was to a violent death at that moment it is perhaps as well he did not know. In mild perplexity he watched the other man's face, diabolical with its expression of animal rage and fury, and wondered vaguely why the mention of Hugh Drummond's name should have produced such a result. And it was a full minute before Mr. Robinson had recovered himself sufficiently to sit down and continue the conversation. Drummond again—always Drummond. How, in the name of everything conceivable and inconceivable, had *he* got mixed up in this affair? All his carefully worked out and brilliantly executed plans frustrated and brought to nothing by one miserable fact which he could not possibly have foreseen, and which, even now, he could hardly believe.

"What induced you to give the notes to him?" he snarled at length.

"He said he didn't think it was safe for me to carry them about with me," said the other mildly. "You see I had received a threatening letter in the morning—a letter threatening my life——" He blinked apologetically.

SO it was Lewisham's letter that had done it, and the only ray of comfort in the situation lay in the fact that, at any rate, he'd killed Lewisham.

"Did you give him any special instructions?" he demanded.

"No—I don't think so," answered the professor. "I think he said something about handing them over to the bank "

Mr. Robinson rose and started to pace up and down the room. The blow was so staggering in its unexpectedness that his brain almost refused to work. That Drummond of all people should again have crossed his path was as far as his thoughts would go. The fact that Drummond was blissfully unaware that he had done so was beside the point: it seemed almost like the hand of Fate. And incredible though it may seem, for a short time he was conscious of a feeling of genuine superstitious fear.

But not for long. The prize, in this case, was too enormous for any weakness of that sort. If Captain Drummond had the notes, steps would have to be taken to make him give them up. The question was—what were those steps to be?

With an effort he concentrated on the problem. The thing must be done with every appearance of legality; it must be done naturally. From Drummond's point of view—which was the important one to consider—the situation would be a simple one. He was in possession of valuable papers belonging to a dead man—papers to which he had no right: but papers to which he, being the type of person he was, would continue to stick if he had the faintest suspicion of foul play. And since he had

seen the threatening letter, those suspicions must be latent in his mind already. To keep them latent and not arouse them was essential.

And the second, and no less important part of the problem, was to insure that once the notes had left Drummond's hands they should pass with a minimum of delay into his. The thought of anything happening to them, or of some one else obtaining possession of them, turned him cold all over.

HE paused in his restless pacing up and down, and thoughtfully lit a cigar. His self-control was completely recovered: Mr. William Robinson was himself again. A hitch had occurred, in an otherwise perfect plan—that was all. And hitches were made to be unhitched.

"What is the name of your lawyer?" he said quietly.

"Mr. Tootem of Tootem, Price and Tootem," answered Professor Goodman in mild surprise. "Why do you want to know?"

"Never mind why. Now here's a pen and some paper. Write as I dictate. And don't let there be any mistake about the writing, my friend." He dictated slowly: " 'Dear Drummond, I have been discussing things with my friend Scheidstrun this afternoon, and he agrees with you that it is better that I should not carry about the notes I gave you. So will you send them to Tootem, Price and Tootem——' What's the address? Austin Friars. Well, put it in. 'They will keep them for me until the meeting of the Royal Society. And if, as Scheidstrun humorously says, I shall have blown myself up before then with my new blasting powder, it is my wish that he should be given the notes. He is immensely interested in my discovery, and I know of no one to whom I would sooner bequeath it. But that, my dear Drummond, is not likely to occur.

" 'Yours sincerely——' Now sign your name."

The professor laid down the pen with a sigh.

"It is all very confusing," he murmured. "And I do hope I'm not going to get blood poisoning where that nail in the packing case ran into my leg."

But Mr. Robinson evinced no interest in such an eventuality. He stood with the letter in his hand, pulling thoughtfully at his cigar, and striving to take into account every possible development that might arise. For perhaps a minute he remained motionless while Professor Goodman rubbed his injured limb; then he made a decisive little gesture oddly out of keeping with his benevolent appearance. His mind was made up; his plan was clear.

"Address an envelope," he said curtly, "to Captain Drummond."

HE took the envelope and slipped the letter inside. There was no time to be lost; every moment was valuable.

"Now, Professor Goodman," he remarked, "I want you to pay close attention to what I am going to say. The fact that you have not got the notes of your process constitutes a slight check in my plans. However, I am about to obtain those notes, and while I am doing so you will remain here. You will be well looked after, and well fed. A delightful bedroom will be placed at your disposal, and I believe, though I have not personally verified the fact, that there is a very good library below. Please make free use of it. But I must give you one word of warning. Should you make any attempt to escape, should you make the slightest endeavor to communicate with the outside world, you will be gagged and put in irons in a dark room."

Professor Goodman's hands shook uncontrollably; he looked what at the moment he was—a badly frightened old man.

"But, sir," he quavered pitifully, "won't you tell me where I am, and why all this is happening to me?"

"Finding the answer should give you some interesting mental recreation during my absence," said Mr. Robinson suavely.

"And my poor wife!" moaned the unhappy man.

"The pangs of widowhood are hard to bear," agreed the other. "But doubtless time will soften the blow. And, anyway, my dear professor, you died in the cause of duty. I can assure you that Professor Scheidstrun's peroration over your sole remaining boot brought tears to the eyes of all who heard it. Well, I will say *au revoir*. Ask for anything you require, but don't, I beg of you, try any stupid tricks. My servants are rough fellows—some of them."

With a genial smile he left the room, and went downstairs. Whatever may have been his thoughts, only the most perfect equanimity showed on his face. He possessed that most priceless asset of any great leader—the power of concealing bad news from his staff. In fact, the tighter the corner the more calmly confident did this man look. Nothing is more fatal to any enterprise than the knowledge on the part of subordinates that the man in charge is shaken. And, though he would hardly admit it to himself, Mr. William Robinson was badly shaken.

IN fact, when he reached his own private sanctum he did a thing which in his whole long career of crime he had done but twice before. From a small locked cabinet he took a bottle containing a white powder, and calmly and methodically he measured out a dose which he sniffed up his nose. And had any one seen this secret operation, he would have realized that the man was the master and not the drug.

Deliberately he sat down to await the drug's action; then, with a faint smile, he rose and replaced the bottle in the cabinet. The nerve crisis had passed.

"Freyder," he remarked, as that worthy entered the room in answer to the bell, "a slight hitch has occurred in my scheme. The indecipherable notes which I so carefully extracted from our friend's pocket yesterday refer, apparently, to the prolongation of the lives of rabbits and other fauna. The ones we require are—er—elsewhere. I, naturally, propose to obtain them forthwith, but it will be necessary to proceed with a certain amount of discretion. Incredible to relate, they are in the possession of a young gentleman whom we have come across before—one Drummond."

Freyder's breath came in a sharp whistle.

"I see that you recall the name," went on the other quietly. "And I must say that when Professor Goodman informed me of the fact, I felt for the moment unreasonably annoyed. One cannot legislate for everything, and how any man out of an asylum could give that vast fool anything of importance to look after is a thing that I confess baffles me completely. However, all that concerns us is that he has them at the moment: the problem is to remove them from his keeping as rapidly as possible. Under normal circumstances the solution of that problem would have presented no difficulties, but Drummond, I am bound to admit, is not normal. In fact, Freyder, as you may remember I have twice made the unforgivable mistake of under-estimating him. This time, however, I have decided on a little scheme which—though a trifle complicated at first sight—is, in reality, profoundly simple. Moreover, it appeals to my sense of humor, which is a great point in its favor. You have your notebook? Then I will give you my instructions."

They were clear and concise with no possibility of a

misunderstanding, and as Mr. Robinson had said they contained in them a touch of humor that was akin to genius. In fact, despite the seriousness of the situation, on two or three occasions Freyder broke into uncontrollable chuckles of laughter. The whole thing was so gloriously simple that it seemed there must be a flaw somewhere, and yet he could discover none. His chief, as usual, had prepared for all emergencies.

"The essence of the whole thing is speed, Freyder," said his chief, rising at length. "It is impossible to say what Drummond will do with those notes if he's left too long in undisturbed possession of them. He must know their value, but for all that he's quite capable of using them for shaving paper. The one thing which I don't think he will do is to take them to Scotland Yard. But I don't want to run any risks. To have to be content with a miserable half million for this little affair would deprive me of my reason. I should totter to an early grave, a gray-headed old man. So speed, don't forget—speed is absolutely essential."

"I can make all the arrangements tonight, chief," said Freyder, rising, "and can start at dawn tomorrow morning. Back tomorrow evening, and the whole thing can be done the day after."

"Good," answered the other. "Then send for the car at once and we'll get off."

AND thus it happened that two hours after Blackton had arrived at his house on the borders of the New Forest, Mr. William Robinson left it again. But on the return journey it is to be regretted that he no longer wished to hear the birds sing or to put buttercups in his hair. He sat in his corner sunk in silence while the powerful limousine ate up the miles to London. And his companion Freyder knew better than to break that silence.

It was not until the tramlines at Hounslow were reached that he spoke.

"If I fail to settle accounts with Drummond this time, Freyder, I'll do as he once recommended and take to growing tomatoes."

Freyder grunted.

"The notes first, Chief, and after that the man. You'll win this time." He spoke through the speaking tube and the car slowed up. "I'll get out here. Our man is near by. And I'll be back tomorrow evening."

He gave the chauffeur the name of a residential hotel in a quiet part of Bayswater, and stood for a moment watching the car drive away. Then he turned and disappeared down a side street, while Mr. Robinson continued his journey alone. There was nothing more to be done now until Freyder returned, and so, in accordance with his invariable custom, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

To do in Rome as the Romans did was another rule of his. And so after dinner at the quiet residential hotel, Mr. Robinson joined heartily in a merry round game which lacked much of its charm as two cards were missing from the pack. Then, refusing with becoming modesty a challenge to take on the hotel champion at halma, he retired to his room, and was asleep almost at once. And he was still peacefully sleeping at five o'clock the next morning, when Freyder, shivering a little in the morning air, drew his thick leather coat more closely around his throat. Below him lay the gray sea—hazy still, for the sun had no warmth as yet. In front the pilot was sitting motionless, and after a while the steady roar of the engine lulled him into a gentle doze. The airplane flew steadily on toward the east—and Germany.

It must be admitted that there was an air of gloom over Hugh Drummond's house on the day following the inquest. Neither Mrs. Goodman nor Brenda had left their rooms, and somewhat naturally Phyllis was principally occupied in seeing what she could do for them in their terrible sorrow, while Algy Longworth, faced with the necessity of postponing the wedding, had relapsed into a condition of complete imbecility and refused to be comforted. In fact, it was not an atmosphere conducive to thought, and Hugh was trying to think.

ON the next day was the funeral. The whole thing had already dropped out of the public eye. Professor Goodman, having been neither a pugilist, film star nor criminal, but merely a gentle old man of science, could lay no claim whatever to the slightest popular interest. But to Hugh he was something more than a gentle old man of science. He was a man who to all intents and purposes had appealed to him for help—a man whose life had been threatened, and who, within a few hours after receiving that threat, had died. The circumstances surely seemed to indicate foul play.

True, according to the verdict at the inquest, he would have died whether he had received the threat or not. But Hugh was still dissatisfied with that verdict. The proofs, the evidence all pointed that way—but he was still dissatisfied. And coupled with his dissatisfaction was an uneasy feeling, which only grew stronger with time, that he had been wrong to suppress his knowledge of that letter from the police.

Now it was impossible to put it forward, but that made things no better. In fact, as far as he was concerned the only result was that it hardened his resolve not to let the matter drop where it was. Until after the funeral he would say nothing; then he'd begin some inquiries on his own. And for those inquiries two obvious avenues suggested themselves: the first was Professor Scheidstrun, the second Sir Raymond Blantyre.

Once again he took the professor's notes out of his pocketbook and studied them. He had already shown one sheet to a chemist in a neighboring street in the hope that he might be able to decipher it, but with no success. The atrocious handwriting coupled with the fact that, according to the chemist, it was written in a sort of code made them completely incomprehensible to any one save the man who wrote them. And that man was dead. His secret must have vanished with him, despite the notes he left.

WITH a sigh he replaced the papers in his note case, and strolled over to the window. Brook Street presented a quiescent appearance due to the warmth of the day, and the recent consumption of lunch by its dwellers. And Hugh was just wondering what form of exercise he could most decently take, in view of Mrs. Goodman's presence in the house, when he straightened up and his eyes became suddenly watchful. A wild, excited figure whom he recognized instantly was tacking up the street, peering with short-sighted eyes at the numbers of the houses.

"Algy!"

"What is it?" grunted Longworth, coming out of a melancholy reverie.

"Old Scheidstrun is blowing up the street. He's looking for a house. Surely he can't be coming here!"

Algy Longworth sat up in his chair.

"You mean the old bloke who gave evidence at the inquest?"

Hugh nodded.

"By Jove! He is coming here." His voice held traces of excitement. "Now, why the deuce should he want to see me?"

He went quickly to the door.

"Denny," he called, and his servant, who was already on his way to the front door, paused and looked up. "Show the gentleman outside straight up here to my room."

He came back frowning thoughtfully.

"How on earth does he connect me with it, Algy?"

"It's more than likely, old man," answered Longworth, "that he may have heard that Mrs. Goodman is here, and has come to shoot a card. Anyway, we'll soon know."

A moment later Denny ushered Professor Scheidstrun into the room. He seemed more untidy and egg-stained than ever, as he stood by the door peering at the two young men.

"Captain Drummond," he demanded in his hoarse, guttural voice.

"I am Captain Drummond," said Hugh, who was standing with his back to the fireplace regarding his visitor curiously. "What can I do for you, sir?"

The professor waved his arms like an agitated semaphore and sank into a chair.

"Doubtless you wonder who I may be," he remarked, "and what for I come you to see."

"I know perfectly well who you are," said Drummond quietly, "but I confess I'm beat as to why you want to see me. However, the pleasure is entirely mine."

"So." The German stared at him. "You know who I am?"

"You are Professor Scheidstrun," remarked Drummond. "I was present at the inquest yesterday and saw you."

"Goot." The professor nodded his head as if satisfied, though his brain was busy with this very unexpected item of news. "Then I will proceed at once to the business. In the excitement of all this dreadful accident I haf forgotten it until this moment. Then I remember and come to you at once." He was fumbling in his pocket as he spoke. "A letter, Captain Drummond, which my poor friend give to me to post—and I forget it till an hour ago. And I say at once I will go round myself and see this gentleman and explain."

Drummond took the envelope and glanced at it thoughtfully, while Algy looked over his shoulder.

"That's Professor Goodman's writing."

"Since he the letter wrote presumably it is," remarked the German, with ponderous sarcasm.

"You know the contents of this letter, professor?" asked Drummond, as he slit open the envelope.

"He it read to me," answered the other. "*Ach!* It is almost incredible that what my dear friend should have said to me in jest—indeed that which he has written there in jest—should have proved true. Even now, I can hardly believe that he is dead. It is a loss, gentlemen, to the world of science which can never be replaced."

He rambled on while Drummond read the letter in silence, and then handed it to Algy. And if for one fleeting second there showed in the German's eyes a gleam of almost maniacal hatred, as they rested on the owner of the house, it was gone as suddenly as it came. The look on his face was benevolent, even sad, as befitted a man who had recently lost a confrère and friend, when Drummond turned and spoke again.

"The letter is a request, professor, that certain notes now in my possession should be handed over to you."

"That is so," assented the other. "He to me explained all. He told me of his astounding discovery — a discovery which even now I can hardly believe. But he assured me that it was the truth. And on my shoulders he laid the sacred duty of giving that discovery to the world, if anything should happen to him."

"Astounding coincidence that on the very afternoon he wrote this something did happen to him," remarked Drummond quietly.

"As I haf said even now I can hardly believe it," agreed the professor. "But it is so, and there is no more to be said."

"Rather astounding, also, that you did not mention this at the inquest," pursued Drummond.

"Till one hour ago, my young friend, I forget I had the letter. I forget about his discovery—about the diamonds—about all. My mind was stunned by the dreadful tragedy. And think—five, ten minutes more and I also to pieces would have been blown. *Mein Gott!* It makes me sweat."

He took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"By the way, professor," said Drummond suddenly, "do you know Sir Raymond Blantyre?"

For the fraction of a second Professor Scheidstrun hesitated. It was not a question he had been expecting and he realized that a lot might hinge on the answer. And then like a flash he remembered that on leaving the inquest he had spoken two or three words to Sir Raymond. Moreover, Drummond had been there himself.

"Sir Raymond Blantyre," he murmured. "He has a gray mustache and an eyeglass. Slightly I know him.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

"WHEN I'm not at the typewriter, I'm usually in the saddle," writes Ruth Comfort Mitchell, author of "The Goosefeather Bed," in this issue of McClure's.

"I have lived in New York and spent a good deal of time in Europe and in Old Mexico," she adds, "but my husband and I live now on a little ranch in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, overlooking the whole Santa Clara Valley and away to San Francisco Bay. We sleep out of doors and eat out of doors and, with the dogs trailing behind, ride miles over the mountains for recreation."

He was — yah, he was at the inquest himself. I remember that I spoke to him there."

It was glib; it was quick. It would have passed muster nine times out of ten as a spontaneous reply to a perfectly ordinary question. But it was made to a man who was already suspicious, and it was made to a man whose eyes missed nothing. Drummond had noticed that almost imperceptible pause. What was more to the point he had noticed the sudden look of wariness on the other's face. More a fleeting shadow than a look, but it had not escaped the lynx-eyed man lounging against the mantelpiece. And it had not tended to allay his suspicions, though his face was still perfectly impassive.

"I assume from what he has written here that Professor Goodman discussed with you the threatening letter he received," he went on placidly.

"HE mentioned it, of course." The German shrugged his shoulders. "But to me it seems a stupid joke. Absurd! Ridiculous! Who would be so foolish as to write such a thing if it was a genuine threat? It was—how do you say it?—it was a hoax! *Nein—nein*— to that I paid no attention. It was not for that he this letter wrote. He told me of his discovery, and I who know him well I say, 'Where are the notes? It is not safe for you to carry them. You who lose everything—you will lose them. Or more likely still some one will your pocket pick. There are people in London who would like those notes.' "

"There undoubtedly are," agreed Drummond mildly.

"He tells me he give them to you. I say, 'This young man—he too may lose them. Tell him to send them to your men of business.' He says, 'Goot—I will.' And he write the letter there. Then he add, as he thinks, his little joke. My poor friend! My poor, poor friend. For now the joke is not a joke. And on me there falls the sacred trust he has left. But his shall be the glory—all the credit will I give to him. And the world of science shall remember his name forever by this discovery."

Overcome by his emotion the professor lay back in his chair, breathing stertorously, while once again he dabbed at his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Very praiseworthy and all that," murmured Drummond. "Then I take it that your proposal is, sir, that I should hand these notes over to you here and now."

"It would save trouble, Captain Drummond. For me I wish to return to Germany after my poor friend's funeral tomorrow. Naturally I must with me take the notes. But if for any reason you would prefer to hand them to the good Mr. Tootem of Austin Friars, then perhaps we could arrange to meet there some time tomorrow morning."

He leaned back in his chair as if the matter was of no account and Drummond, his hands in his pocket, strolled over to the window. On the face of it everything was perfectly aboveboard—and yet, try as he would, he could not rid himself of the feeling that something was wrong. Later, when he recalled that interview, and realized that for half an hour on that warm summer's afternoon he had been in his own house with the man he knew as Carl Peterson sitting in his best chair, he used to shake with laughter at the humor of it. But at the time no thought of such a wildly amazing thing was in his mind — no suspicion that Professor Scheidstrun was not Professor Scheidstrun had even entered his head.

It was not the German's identity that worried him, but his good will. Was he what he professed to be—a friend of the late Professor Goodman? Did he intend to give this scientific discovery to the world as he had promised to do? Or had he deceived Professor Goodman? And if so, why? Could it be possible that this man was being employed by Sir Raymond Blantyre, and that he, too, was engaged in the conspiracy to destroy forever the results of the discovery?

He turned and stared at the German, who was apparently asleep. But only apparently. Behind that coarse face and heavy forehead, the brain was very wide awake. And it would have staggered Drummond if he could have realized how exactly his thoughts were being read. Not very extraordinary, either, since the whole interview had been planned by a master of psychology to produce those thoughts.

Suddenly the German sat up with a start.

"It is warm. I sleep." He extracted a huge watch from his pocket, and gave an exclamation as he saw the time. "I must go," he said, scrambling to his feet. "Well, how say you, Captain Drummond? Will you give me now the notes, or do we meet at the good Mr. Tootem's?"

"I think, professor," said Drummond slowly, "that I prefer that we meet at the lawyer's. These notes were handed to me personally, and I should feel easier in my mind if I handed them over personally to the lawyer. Then my responsibility will end."

"As you will," remarked the German indifferently. "Then we will say eleven o'clock tomorrow morning, unless I let you know to the contrary."

He shambled from the room and Drummond escorted him to the front door. Then, having watched him down the steps, he returned to his room.

"Seems a bona fide show, Algy," he remarked, lighting a cigarette.

"Will you give up the notes?" demanded his friend.

"My dear old thing, I must," answered Hugh. "You've seen the professor's distinct instructions that jolly old Tootem and Tootem are to have 'em. I can't go against that. What the legal wallah does with them afterward has nothing to do with me. Still, I wish I could feel more certain in my own mind. You see the trouble is that even if that bloke is a bluffer our hands are tied. There are old Goodman's instructions, and the only thing I can do is to throw the responsibility on the lawyer's shoulders."

He paced thoughtfully up and down the room, to stop suddenly and pick up his hat.

"It's worth trying," he remarked half to himself, and the next moment Algy was alone. From the window he saw Hugh hail a taxi and disappear, and with a shrug of his shoulders he resumed his study of Ruff's Guide. At times the vagaries of his host were apt to be a little wearing.

And when some four hours later Hugh returned for dinner it certainly seemed as if he'd wasted his time.

"I'VE been watching Mr. Anderson's house, Algy," he said despondently. "You know the one I spotted after the inquest, where Scheidstrun is living. Went to ground in a house opposite. Said I was a doctor looking for rooms. Thank heavens, the servant developed no symptoms requiring medical attention, because all I could have conscientiously recommended for anybody with a face like hers was a lethal chamber. However, as I say, I took cover in the parlor behind a bowl of stuffed fruit, and there I waited. Nothing happened for hours. Anderson's house was evidently occupied; in fact, I saw him look out of the window once. A benevolent-looking old chap with mutton-chop whiskers. However, I stuck it out, and at last just as I was on the point of giving it up something did happen, though not much. A closed car drove up and from it there descended old Scheidstrun, a youngish man, and an elderly woman. Couldn't see her very well—but she looked a typical Boche. Probably his wife, I should think."

He relapsed into silence and lit a cigarette, apparently meditating on his wasted efforts.

"An afternoon wasted," he grunted after a while. "I'm fed up with the whole infernal show, Algy. Why the devil didn't I give him the notes when he was here and be done with it? As it is, I've got to waste tomorrow morning as well fooling around in the city; and with the funeral in the afternoon the old brain will cease to function. Mix me a cocktail, like a good fellow. Everything is in the cupboard."

AND thus it came about that while two cocktails were being lowered in gloomy silence in Brook Street, a cheerful-looking old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers entered his quiet residential hotel in Bayswater. There were no signs of gloomy silence about the old gentleman: in fact, he was almost chatty with the lounge waiter.

"I think—yes, I think that I will have a small cocktail," he remarked. "Not a thing I often do, but this evening I will indulge."

"Spotted a winner, sir?" said the waiter, responding to the old gentleman's mood.

"Something of that sort, my lad," he replied genially. "Something of that sort." And Mr. William Robinson's smile was enigmatic.

He seldom remembered an afternoon when he had enjoyed himself so much in a quiet way. In fact, he was almost glad that Drummond had refused to hand over the notes; it would have been so inartistic—so crude. Of course it would have saved bother, but where is the true artist who thinks of that? And he had never really imagined that Drummond would—he knew that young gentleman far too well for that. Naturally he was suspicious. Well, he would be more suspicious tomorrow morning. He would be so suspicious, in fact, that in all probability the worthy Mr. Tootem would get the shock of his life. He chuckled gleefully, and departed so far from his established custom as to order a second Martini. And as he lifted it to his lips he drank a silent toast to the shrewd powers of observation of a beautiful girl who was even then watching orange change to pink on the snow-capped Dent du Midi from the balcony of her room in the Palace Hotel.

And so it is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that there were wheels destined to rotate within wheels in the comfortable room in Austin Friars where Mr. Tootem, senior, discharged his affairs, though that pillar of the legal profession was supremely unaware of the fact. With his usual courtly grace he had risen to greet the eminent German savant, Professor Scheidstrun, who had arrived at about ten minutes to eleven on the following morning. Somewhat to Mr. Tootem's surprise the professor had been accompanied by his wife, and Frau Scheidstrun was now waiting in the next room for the business to be concluded.

"Most sad, professor," murmured Mr. Tootem. "An irreparable loss, as you say, to the scientific world—and to his friends." He glanced at the clock. "This young man—Captain Drummond—will be here, you say, at eleven?"

"That is the arrangement that I haf with him made," answered the German. "He would not to me quite rightly the notes hand over yesterday; but, as you see from the letter, it was my dear friend's wish that I should haf them, and carry on with the great discovery he has made."

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Tootem benevolently, wishing profoundly that Drummond would hasten his arrival. The morning was warm; the professor's egg-stained garments scandalized his British soul to the core; and, in addition, Mr. Tootem senior had arrived at that ripe age when office hours were made to be relaxed. He particularly wished to be at Lords in time to see Middlesex open their innings against Yorkshire, and only the fact that Professor Goodman had been a personal friend of his had brought him to the city at all that day.

At length with a sigh of relief he looked up. Sounds of voices outside betokened some one's arrival, and the business would be a short one.

"Is this the young man?" he said, rubbing his hands together.

But the professor made no reply. He was watching the door which opened at that moment to admit Drummond. And since Mr. Tootem rose at once to greet him, the fact that he had not answered escaped the lawyer's attention. He also failed to notice that an unaccountable expression of uneasiness showed for a moment on the German's face, as he contemplated Drummond's vast bulk.

"Ah, Captain Drummond, I'm glad you've come," remarked Mr. Tootem. "Let me see—you know Professor Scheidstrun, don't you?"

He waved Drummond to a chair.

"Yes—we had a little powwow yesterday afternoon," said Drummond, seating himself.

The strained look had vanished from the professor's face; he beamed cheerfully.

"In which I found him most suspicious," he said in his guttural voice. "But quite rightly so."

"Exactly," murmured Mr. Tootem, again glancing at the clock. It would take him at least twenty minutes to get to Lords. "But I am sure he will not be suspicious of me. And since I have one or two important—er—business engagements, perhaps we can get through this little matter expeditiously."

He beamed benevolently on Drummond, who was leaning back in his chair regarding the professor through half-closed lids.

"Now I understand that my dear friend and client—the late Professor Goodman—handed over to you some very valuable papers, Captain Drummond," continued Mr. Tootem. "A great compliment, I may say, showing what faith he placed in your judgment and trustworthiness. I have here—and I gather you have seen this letter—instructions that those papers should be handed over to me. You have them with you, I trust?"

"Oh, yes. I've got them with me," said Drummond quietly, though his eyes never left the German's face.

"EXCELLENT," murmured Mr. Tootem. At a pinch he might do Lords in a quarter of an hour. "Then if you would kindly let me have them, that will—ah—conclude the matter. I may say that I quite appreciate your reluctance to hand them to any one but me——" The worthy lawyer broke off abruptly. "Good heavens, Captain Drummond, what is the matter?"

For Drummond had risen from his chair and was standing in front of the professor.

"You're not the man who came to see me yesterday," he said quietly. "You're not Professor Scheidstrun at all."

"But the man is mad!" gasped the German. "You say I am not Scheidstrun—me?"

"You're made up to look exactly like him—but you're not Scheidstrun! I tell you, Mr. Tootem"—he turned to the lawyer who was staring at him aghast—"that that man is no more Scheidstrun than I am. The disguise is wonderful, but his hair is a slightly different color. Ever since I came in I've been wondering what it was."

"This young man is mad," said the German angrily.

"The reason that it is a slightly different color is that I wear a wig. I haf two. This morning I wear the other one to what I wear yesterday."

But Drummond wasn't even listening. Like a bird fascinated by a snake he was staring at the professor's left hand, which was beating an agitated tattoo on his knee. For a moment or two he was dazed, as the stupendous reality burst on his mind. Before him sat Carl Peterson himself—given away once again by that one trick which he could never get rid of, that ceaseless nervous movement of the left hand. It was incredible; the suddenness of the thing took his breath away. And then the whole thing became clear to him. Somehow or other, Peterson had heard of the discovery—perhaps he had been employed by Sir Raymond Blantyre himself. He had found out that the notes of the process were to be handed to Scheidstrun, and with his usual consummate daring had decided to impersonate the German. And the woman he had seen arriving the night before was Irma.

HIS thoughts were chaotic; only the one great thing stuck out. The man in front of him was Peterson—he knew it. And with one wild hoot of utter joy he leaped upon him.

"My little Carl," he murmured ecstatically, "the pitcher has come to the well once too often."

Possibly it had; but the scene which followed beggared description. Peterson or not Peterson, his confession as to wearing a wig was the truth. It came off with a slight sucking noise, revealing a domelike cranium completely devoid of hair. With a wild yell of terror the unfortunate German sprang from his chair, and darted behind the portly form of Mr. Tootem, while Drummond, brandishing the wig, advanced on him.

"Demit, sir!" spluttered Mr. Tootem. "I'll send for the police, sir! You must be mad."

"Out of the way, Tootles," said Drummond happily. "You'll scream with laughter when I tell you the truth. Though we'd best make certain the swab hasn't a gun."

With a quick heave he jerked the cowering man from behind the lawyer, who immediately rushed to the door shouting for help.

"A madman!" he bellowed to his amazed staff. "Send for a keeper, and a straight-jacket."

He turned around, for a sudden silence had settled on the room behind. Drummond was standing motionless, gripping both the professor's arms, with a look of amazement slowly dawning on his face. Surely he couldn't be mistaken, and yet—what on earth had happened to the man? The arms he felt under the coat sleeves were thin as match sticks, whereas Peterson, as he remembered of old, was almost as strong as he was.

He stared steadily at Professor Scheidstrun's face. Yes, surely that nose was too good to be true. He pulled it thoughtfully and methodically—first this way then that, while the unhappy victim screamed with agony and the junior clerk upset the ink in his excitement at the untoward spectacle.

It was real right enough—that nose. At least nothing had come off so far, and a little dazedly Drummond backed away, still staring at him. Surely he hadn't made a mistake! The gesture—that movement of the left hand had been quite unmistakable. But the next instant a terrific blow on the right ear turned his attention to other things.

He swung around to find a monumental woman regarding him with the light of battle in her eyes.

"How dare you the nose of my Heindrich pull?" she boomed.

With great agility Drummond dodged a heavy second to the jaw, and it was now his turn to flee for safety. And it took a bit of doing. The lady was out for blood, as a heavy volume on The Intricacies of Real Estate, which missed Drummond's head by half an inch and broke a flower vase, clearly proved.

"He seize my wig. He try to pull off my nose," wailed the professor, as Mr. Tootem, junior, attracted by the din, rushed in.

"And if I the coward catch," bellowed his spouse, picking up a companion volume on Probate and Divorce, "I will not try—I will succeed with this!"

"Three to one on the filly," murmured young Tootem gracelessly, as with a heavy crash Probate and Divorce shot through the window.

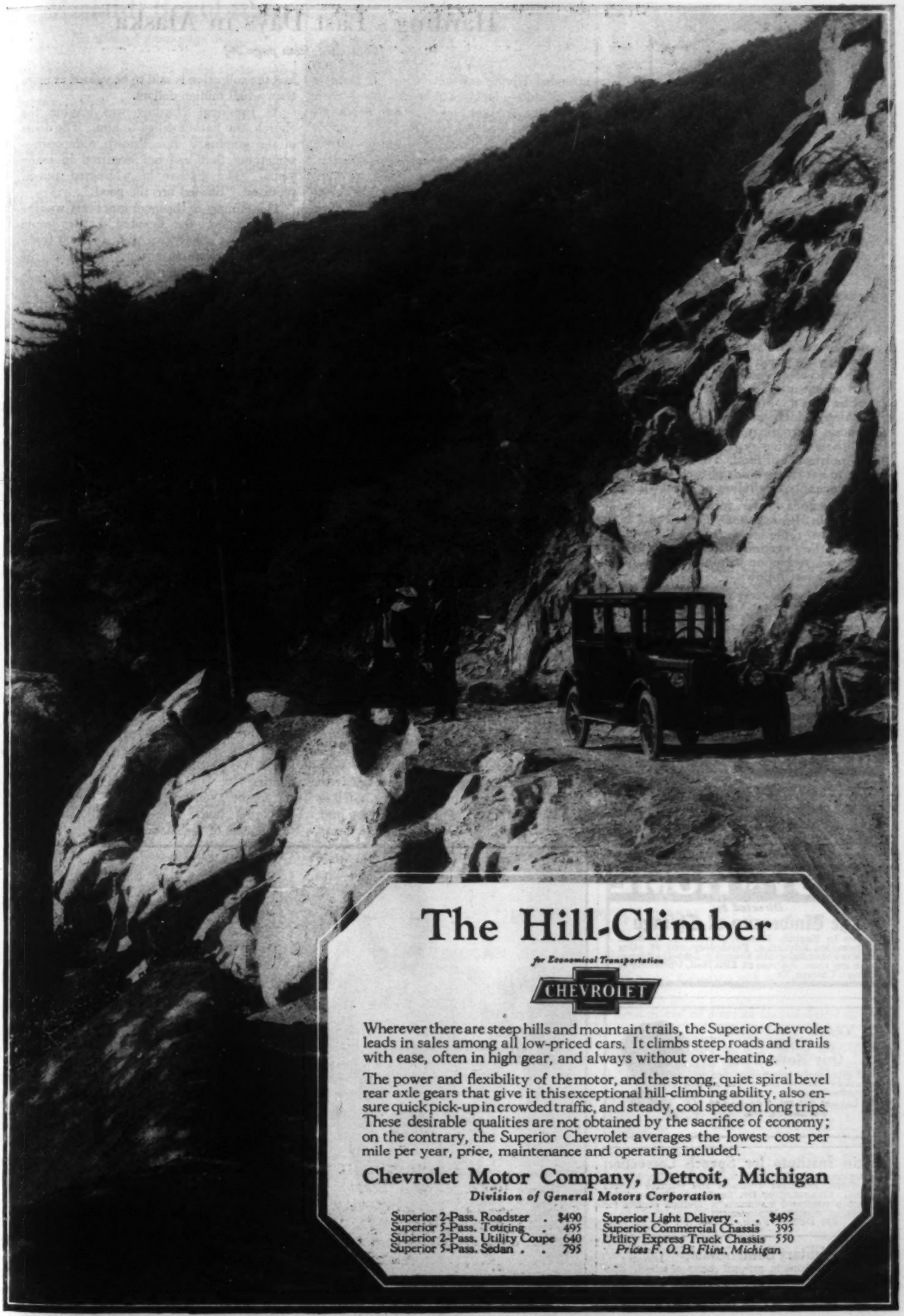
But mercifully for all concerned, especially the reputation of Tootem, Price and Tootem, it proved to be the lady's dying gasp. Completely exhausted, she sank into a chair and Drummond cautiously emerged from behind a table. He was feeling a little faint himself; the need for a stimulant was pressing. Even to his whirling brain one thing was beyond dispute. Impossible though it was that Peterson should have shrunk, it was even more impossible that Irma should have swollen. By no conceivable art of disguise could that beautiful and graceful girl have turned herself into the human monstrosity who was now regarding him balefully from her chair.

Her arms were twice the size of his own, and unless Irma had developed elephantiasis the thing simply could not be. Of course, she might have covered herself with India rubber and blown herself out in some way—he didn't put anything beyond Peterson. But the thought of pricking her with a pin to make sure was beyond even his nerve. It was too early in the day to ask any woman to burst with a slow, whistling noise. And if she was real—— He trembled violently at the mere thought of what would happen.

No, incredible though it was, he had surely made a ghastly mistake. Moreover, the next move was clearly with him.

"I'm afraid I've made a bloomer," he murmured, mopping his forehead. "If you'll be patient a moment I'll—er—try to explain."

(To be continued)



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Harding's Last Days in Alaska

[Continued from page 26]

attended Divine service. Close at hand is the Sheldon Jackson museum filled with interesting Alaskan relics. One which interested the President particularly was an effigy of an Eskimo wearing an ivory tusk piercing the upper lip—a mark of distinction.

We saw still other relics when we were guided down the witching "Lover's Lane," a model park drive through a hemlock and spruce forest, toned in the rich brown of the undergrowth. Along the drive were towering totem poles, aglow with grim figures chronicling traditions of Indian family history. On some of the poles there was the face of a man wearing a tall hat, an image, mayhap, of an early missionary. In one far-away place was found a totem containing a perfect likeness of Abraham Lincoln. An investigation was made and it was ascertained that Secretary Seward on his visit to Alaska had left behind some pictures of Lincoln which inspired the Indian sculptor.

A long line of totem poles guards the shore road, leading to a large open space where the old blockhouse was located. This site marked the scene of the last bloody conflict between the hostile Indians and the Russians.

Altogether, this last Sunday was a day of worship. On his return from Sitka's National Monument Park, the President was met by Father Pontelarf, of the little Greek Catholic Cathedral of St. Michael. He told the story of the valuable old ikons—Russian paintings on the walls of the church, and brought forth the rare enameled goblets of gold and silver—the choicest specimens of Russian art. From a chest were taken out many golden tapestries which shone in the light. One young lady inquired:

"How do you keep them from tarnishing in this damp climate?"

"Ah, but these are pure gold," declared the Father in his broken English, with a kindly smile.

There were images and crucifixes of ivory set with gems, many of them contributed by members of the royal family in years past, as far back as the time of Peter the Great, and the collection is said to be valued at more than a half million dollars.

As President Harding was leaving the church, the Father called to him. The doors of the sanctuary were thrown wide open—something that had not occurred in many years. The Father in whispered prayer repeated, "Blessed are the good."

This glimpse of the inner sanctuary was the highest honor the devoted Father could bestow upon a human. All of the rich treasures shown were in sharp contrast to the simplicity of the interior of the little church, with its box stove in each corner, around which the members of the little congregation hovered before attending worship on cold winter days. These were a sturdy, hopeful folk, the physical survivors of the fittest, the adventurers of Russia and America blended.

Lengthening shadows came all too fast on this, our last Alaskan day, at Sitka, the serene. No more poetic place could have been chosen for the final scene in the President's dramatic journey through Alaska.

Here the American flag was first unfurled and here it remained until the capital was removed, in 1907. Here, in 1923, that flag was crowned with a new meaning to the people of Alaska.

On the placid waters of the harbor nestled the good ship *Henderson* that was soon to sail away laden with happy memories of the golden days in Alaska. From the deck again and again we viewed Sitka, with its green mosques and spires, its moss-covered roofs contrasting sharply with red tile—a picture of American homes in the lights and shadows, softened in the haze of that long, lingering twilight after the sun, as if loathe to leave, bade us good-by.

In the superb opalescent sunset the ship sailed out and on as Warren G. Harding looked for the last time upon Alaska, the alluring, the land of isolation; looked upon the somber, solitary, melancholy mountains harboring both after-glow and shadows, forerunners of the shades of night.

Our farthest north Americans—Eskimo women of Point Barrow, Alaska

A Mislaid Revolution

[Continued from page 30]

sent Patrolman Kelly to assist Patrolman Donoghue in maintaining order along Central Avenue. They were ordered to guard D'Albro's person and property and warned to arrest blackhanders on sight. As the commissioner did not add to the order a description of a typical blackhander, the officers were somewhat hampered in the performance of their duty.

At nine o'clock, Thursday evening, Caesare Capallino trotted to the old brewery on Ambrose Street, where D'Albro had been directed to hide the money. But, instead of appearing within full view of the detectives, who, he was certain, had been sent to guard the package and arrest the man who attempted to retrieve it, Caesare forced a door in the rear of the building. He made a survey of the neighborhood from a third-floor window.

His caution was rewarded by the sight of two men, plainly detectives, hiding behind a fence across the street from the flat stone where Caesare had ordered the banker to hide the money. The men watched the stone, and Caesare watched the men.

"D'Albro has made himself a pretty mouse-trap," said Caesare to himself. "Let us wait and see who gets caught in it."

An hour later, when the clock in the tower of St. Joseph's church boomed ten, the detectives walked out from behind the fence and removed the bundle of scrap paper which D'Albro had planted under the stone before their vigil began. One of them looked at the stage money, laughed, and tossed it into a waste barrel as they walked away.

"Stupids!" cried Caesare, aloud. "It is a temptation to stay in this country and make money. These American fools carry their ideas in their stomachs."

The revolutionary leader let himself out of the building and fished the bundle of paper from the barrel, where the detective had tossed it. When Caesare met Tony, by appointment, he gave him the package.

"Have it thrown in D'Albro's window," he ordered. "It will be more effective than another letter."

Then the conspirator wandered up the street past the spaghetti factory. He noticed the night watchman making his rounds and preparing to go out for his supper hour, at midnight. This had been carefully planned. Caesare's next move was to locate Patrolman Donoghue. He found that officer planted in a doorway, deep in conversation with his assistant, Patrolman Kelly.

"Nice evening," said Caesare.

"Hello, there," returned Donoghue. "What do you know about this hand-blacking?"

"Hand-blacking?" repeated the Italian, puzzled. "I do not understand."

"He means the Black Hand," interrupted the other policeman. "Them fellers that want money or they blow up yer house."

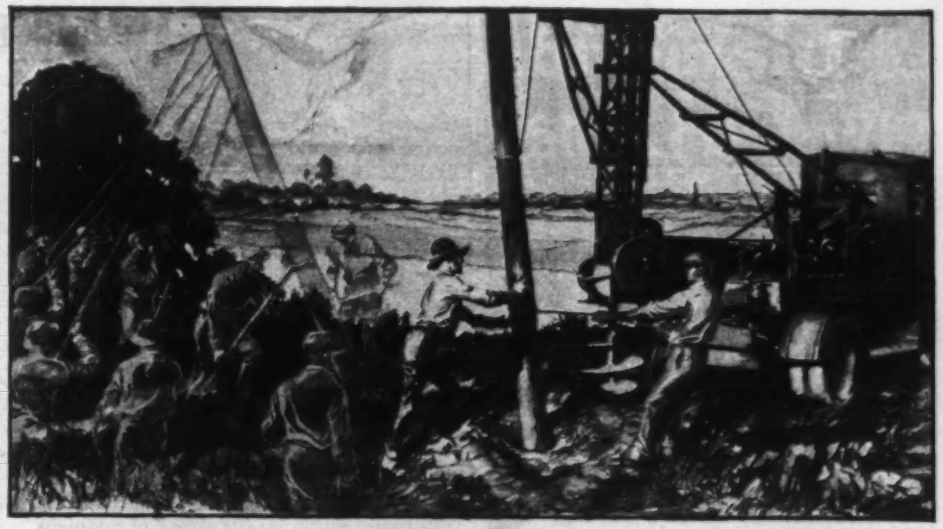
"I understand," said Caesare. "I know nothing of such peoples. I am a poor, hard-working man. What should I know of them?"

"I thought maybe you'd heard something about it," suggested the officer.

"But, no," replied Caesare. "Even now I stop my work to go to my room over the barber shop."

"Well, good night to you," said Patrolman Donoghue, heartily. "I wish there was more

[Continued on page 116]



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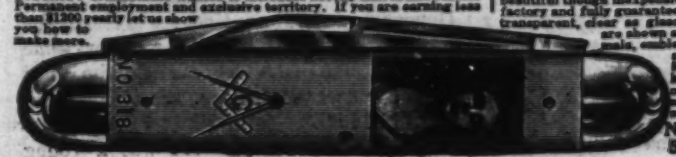

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A Mislaid Revolution

[Continued from page 115]

fellows like you on me beat. Between the commissioner and them hard Wops here, it's likely to cost me my job, every time I duck out for a few minutes to get me a bottle of home-brew over to the Dutchman's."

Caesare raised his hat politely and moved along.

Donoghue turned to Officer Kelly.

"He's a good little man," he explained. "He minds his own business and keeps out of trouble."

CAESARE entered an alley and climbed through a dozen goat-infested backyards. He was crouched in the shadow of a doorway when the watchman left the spaghetti factory, promptly on the stroke of midnight. From Caesare's pocket came a shining jimmy, which he inserted under a window sash. Before the caretaker had had time to scurry to his home, Caesare was safely inside the building.

First the intruder went down cellar, disconnected a gas fixture and allowed the vapor to pour out through the building. Then he ransacked the back room, where the kerosene, that D'Albro's bakers used to start the fires in the brick ovens, was stored. He poured some five gallons upon the floor, set the stub of a candle burning in the center of the pool of oil and beat a hasty retreat. He was confident that the gas fumes would reach the flame long before the watchman returned. A few minutes later, Caesare was seated in his own room.

It was a hectic night for Patrolman Donoghue.

There was a stabbing in a saloon, an automobile accident, a burglary and a wholesale window smashing, all before midnight. So great was the demand for police protection or police investigation that no officer was sent to relieve him and his supper hour came and went. Patrolman Donoghue was hungry and angry.

He was airing his feelings to Kelly, when a short man, without coat or hat, dashed up the street.

"*Si brucia la casa! Si brucia la casa!*" he cried.

Officer Donoghue reached out and collared the fugitive.

"Who did you kill?" he demanded.

"*Si brucia la casa!*" gasped the man, in reply.

"Wait here," commanded Officer Donoghue, taking a firmer hold on the man's neck. "In about a minute some one will be along to tell me you cut him."

"No—no," pleaded his captive. "*Si brucia la casa!*"

"It's no use trying your tricks on me. You're not chasing any one. Some one is chasing you. By yer looks, they had cause for it. Ye'll stay here until I find out what's the trouble."

But the man continued to squirm and plead piteously for his release.

"Please, mister," he whined, "*si brucia la casa.*"

"He's a nervous little man," said Officer Donoghue to Officer Kelly. "I'll not be surprised if he's killed his wife or some devilment like that. Help me hold him, until we find out what he's done. It's a good thing I grabbed him."

Officer Kelly agreed. He was a young man and deferred to Mike Donoghue's years of experience in the police business.

At that point who came running down the stairs from his room over the barber shop but Caesare Capallino.

"Mister Officer!" cried Caesare. "He's telling you that his house is on fire."

"*Si, si,*" confirmed the captive, eagerly. "*Si brucia la casa.*"

"Kelly," ordered Officer Donoghue, "run and pull that fire box on the corner."

Donoghue made no sign that he was about to let go of his prisoner. He glanced up the street as the loud "puff" of a gas explosion blew the window glass of the spaghetti factory into the street. Then the patrolman jerked his captive off his feet.

"Please, mister," pleaded the watchman. "*Si brucia la casa.*"

"Take that," said the policeman, and cuffed his ears. "Why the deuce didn't you tell me your house was on fire?"

With a parting cuff, Donoghue released the man.

"He's very ignorant," Caesare explained, apologetically.

"Capallino, you're right." Patrolman Donoghue placed a friendly hand on the other's shoulder. "I'm much obliged for yer trouble. If he'd told me what he wanted, in the first place, I might have got the engines here in time to save the building. But by the looks"—the policeman regarded the red flames shooting up from the factory roof—"I should say she's a goner. Most of these birds on this street, Capallino, is dumb as pigs. I wonder that you don't move away from the rest of them."

"MY middle name is trouble," Mike Donoghue complained, a week after the fire that destroyed the spaghetti factory. "Nothing takes place here but felonies. A few third-degree assaults are the life of a street and something that no regular man objects to. But these here Eyetalians are different. I wish that Mr. D'Album, the banker man, would pay his five thousand iron men and put a stop to this crime wave."

Officer Kelly assented.

"First there's felonies and then there's reports," continued Donoghue. "The commissioner sent us a list of fifteen men he wants arrested on sight, and I don't know one of them. How can ye identify a man ye never saw? That's what I'd like to ask the commissioner. If you ask them their Eyetalian names, they won't tell you th' truth. It's a sight different with the Irish. If you have a warrant for Tim Collins, ye meet him on the street or in Casey's back room and ye say, 'Is yer name Tim Collins?' and he says, 'It is. Who wants to know it?' Then he squares off with his fists to prove to you that he's Tim Collins. And then ye say, 'Come away, lad. I got a paper for ye.' Then either he fights or he comes, and there's no trouble about it."

"This foreign element is a great problem," remarked Patrolman Kelly.

"The only one on the whole street I can trust is Capallino, the little dark man who rooms over the barber shop." Donoghue pointed toward the building. "He's a friendly runt who talks English as good as you or me. He told us about them goats, when they got out and et up the pop corn.

You remember how he tipped us off to what the watchman was sayin' the night D'Album's spaghetti factory burned. If he'd only told us sooner, we'd have got the alarm in in time to save the building."

"What's his business?" asked Kelly.

Donoghue turned to spit, with great accuracy, into the gutter. The two were standing on the curb, near the blackened cellar of the factory.

"He's some kind of a walking delegate," said Officer Donoghue. "At least, he's an official in an Eyetalian union. He told me so himself. He's going up to Rome pretty soon. He said he had to organize the laboring men up there."

"To Rome?" repeated the other. "I didn't know there was so many Eyetalians there. What are they building?"

"New railroad, maybe. There's only that one line into the town and the service is rotten. Capallino told me there was politics behind it."

WHILE the officers discussed his future, Caesare was seated in his room, deep in conversation with a flashy individual called "Jones" and several other names. His ostensible business in New York was that of a broker. He had come to Caesare's apartment in Rochester to consummate a lucrative deal.

"There are two thousand Enfield rifles and four Browning machine guns in the warehouse," said Jones impressively.

"It is enough," returned Caesare, smiling. "Once the muskets are in the hands of true men, the palace will fall. After that, when we have taken prisoner the heads of the government, the rest will be too easy. The army will join us to a man."

"I bought the guns off the government," continued Jones. "They are supposed to go to a military academy in Pennsylvania."

"To a school! But the guns will shoot?"

"Certainly. They ain't new rifles. They was used in the war and salvaged. I got the War Department's guarantee that every one is in serviceable order. The ammunition I had to buy in England. It's been shipped to you in Rome. It's marked plumbing fixtures, like you said, and there's a marked box of sure-enough fixtures for the customs men to open, like you told me."

"My lieutenant in the customs office in Genoa will attend to that matter, if you have followed the directions."

"So far, so good." Jones stretched his arms toward the roof. "Now, I want to see the color of your money. Then I'll tell you how to get the guns. Our contract said $18,000. You was to pay $12,000 down and the rest when the delivery is made."

Caesare nodded. In the back room was a wine keg. He led the way, carefully drawing the shade at the window, to screen the transaction from a possible eavesdropping neighbor. With a half-dozen blows, he battered in the head of the keg and plunged his hand inside. When the hand reappeared, it clutched a bank roll that made the broker gasp.

"The money is ready," said Caesare.

At the end of the accounting, Jones buttoned the coat of his stylish spring suit over a small fortune in yellow-backed bills.

"Listen," he remarked, tapping Caesare familiarly on the chest. "The guns is at Wiseman's Point, near Albany. Send two trucks there and give the man my order for

[Continued on page 118]

What do you know about "these states"?

COULD you, from the peak of some high hill that overlooked our nation, point to the position of each state, even approximately? Not many people could! To an amazingly large number, accurate knowledge of geography is limited to their own town, their own state, or, at best, their own section of the country. Cities, mountains, plains, rivers and railroads become increasingly vague as they *think* farther from home.

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A Mislaid Revolution

[Continued from page 117]

the guns. Tell him you're the janitor at the school. I'd advise you to bring 'em back here, so no secret service guy can trace the shipment. Bill 'em out from here over the barge canal as sewing machines. If you have your steamer arrangements made, they can be transferred direct from the canal barge to the steamer."

"Your advice is good. I will bring them here by truck and ship them over the canal like an honest cargo."

"*Bon soir*," said Jones. "If you ever get track of another deal, look me up. I can buy the Grand Canyon of Arizona and ship it to any part of the civilized world, if you got the price."

As the broker walked down the decrepit stairs, Caesare rubbed his hands in gleeful expectation. His plans had been carried out with the precision of a railroad schedule. There remained only one detail. He must bomb the bank of Lorenzo D'Albro, collect $5,000 while the banker was terror-stricken by the successive violence done to his property, and then——

Caesare drew a great lungful of air at the thought. Ahead of him lay Italy and conquest.

CAESARE went about the manufacture of a bomb which he intended to place under the Bank of Naples, as D'Albro's institution was called. Caesare was a man of resource, with a comprehensive knowledge of human nature and explosives. He was the inventor of the "shrapnel bomb," which attained and still holds a high place in the regard of Sicilian-American citizens and which has puzzled the police of a dozen cities.

There was no possibility of tracing the purchase of the materials which went into the manufacture of the Caesare type of bomb. The casing might have come from any garage, and the detective who collected a handful of scraps from a ruined building had as little to work on as if he had been told that a man drove away from the scene of the crime in a Ford automobile.

First Caesare wrapped a quantity of powder and dynamite in a paper package. This active ingredient he enclosed in a larger bundle of scrap iron, nuts and small bolts. Then the entire mass of explosive and projectiles was wrapped with thousands of feet of adhesive tire-tape until it resembled a large pineapple cheese with a fuse projecting from the blossom end. Caesare's practical mind had comprehended the resistance powers of strong tire-tape, and had applied it to a commercial use.

While two trucks were being driven from Albany with the munitions of war, Mike Donoghue's beat was temporarily peaceful. But on the evening that some large crates of "sewing machines" were hidden in a garage in Irondequoit, on the outskirts of Rochester, the big policeman met Capallino on the street. Under his arm was a large bundle. He was walking toward D'Albro's bank.

"What have you got there?" asked the patrolman, good-naturedly.

"My laundry," returned Caesare.

"I hope they wash it cleaner than they washed my collars the last time I sent them to the Star. Good night to you."

Some ten minutes later, a burst of flame lighted up the street near the Bank of Naples. Hundreds of metal slugs imbedded themselves in the walls of the surrounding buildings. The force of the explosion broke windows a block away. Half-dressed and terror-stricken, the residents of Little Sicily poured out of their homes into the street screaming for the fire department and for the police.

Patrolman Donoghue took his stand in the wrecked front of the Bank of Naples and drove away the curious spectators who flocked there. The owner of the bank, called from his bed by the reported destruction of the building, found a note, pinned on the rear door. It was pinned there with a dagger. It was addressed to the owner of the bank. It read:

Lorenzo D'Albro: Pay as you have been warned or this same thing will happen to your home.

Shaking with terror at this last demonstration of the blackhanders, the banker resolved to pay. Within an hour he had opened the vault and carried $5,000 in cash to the old brewery, where he hid it under the flat stone. Caesare, watching from the window with a smile of satisfaction, slipped out, unnoticed, and tucked the package of bills into his inner pocket.

On the next evening, while Tony the barber was in New York bribing the captain of a tank steamer to carry certain boxes of contraband cargo to Genoa, Caesare met Patrolman Donoghue.

"Good-by, mister," said Caesare.

"Leaving town?" asked the officer.

"Yes, mister. I go now to Rome," replied Caesare.

"To Rome, eh? What are you going to do there? Run a fruit store?"

Caesare was insulted at the policeman's lack of comprehension.

"I have a big business in Rome. A business of which you shall hear much," he boasted.

"Well, good luck to you. You're a good little man, considering you're an Eyetalian," was Mike Donoghue's parting blessing.

IT was on Patrolman Donoghue's night off that he met his friend Tim Grogan, the truck driver. Grogan was driving toward the barge canal harbor, his moving van loaded with heavy packing cases.

"Where're you going?" asked the officer.

"To put these on a barge," replied the truckman. "They're sewing machines that belongs to some Wop in Rome."

Officer Donoghue climbed up on the truck and looked at the address, stenciled upon the boxes.

"Sure enough. It's me friend Capallino's stuff. He told me he was moving to Rome, but he didn't say he was going into the sewing machine business. Why does he ship them on the canal?"

"Don't ask me," returned Grogan. "He said he'd made arrangements to have them shipped on that barge."

"That's a mistake." Officer Donoghue squared his shoulders with generous indignation. "The poor little tike has been misled by this Chamber of Commerce propaganda about cheap freight rates on the barge canal. It will cost him more than by rail. The canal

don't run through Rome. You take them cases down to the New York Central and put them in a car. We'll save the little man twenty dollars or so."

"I thought it was Rome, Italy, they was going to," suggested Grogan.

"Naw. Rome, New York," returned Officer Donoghue. "I know the little man. He's got a business of some kind there. Put them in a car and send them out over the Rome, Watertown and Odgensburg."

CAESARE CAPALLINO waited impatiently in the revolutionary headquarters near the Portomaggiore. He waited for a shipment of munitions that never arrived. He waited until he was arrested by a hated Fascisti agent on a charge of treason.

In the other Rome, the New York Central freight agent advertised an auction sale of a shipment of crated sewing machines, held by the railroad for freight and storage charges.

And in Rochester, Patrolman Donoghue walked his peaceful beat on Central Avenue, unaware that a medal which adorns the tunic of the Italian Premier belongs, by right of service, to an Irish policeman.

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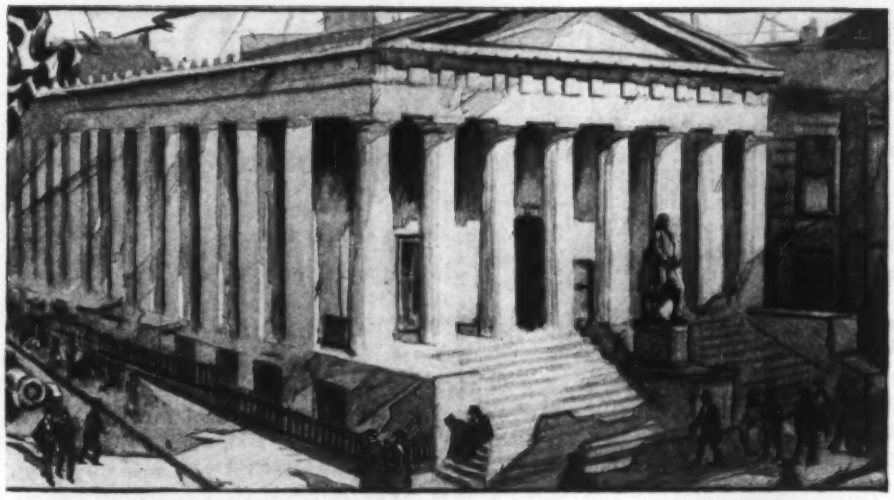

Investment Yield and Higher Prices

By Franklin K. Sprague

IN considering the present investment situation, holders of securities and prospective purchasers of them can not fail to give attention to the lack of balance between the commodities market and the market for securities. Bonds have recovered to some extent from the depression which prevailed as a result of high interest rates immediately after the war, and average prices are not very far removed from the level. Commodities, on the other hand, are still far above the scale of prices which could be called normal. There is, therefore, a discrepancy to be accounted for in that the coupon dollar—that is to say, the money return which you receive as interest on your bond investment—does not buy the value in commodities that it did in the pre-war years. This is a condition which could hardly be maintained and you, as an investor, naturally ask yourself whether the price of bonds is to decline, so that yield will be increased, or whether commodities will decline so that present yield will be a fair measure of return on the investment, in terms of what can be purchased in the commodities markets with the interest money.

It is not reasonable to suppose that bonds will decline to accommodate themselves to commodities, but it does seem probable that commodities will decline to accommodate themselves to the investment situation. There is every reason for this argument since the high prices of commodities are traceable to causes which are the direct result of unsettlement following the European conflict. For one thing, labor is still on what might be termed an inflated basis and it must not be fo gotten that labor is the essential factor entering into manufacture. In the case of steel, labor constitutes 85 per cent of the cost of production; and in general it is safe to say that prices for commodities are largely a reflection of labor cost.

There are those who assume that conditions of the moment are normal, but by most rules that can be applied they have the appearance of being abnormal. It is to be presumed that readjustments will take place.

It is undoubtedly true that wages will never go back to what might be called the 1913 standard, for living conditions have changed and what are construed to be luxuries have, in a measure, become necessities. Still labor is at or near the peak; and while commodities Have declined to some extent, there is still the underlying factor of high labor tending to uphold commodity prices. The decline in commodities, however, may pave the way for a reduction in labor costs by bringing about a reduction in the cost of living.

In any event, there is no reason to suppose that fixed income-bearing securities will decline to the point of offsetting the commodities situation. The very fact that bonds have risen and have held firm at a level approximating that of some eight years ago is in itself an index to the situation, for it represents the confidence in security values of men who are in a position to judge the market, and the outlook. Furthermore, new offerings of high investment value on a low yield basis would hardly have been so quickly absorbed as has been the case, if the investor of large means viewed the situation with other than confidence.

THE lack of balance between securities and commodities is not the only noteworthy element in the present situation. There is actually a disparity in balance between commodities themselves. This comes about in the differentiation between manufactured goods and products of the farm. The process of deflation affected the latter class of commodities more sharply than any others and a point has now been reached where we have heard of wheat and other grain selling below the cost of production. The farmer is, therefore, placed in the disadvantageous position of having to sell at a loss, or at least at little profit, whereas the things he is buying rule at prices far above what can be construed to be a normal level.

Such irregularities are of course the product of a period of readjustment and they should be considered in that light. It is undoubtedly easier for us to grasp the idea of a normal interest rate than it is to realize what may be a normal price level for commodities. As a matter of fact, interest rates are more stable than are commodity prices and this very fact in itself should make us realize that the abnormalities of commodities will readjust themselves to interest rates. If we were to

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take any other view it would be incompatible with a belief in the permanency of our investment structure, and it is this permanency which makes for the wealth of the country.

Probably commodities will not decline to a level coinciding with that of 1913. Changed conditions make for a different order. Likewise, in glancing over the past record, one finds that there has been a constant upswing in the line of commodity prices and this swing will probably continue. There has, however, never been the maintenance of such a sharp upswing in commodities as has taken place in the last eight years.

It is, therefore, my conviction that the unbalanced situation will right itself without any disturbance of investment position other than that which has already taken place. The slightly higher yield of gilt-edge bonds now, as compared with 1913, is an acknowledgment of the new condition. The major portion of adjustment, however, must come in the commodities markets. It will probably be aided in large part by our position as a creditor nation which has already caused an unfavorable trade balance as a result of the payment of European debts here by means of the sale of goods in our own markets. This has increased our imports while at the same time our exports have dwindled because of the depreciated currencies abroad. This influx of European goods would tend to overcome the present bidding for labor which in part provides support for the present high wage scale, the latter in turn tending to uphold commodities.

Questions and Answers

Q. Do you consider American Light & Traction good stock to buy at the present time?

A. There can be no doubt that many of the public service companies' stocks are excellent investments, particularly for those who have direct dealings with the company involved. A subscriber to the stock of a public utility company becomes an interested participant in the earnings of the company from which he receives service and stands somewhat in the same relation to the company as a worker who is, himself, a stockholder. It must be remembered, however, that the one who is the purchaser of stock in a company from which he receives service is in a somewhat different position from the person who simply buys a security as an investment. The particular influences which govern, and the better position from which to observe earnings are not so apparent in the latter case.

American Light & Traction is an excellent security but must be considered as in the semi-speculative class, involving a business risk. Whether or not you should buy a stock at one price or another is something which you must decide for yourself.

Q. Do you think it is safe to invest in the Flint Motor Company, Flint, Michigan? I have taken 25 shares at $15 a share from the Durant Corporation representative in Norfolk, Virginia. I am in the Navy and as I do not understand much about this kind of business, please give me your candid opinion on the matter.

A. You are apparently using the words "safe investment" without due reference to what they actually mean. It would be difficult to class any industrial security as a safe investment. There is no reason to presume even a fair degree of safety with reference to Flint Motor Company and the shares must be considered as distinctly speculative. I would suggest that you turn your attention to good bonds and be content with a certain, even if small, yield. If you desire a larger yield than is afforded, for instance, by New York Central 3½s, you

[Continued on page 122]

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Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
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Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 121]

might take a few shares of some of the higher grade preferred stocks such as American Car & Foundry, United States Steel and New York Telephone or you could purchase real estate mortgage bonds from companies of established reputation.

Q. Do you regard bonds put out by the American Bond & Mortgage Company of Chicago as good investments?

A. Securities of the American Bond & Mortgage Company have a good rating in the field of real estate mortgage bonds. It is well, however, in all such issues to examine specifically as to the property upon which the mortgage is placed.

Q. I am an investor in Star Motors, Incorporated, a Durant enterprise and would like to have your candid opinion of it as an investment.

A. While it is true that W. C. Durant is the leading figure in the present Durant enterprises, which include Star Motors, and also that he has been a leading figure in the automobile industry for many years, it nevertheless is true that Star Motors cannot be rated any higher than a distinctly speculative stock, which certainly has no place in investment holdings. This does not mean that the stock may not ultimately be built up to real value, but in its formative stage the shares of the company carry a large element of risk.

Q. I have $3,200 which I wish to invest in some bonds and stocks which are safe, which do not yield a large return and which are actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. The return is not so vital to me as the marketability is. If you can give me a list to choose from would thank you.

A. For your investment we would suggest any of the following bonds: Brooklyn Edison General 4s; New York Central Refunding 5s, yielding about 5.3 per cent; Detroit Edison first and refunding 5s, yielding about 5.4 per cent; Bell Telephone of Pennsylvania 5s, yielding about 5.2 per cent. Of the better stocks you could invest in preferred shares of the following: National Biscuit, United States Steel, Standard Oil of New Jersey and Union Pacific.

Q. Kindly give me some information on Cities Service Company 6 per cent cumulative preferred stock. Would you advise buying same as an investment?

A. Cities Service preferred stock might be classed as a speculative investment. In 1915, the dividend on the preferred was passed, but it was made up in the following year by the declaration of nine per cent in debenture scrip, exchangeable for cash in payment of the deferred preferred dividend. In 1921-22, the preferred dividend was paid, part in cash and part in scrip. The Cities Service Company is largely an oil company now, but still holds large interests in traction properties. The fact that oil is such a large feature of the company's business is one of the elements making for speculative quality in the stock, since there are many uncertainties in connection with oil development.

However, it must be said that Cities Service Company has built up a huge property with gross revenue in 1922 of $14,658,970. In 1920, the gross revenue was $24,698,039. In part this difference in gross was attributable to changes in the general oil situation and in the price of crude petroleum, all of which tends to emphasize the speculative element in the company's shares.

Q. I will have about $3,000 to invest shortly. Do you think it a good policy to invest it in American Telephone and Tele-

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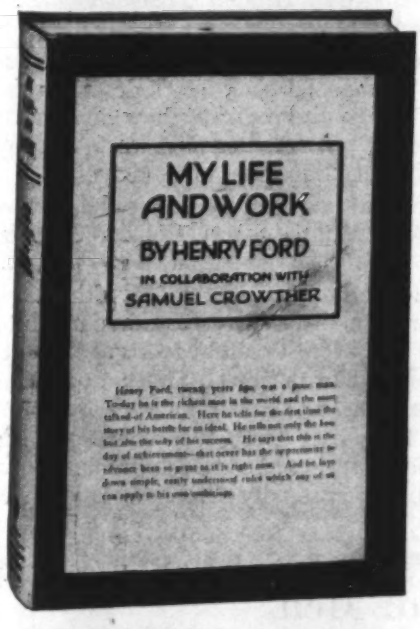

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graph stock? Will my capital be safe at all times, with no danger of losing any of it?

A. American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock has a high rating, but certainly no one could tell you that your money would be safe at all times in such an investment. The position of such securities as related to price is influenced primarily by earnings and dividends and while it is fair to assume that American Telephone & Telegraph stock will earn its present rate, it is also well to mention that there is no certainty of this.

The stock is suitable for one who has a large underlying investment of high-grade bonds and who wishes to increase yield by investing in good common stocks. If you are desirous of what is called a "safe" investment, you might take some of the highest grade railroad and industrial bonds or some of the bonds of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company or bonds of some of its subsidiaries.

Q. An uncle of mine has a Northwestern Terminal bond, the last coupon on which, I think, was paid July, 1917. He seems to have an idea that your department could give me some information with reference to this bond and its value, if any.

A. You apparently refer to Northwestern Railway Terminal 5s. The interest due January 1, 1918 was not paid and Henry McAllister was appointed receiver in 1920, when a foreclosure suit was instituted. The bond has sharply depreciated in value from the offering price which was at 92. The asking price was as low as 10 in August, 1921. The recent bid and asked quotation was 25-29.

Q. I am thinking of buying 100 shares of Brooklyn Rapid Transit common, present market price at about $1.75 per share, par at $100 per share. In your opinion will this stock ever show a fairly good advance? I am thinking of this purchase as an investment. Do you think the stock will pay a dividend within the next five years?

A. There is no way to determine what the future of Brooklyn Rapid Transit will be. The company has been reorganized, but the stock is certainly not suitable for investment. It would be far beyond our province to attempt to predict whether or not the company will ever be in a position to pay dividends.

Q. Can you tell me why it is that the 3½ per cent Liberty Bonds of the first issue sell for more than some of the later issues yielding a higher rate of interest?

A. The 3½% bonds of the first loan are exempt from taxation of every sort, while interest on some of the later issues is subject to the surtax. This tax-exempt feature makes the 3½s very attractive to many investors with large incomes, who are often very well content with 3½% net income, this frequently being more than they can get from investments paying higher rates of interest, but, being subject to tax, actually yielding less.

Q. Please give me the dividend rate on Baltimore and Ohio preferred. Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania, Union Pacific preferred and common, and Norfolk and Western preferred and common.

A. Baltimore and Ohio preferred pays $4 a share per year, Southern Pacific $6, Pennsylvania (par $50) $3, Union Pacific preferred $4, common $10, Norfolk and Western preferred $4, common $7.

Q. I bought some stock of the Carlisle Tire Company of Stamford, Connecticut, over a year ago. Have not heard from them for nearly a year and have never received

[Continued on page 124]

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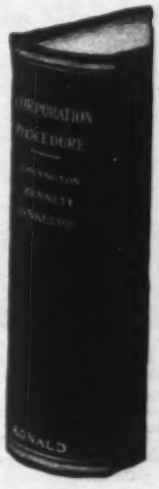

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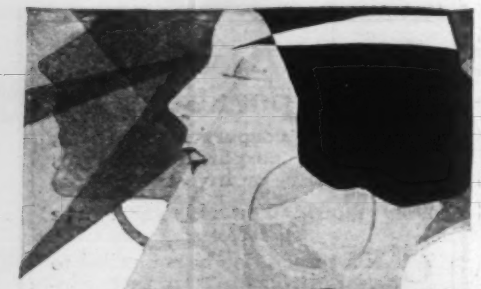

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Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 123]

any dividends? Do you know whether my stock is worth as much now as then? Paid $250 for 10 preferred shares. Do you think it worth hanging on to?

A. There seems to be no particular reason for selling your Carlisle Tire Corporation stock since it has depreciated to the point of being almost worthless. Outside dealers recently quoted preferred at $.75 a share and the common at $.25.

Q. It seems to me there are great opportunities for profit offered by the present low quotations for German marks. Would be glad to have your opinion of them as a speculation.

A. We cannot undertake to give speculative advice. It seems to us, however, that you might get more satisfaction out of a gift to some good charity than from money put into marks. Find out how many have been issued in the past year, inquire about the security back of them, and decide for yourself what their value is.

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3. "How to Select Safe Bonds" is a booklet that has recently been published by George M. Forman & Company, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois. Send for this booklet.
4. "How to Build an Independent Income," a booklet, illustrated with charts and pictures, which shows how both large and small investors have much to gain by the compounding of 6½% and 7% interest on first mortgage investments in Washington, D. C. For copies write the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Bldg., 815 Fifteenth St., Washington, D. C.
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A Pirate of Men

[Continued from page 40]

me, whenever I opened my eyes—and he told me how they had come to rescue me. It was really through the sailor. He was second-mate now, he said, with a first-mate's certificate, and going to "sit" for a captain's ticket soon. He had been to the village and learned that I had gone to Videas, got a berth on a ship that called there, and found out from my brother that I had married Alvarez and moved to Rosinas. Then, he said, he gave up thought of me, but decided to go on rising in his profession, because he liked it.

Recently he had visited Videas again, and heard the report of my death. He had a fancy to see my grave. My brother decided to go with him. They hired a launch for the purpose, and crossed—it was about sixty miles—as soon as the gale went. They arrived the day after the hulk broke away, and a few hours after Alvarez had set out in pursuit of it.

The truth about my imprisonment had always been suspected in the island; and Alvarez had talked when the hulk went in the gale. My brother did not really believe the rumor that I was alive and a prisoner in the hulk, but decided to investigate, anyway.

They found Alvarez on the reef, learned what had happened to me, and set out upon my track. They had refused to bring him, but had left him some provisions, and promised to send a vessel to take him off.

"He had food enough for a day or two," my brother said, the morning after we came to Videas. "We sha'n't send for him until tomorrow morning. You must get off in the steamer this afternoon."

"You mean that you couldn't keep me from him, if I stayed here?" I suggested.

"I mean," my brother said slowly, "that he seemed to have some sort of blood-poisoning from his wound. If anything happened, and they tried you out here—— You know what would happen! You'd better go. It's the only sensible thing to do. There's another thing, Jennie, that you *mustn't* do. For Heaven's sake don't tell Kaye"—that was my sailor—"that you are going, or where. If he went with you, or followed you up, they'd say that—— Well, you know what they'd say. I'll get you on the *President* quietly this afternoon. I shall call you Mrs. Brown."

I went on the *President*, and home to Bransley. Grandfather had died. The others gave me what he had put in the will for me before he thought I was dead, and took me out of it. So I had just enough to

live on. Jack wrote that Alvarez had recovered from his wound. I did not hear from George Kaye. I thought it was because I was married. After a year I received news that Alvarez had died and that he had never altered the will which he had made when we were first married, leaving everything to me. So I was a rich woman—and free. I did not mind taking the money. I thought it only partly recompensed me for what I had suffered.

I expected that Kaye would come then, but he did not; and men kept asking me to marry them. I had almost decided to accept the squire's son—he was the squire now—when I happened to pick up one of the weekly illustrated papers; I saw a portrait—"Captain George Kaye!" He had been awarded a silver medal for saving one of his sailors who fell overboard!

The paper mentioned his ship. I wrote a letter to him, in care of the owners. I said:

DEAR CAPTAIN KAYE,

Congratulations on your title, and on your bravery.

I have often wished to thank you for your kindness to me. Your courageous action—how greatly I admire it!—has given me the opportunity of learning your address.

I suppose you understood why I went away so suddenly and secretly? It was my brother's plan, and I asked him to convey my best wishes and gratitude to you. I had hoped that some day you would come to see me alive, as you thought me worth bringing a flower to when I was dead! Anyhow, I have and always shall have the kindliest recollection of you.

Yours sincerely

JEAN ALVAREZ.

P. S. I hate the surname, although I try not to hate my husband, now that he is dead.

Of course I wrote the letter principally to mention Alvarez's death. If you like, you can say that I was a pirate of George.

FOR a few weeks after I sent the letter I was very cheerful and always ran expectantly to meet the postman. Then I began to worry that perhaps "my sailor"—I always thought of him as that—was dead or ill, or that the letter had gone astray. Naturally it occurred to me that perhaps he didn't want me now; but at first I didn't *worry* about that. His affection for me seemed just part of my idea of him.

After a month, however, I did worry; grew nervous and a trifle snappy; told myself that I must be a sensible woman and put him right out of my head. I was telling myself that one afternoon coming home along the lane where he had walked with me, when around the bend I came in sight of a big fair-bearded merchant officer.

I stopped for a moment and clutched at my blouse with both hands. There seemed to be no breath in the air, and the tree edges seemed to be swaying. Then he gave a great shout. I thought perhaps that was how men-angels cried out when first they were that!

"Jean!" he called. "I only landed last night—and here I am!"

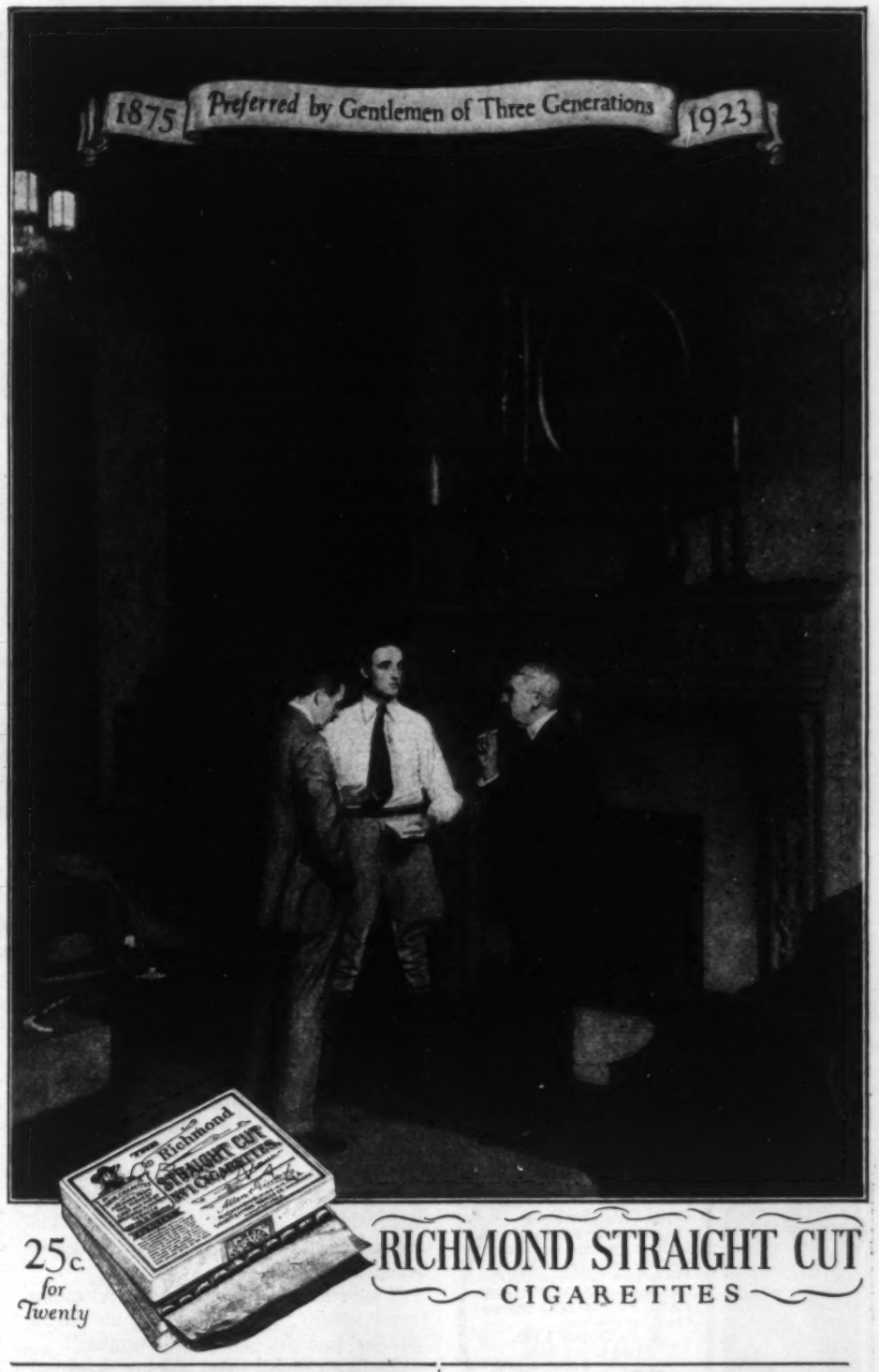
"And here you are!" I said, laughing and crying at once.

He ran toward me. I tried to run to him, but could only stagger till he caught me in his arms—in his big arms!

"My girl!" he shouted out. "Mine!"

"Yours!" I gasped. "Yours!" I clung to him. "I think that is what I was born to be!"

Is that the way a pirate of men would behave?



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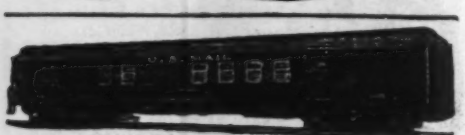

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The Goosefeather Bed

[Continued from page 18]

folk songs of Lombardy and Tuscany; scraps of gipsy ballads with which his gipsy mother had sung him to sleep. Presently he built a tiny fire and made coffee, and they ate ravenously of old Bertha's sandwiches and olives and salted nuts and little cakes, and when they had finished he cast his slim length upon the ground and looked up at her with mournful eyes.

"I have a headache," he said, with entirely apparent and shameless mendacity, "but if I could have your hand upon my forehead——"

After all, Joan told herself, one did things on a holiday which one did not do at home; that was where the recreation came in. He held one of her hands on his cool forehead, which was superfluous, for it would have remained there of its own accord. He lifted her other hand to his lips. He was silent for many moments, and when he spoke again it was in a curiously moved and hushed voice.

"In all my life," he said, "I think I have never been at peace before—I have never rested before." He tucked the hand he had kissed under his cheek; he sighed twice; then, as simply as the little freckled boy who had guided them might have done, he fell asleep.

It had taken Joan months to make up her mind about Porter Bradish; she made up her heart about Guido Foscari in the moments before he opened his eyes again. She felt a little sorry for her betrothed and a little sorrier for the Mayfair connection; sorriest of all for the night of foolish woe she had spent. Now she felt as young and as gay as the green woods.

"You were a white lily this morning," said Guido, sitting up, "and now you are a red rose." His hair was tumbled and the olive cheek which had rested on her hand was warmly flushed.

"We must go home," said Joan. A beautiful thought had come into her mind; the perfect seal for the day, and the rout of the last little shabby doubt or fear.

They went home very quietly, almost in silence. They seemed to have arrived at the place where words were clumsy and inadequate. When they had closed the front door behind them Joan spoke.

"I have thought of the most perfect ending for our holiday," she said. "They are singing '*Bohême*' to-night. Do you remember?"

His face clouded over. "I am desolate," he said, and his eyes repeated his words. "But I have an engagement with the Kitten—one I hardly dare to break. Our holiday must end now, I am afraid."

It seemed to Joan that happiness was slipping from her like a gay domino at the hour of unmasking, but she fought down the feeling with calm common sense.

"Suppose you telephone Kitten and change your engagement with her to tomorrow evening, and I will ask Uncle Ellery to get our seats."

He hesitated and the dark olive of his face flushed unhappily.

"I—you cannot know how sorry I am," he said, very low, "But I must go. We will finish our holiday tomorrow."

Joan laughed. "We will never finish it," she said. "But it doesn't really matter, does it?" It struck her as being wholly fitting that Porter Bradish should walk in at that instant. "Oh, Porter," she heard herself saying in a singularly clear and high-pitched voice, which did not sound like her own, "I *am* glad to see you! I was going to write you—to telegraph you tonight. There is quite no reason for waiting; I will marry you next month or next week—or tomorrow. I will marry you whenever you like." She knew, somewhere, deep in her consciousness, that it was a crude and bizarre thing to do, but she did not care. "I must change," she called back, running upstairs.

Her Uncle Ellery was waiting for her at the top. He looked very old and very tired.

"So!" he said, regarding her sharply. "So! Drama! Climax in the second act!" She went past him without speaking, and closed the door of her bedroom with emphasis, but he followed and opened it a crack. "It occurs to me, you know," he said, "that a goosefeather bed may not be as soft as it sounds."

JOAN went up to Porterdale for four days and came back steady-eyed and crisp of speech. She was to marry Bradish in the ancestral home on the seventh of June, and she told her Aunt Lurilla that she would begin her shopping on the following Monday—that was Wednesday—and she made competent lists in her neat and characterful hand. Guido was away from the house most of the time. By day he was with Ellery Maliory and his singing teacher; most of his evenings went to Kitten Kent.

Porter Bradish telephoned to Joan on Friday that her ring was done at last, and that he would come in at tea time and bring it with him. Joan told old Bertha to make plenty of cinnamon toast and pâté sandwiches, and asked Guido to bring Kitten Kent; she wanted them to see her ring, she said. Then, soon after luncheon, she went out to walk alone, and did not come back until after five.

Miss Mayfair, who was a human alarm clock for punctuality, came down at four, and sat by herself in the narrow old drawing-room. She sat primly erect for the first ten minutes, and then she was assailed by a sort of cozy drowsiness; the day was warm and the rear window admitted soft little puffs of mild air. She changed from her low rocker to a high-backed armchair; she could lean her head back and doze and be wholly screened from any one entering the upper end of the room, and she would rouse at the faintest sound and never be caught napping.

She fell swiftly and sweetly asleep and began to dream of Joan's wedding. June roses—bride's cakes—ancient wedding veils of yellowed lace—— She sat upright suddenly, her withered hands flying automatically to her hair. It was wholly still; she believed that she had dreamed the sound, but she had not dreamed it. Guido Foscari had entered the room by the upper door, very softly and stealthily, and he stood listening and looking to make sure of being alone. Miss Lurilla leaned tightly back in her hiding place, holding her breath. She heard swift steps; the sound of a small drawer carefully opened. She ventured her head at the edge of the chair's winglike arm.

He was standing before Joan's untidy desk and he pulled open the drawer where she kept her money, and as the little old woman watched with dilating eyes she saw him bend

[Continued on page 128]

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The Goosefeather Bed

[Continued from page 126]

over it. Then she saw him straighten up again, a banknote in his hand. He folded it and put it away in his wallet. Then, rising on his toes, in the odd, faun-like poise of the night at Sorrento, he kissed his hand to the quaint rosewood desk, gave a low laugh of satisfaction and was lightly gone from the room.

When her knees stopped trembling enough so that she could walk Miss Mayfair went into the dining room and got herself a thimbleful of blackberry cordial. Then she went back to wait for Porter Bradish, who, in direct answer to prayer, she could but feel, was the next to come.

JOAN and Kitten Kent came in together at a quarter to five; they had met on the steps. Joan had a high color from her walk and she talked as much and as merrily as her young friend.

"Where's Guido?" Kitten wanted to know at once. "Oh, hello, Porter Bradish! Of course I'm glad to see you, but I crave my crush. Don't you perfectly adore him? Honestly, it ought to be against the law for a man to be as good-looking as that! Think how Joan would have felt if she had mussed up his fatal beauty when she ran over him! Well, if he never has the full use of his arms again, he has the full use of his eyes! They knock me for a goal every time he looks at me. Look here, Porter Bradish, I wish you'd promise me to keep Joan in Porterdale or Patagonia or somewhere, after you're married. I've seen my crush look at her in a way I don't like."

"So have I," said Bradish, "but I don't think he ever will again." It fell among them startlingly and heavily, with an almost tangible sense of weight and menace.

Old Bertha came in and crossed to her mistress.

"It's the gas, Miss Joan," she said.

Joan went to her desk, boiling over as always with letters and bills and memoranda, and opened the little drawer where she kept her money. Then she frowned and stood staring down into it, poking the contents about with her finger.

Her betrothed and her aunt exchanged glances.

"Something—queer, Joan?" he asked.

Joan took out three or four banknotes and looked at them before she answered, absently:

"Yes, something—queer. I'm positive I knew just how much——Well, it doesn't matter. Here, Bertha. You may bring in the tea—we won't wait any longer." She looked up at her aunt and saw that she was pallid and trembling. "Why—Aunt Lurilla!"

"Never mind, my dear," said the old lady, unsteadily. "I shall be all right as soon as I've had my tea."

"She's all right," said Porter Bradish harshly. "You don't need to worry about *her!*"

Joan looked at him curiously. His face was mottled with an angry flush and his eyes were very hard and bright, and there were ugly lines about his mouth which she had never seen before.

"And for whom do I need to worry?"

"You wait and see," said Bradish between shut teeth. "You wait and see!"

Kitten Kent hastily lighted a cigarette.

"You mind if I smoke, don't you, Miss Lurilla, but you can bear it because you get such a kick out of disapproving of me! I can do these things and get by with them because of my innocent and breezy youth, you know. I'm a kitten now—in ten years I'll be a cat!"

The tea things came in and Joan seated herself and took up the delicate old china pot.

"Is it your head, Aunt Lurilla?"

"Here he comes!" cried Kitten Kent at the window. "And Mr. Mallory."

Guido Foscari came into the narrow old drawing-room as if there were wings on his heels. He went past old Bertha and past Kitten Kent and past Miss Mayfair and Porter Bradish, quite as if they were not there at all. He leaned toward Joan and took her hands and drew her out from behind the tea table.

"*Now!*" he said vibrantly and joyously. "Half an hour ago, in this room, I was still a beggar, my Joan; now I am again a man! I went to meet the Signor Mallory and the other critics and the manager of the South American opera company. They have decided, after hearing me this morning!" It seemed to Joan that she had never seen such a glad shining in any face in all her days.

"The best thing that could possibly happen to him," Ellery Mallory cut in, excitedly rubbing his lean hands together, "A season in South America at excellent salary—all the *rôles* he needs most—the very best thing that could possibly——"

The Italian went on as if he had not heard him.

"I have been a proud and stubborn fool, my Joan, but you shall no longer think me a knave. Now I may——"

"Now," said Porter Bradish, getting heavily to his feet, "now, Joan, you can listen to me. I told you, to begin with, to let this fellow alone. He was a beggar then, and now he's a thief!"

"Porter!" said Joan Mallory furiously. "You must be——"

"A thief," he said again, "stealing from you, who took him in out of the gutter and fed him!"

The Italian held up his slim hand.

"Please," he said, winningly, "will you wait for a moment? I am about to ask this lady to be my wife."

All the color went swiftly out of Joan's face.

Porter Bradish laughed so boisterously that he got rather out of breath. He said that idea amused him excessively, seeing that Joan was to marry him on the seventh of June, which reminded him of something, and he clapped his hand to his pocket and brought out a jeweler's box.

"Here you are, Joan," he said. "Put it on, and then I'll tell you about this fellow."

JOAN made no motion to take it from him.

"I couldn't put it on now, Porter," she said. "It—would make a black mark on my finger. You have killed something bigger than a bird with your sling shot this time. I don't know what you mean about Guido, but whatever you mean, you are wrong, and you will apologize to my guest and my friend."

Porter Bradish turned to Miss Mayfair.

"Tell her what you saw," he said, curtly. Joan whirled to face her aunt, and Ellery Mallory and Kitten Kent stared at her, but the Italian looked only at Joan.

Tremblingly, muddling her life's one moment of drama, the little old lady told what she had seen. She stopped, presently, when she saw that her niece was laughing.

"My poor child," she said, with asperity, "I tell you I saw him with my own eyes!"

"And you convicted him yourself just now," said Porter Bradish, "when you looked into the drawer where you keep money——"

But Joan kept on laughing. It seemed as if she would not or could not stop, and the color had come riotously back to her face.

"Oh," she gasped, when at last she could speak, "oh, you poor—*geese!* I said there was something—queer, didn't I? Well, there was. But it wasn't that I kept finding less money there; I always found—*more!*"

It was Kitten Kent who jumped into the moment of dazed silence.

"I'm going to tell!" she cried. "I'm going to tell, Guido! I think you might let me, after all I've done!" She turned to Joan. "The evenings he's supposed to have spent with me, he's been singing in a crazy little East-side café, in his old beggar minstrel clothes. He knew you wouldn't want him to on account of his arms, and Mr. Mallory on account of his voice, but he just *had* to! And it was the truth, because he did come to my house, to change, and I drove him over! Isn't that delicious? I perfectly adore it!"

Miss Mayfair pointed a quivering finger at the Italian.

"But I saw you take out a bill!"

He turned an indulgent gaze upon her.

"But, yes, dear *signorina!* In spite of my Joan's fine disregard for money, I had to exercise a little care. Sometimes, putting in a twenty, I took out a ten." He addressed himself again to Joan. "It was theatrical—childish—silly! But it soothed a little my raw pride." Then, as always in moments of deeper feeling, the accent which was more a color, a warmth, a flavor, came into his speech. "But I wickedly waste time! We should like a little privacy, should we not, my Joan? But, if they will not go——" He moved swiftly nearer to her.

"I'll herd them out," said Kitten Kent. "Come along, Mr. Mallory!" She caught the old man's arm and pulled him gaily over the threshold. "Don't you perfectly adore it, Mr. Mallory?"

"I perfectly adore it," said the old critic, and his keen old eyes were dim. "She's 'off with the raggle-taggle gipsies, oh,' and her Aunt Vanilla's off to the peace of Porterdale—and I'm off to The Players!"

Miss Mayfair had summoned all her dignity and there was a good deal of it.

"Come, my dear Porter," she said, "let us go. I think my niece has lost her mind."

"I think—I hope," said Guido Foscari, gently, "that your niece has lost her heart. But perhaps the Signor Bradish feels himself entitled to linger—it is true that I overheard *his* proposal. I think he will find that mine——" He did not speak again until the door had closed sharply behind the little old lady and the thickset man with the jeweler's box in his hand. Then, darting with his sudden, faun-like movement, he had caught her to him. "You are the loveliest——"

"It isn't true," said Joan, breathlessly. "Oh, it isn't true!"

"It is true! And now we need never finish our holiday, my Joan! It goes on—for always. And you are the loveliest——"

"It isn't—true," she said again, still more breathlessly, "that you—haven't—the full use—of—your arms!"

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People's Home Journal	1.25	1.00
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Example:

This is the way to make up combinations

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Add	People's Home Journal.....	1.00
	Remit.....	**$6.50**

Remit by Money Order Wherever Possible. Address all Orders to Department N

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 88 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

Classic Greek-Pompeiian Style adapted to a modern floor lamp

A Modern Classic

IN this most useful and convenient, yet charmingly graceful floor lamp, the always interesting Muller-Popoff group (John Muller, Andrew Popoff and Olga Popoff-Muller) have made a new mark in art for the home.

Even if it were never to be used for lighting purposes this lamp would be worth while in any room purely as a decorative feature.

The qualities needed in a useful and practical lamp have deftly been turned by the artists into parts of the sculptured composition in a way that shows unmistakably to the discerning critic the hand of a master of design.

No mere picture can more than faintly indicate the beauty and charm of the lamp itself.

Modeled on the slender, palm-tree motif of the Greek-Pompeiian style, its shaft slim, erect and firm, the lamp-arm and shade poised like a cluster of pendent foliage on a tropical tree almost as if bowing an invitation to rest comfortably underneath, this handsome lamp not only makes a spot of beauty in itself, but exerts a harmonizing influence on all the room.

But Above All, Useful

Like all true art, the beauty of the Greek-Pompeiian Floor Lamp is not mere idle ornament, but is the beauty of something real, something useful.

The graceful poise of the cross-arm and the restful droop of the shade are also the means of throwing the light upon the exact spot wanted—for the arm can be moved to any angle and the shade tilted independently of it. Placed alongside your reading chair the light will fall on your book without shining in your eyes, while if moved alongside the table and the arm adjusted to the right angle, the full light can be concentrated on your work.

Price—A Surprise

Like all art objects offered by the Decorative Arts League, the price of the Greek-Pompeiian Floor Lamp—$19.85—is the result of the League's simple, almost primitive, but completely wasteless method of operating.

If you are not already acquainted with that plan and its benefits, you are invited to make your satisfaction with this offer on the Greek-Pompeiian Floor Lamp a test of the matter. You may simply sign and mail the coupon. When the lamp is delivered pay the postman $3.85 plus the postage. Then set up the lamp in your own room. Light it, use it, sit back and contemplate it. Invite any friends in whose taste you have confidence to come in and pass judgment. In five days, if your verdict is not favorable, pack the lamp back in the carton (an easy matter as the carton is specially designed) return it to us, and all your money will be immediately refunded. Otherwise send us the balance of $16, or, if you prefer, pay it in four monthly instalments of $4 each.

That is the true test of the League's value to you. We are glad to abide by it because we know you cannot find a greater value for your money than in this beautiful lamp. Make the test today.

Height from base to tip of statuette about 5 feet. Base and cap cast in solid medallium, finish rich statuary bronze. Upper shaft seamless brass. Parchment shade, brass bound. Outside decoration in three colors, top and bottom bands in deep red, and design in black, back graded in brown. Weight, packed, about 22 pounds.

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, Gallery at 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and it is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration and use.

Please send me the Greek-Pompeiian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier $3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full. If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of $19.85 and will send $4 monthly from date for four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

Signed.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....MC2

Have you ever thought what an "Antique" was—Before it was an Antique

TAKE some fine old piece of furniture that, after having filled fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred years of practical usefulness, is worth many, many times its original cost. Or take an old vase, or an old pair of andirons, or an old fire screen. In each case the antiquity of the article would not add a penny to its value had not the original designer put something of himself into it—something no one else could duplicate, something that is not only individual, but fine in itself.

Thousands, perhaps millions, of chairs were being made at the very time Chippendale was designing his. But chairs by Chippendale are now worth a hundred times what their first buyers paid for them, while the others — the factory-designed, lot-numbered—were long ago consigned to the trash piles.

Chippendale was an artist. The chair factories of his day were—just factories.

And so today the Decorative Arts League is attempting, and already the attempt is successful, to revive the designing of household utilities and decorations by real artists—artists who work for the love of doing something fine instead of doing something popular—and profitable. We are encouraging the old custom of the artist identifying himself with his creations of household things just as with his paintings or statues. We are encouraging the artists who work with us to sign their products, as they would a picture.

And we most emphatically believe that just as when Chippendale died and the end came to all new Chippendale productions, then all the pieces already designed by him increased rapidly and steadily, down to our own day, in market value; or just as when a good painter dies his paintings double and treble in price—so when, in His time, the Master calls away any of the brilliant band of artists who are creating, under the patronage of the Decorative Arts League, the signed, easily identified articles we are helping to distribute, those articles will become things hunted for by collectors, with their value increasing accordingly.

The Greek-Pompeiian Floor Lamp, like all other articles of the Muller-Popoff Group, is signed on the base with the cipher here shown.

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